THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS PREACHER FRIAR GERUND, DE CAMPAZAS; OTHERWISE GERUND ZOTES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

DUBLIN:
THOMAS EWING,
M,DCC,LXXII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS PREACHER FRIAR GERUND.

BOOK IV.

CHAP I.

Which will contain what will be ſeen by the curious reader.

WELL then, as we were going on with our ſtory, as time went and time came, that moſt bleſſed of all bleſſed creatures, our Friar Gerund, found himſelf ſo ſelf-ſatisfied from the panegyrical and apologetical harangue in favour of his exhortation to the Diſciplinants, which the young theologiſt had made with the applauſe of the juvenile ſchool, and the loudly-

teſtified admiration of the Greek one *, that he wanted but little of taking the father maſter Prudentio for a man who had utterly loſt his ſenſes; but the moſt charitable opinion he could form, and in which he thought he did him a great favour, was, that there was no doubt but he had arrived to his ſecond childhood; and he reſolved in his heart to make no account of any thing he had ſaid or might hereafter ſay to him; and a certain author even goes ſo far as to ſuſpect that he made a ſecret determination to avoid the ſight of the old man as much as poſſible; though he avers it not as a fact, but only gives it as a conjecture founded upon what was to be made out from ſome almoſt obliterated notes found at the bottom of a large cheſt. And the devil, who never ſleeps, contrived, in order to clench the nail of his folly, that a few days afterwards he ſhould receive a letter from his intimate friend Friar Blas, written from Jacarilla, in theſe words:

"Friend Gerund,

"I give thee a thouſand congratulations and embraces with my heart, ſince I cannot do it with my lips. In all this country nothing is talked of but thy famous exhortation to the Diſciplinants. Brother Roque, the under-butler, writes me wonders, and the clerk, *Gordoncillo* †, who heard thee, and came hither ſince to tune a bell, I think will never have done talking of it. They are both good judges,

* The *Greek* ſchool means, by antiphraſis, the lay-brethren, donados, &c. the moſt ignorant of all, and who did not even underſtand Latin. A common joke in convents.

† A little round truſs fellow. This is the ſecond clerk of the convent, mentioned in the 6th chapter of the 2d book.

judges, or I have no judgment myſelf. Moſen Guillen, who is the miniſter of this pariſh, and has the Theatre of the Gods at his fingers' ends, deſires to have a copy of it, and ſays that he will infallibly print it, though he ſhould be obliged to ſell the foundered mule he bought at Pot-Pair. Send it me by the bearer, who is the barber of this place, a ſafe perſon, and very high in my eſteem. I refer thee to him concerning my ſermon of St. Oroſia, as it is not meet that I praiſe myſelf: and I can tell thee, that he has as keen a pair of ſciſſars at trimming a ſermon as adjuſting a foretop. I ſhall only add, that beſides what the majordomo paid, which was no trifle, it has been worth to me a couple of lambs and a dozen and a half of ſauſages: all is fiſh that comes to the net. God preſerve thee many years! Thine till death, in ſpite of all old Draggled-tails.

Jacarilla, &c. FRIAR BLAS."

When Friar Gerund found that there was a demand for his Exhortation in diſtant countries, as, according to his geography, the diſtance of eight leagues was half the world; when he conſidered that this demand was for nothing leſs than to have it printed, and ſaw himſelf on the eve of becoming an author, as it were, by the morning; and this, beſides being already a man in whoſe praiſe and celebration verſes were written and publiſhed, he thought himſelf in his heart the greateſt preacher the world had ever ſeen, and was not only confirmed in the ſlovenly idea he had formed of preaching, but went on gathering up (as a rider in a foul way would ſpots of dirt) all the moſt ridiculous and extravagant ideas imaginable, as will be ſeen in the courſe of this punctual hiſtory.

But it is to be wiſhed that we may not, in the very entrance to this ſecond volume of it, have made ſuch a ſtumble as it will be well if we recover from without a broken noſe. "Is it poſſible, will the reader who has one like a hound, ſay, is it poſſible that Anthony Zotes and his wife Catanla Rebollo having heard the famous Exhortation, that having been witneſſes of the applauſes, the triumph, the exultation with which it was celebrated, that having ſeen with their very own eyes the prodigious effect it produced in the magnanimity with which the penitents of blood threw off their cloaks, and the ſpirit with which they handled ſome the ſcourge and others the pelotilla, that having thence received ſo many congratulations and ſo many bleſſings, as well in the church as out of it, is it poſſible, I ſay, the third time, that they ſhould not have a ſingle congratulation or a ſingle bleſſing to their mouths to beſtow upon their ſon? Is it likely, that, though they might not go that night, as it was then late, and to leave him to his repoſe, they ſhould not very early the next morning repair to the church of the convent, or the porter's lodge *, and that there Anthony Zotes ſhould not give his ſon a thouſand embraces, and that the aunt Catanla ſhould not add moreover as many kiſſes well lined with tears and ſnot, all out of the pureſt tenderneſs? Can ſuch an hardneſs and dryneſs be ſuppoſed in their gentle natures? And if this was not ſo, but if the good creatures ſhewed their ſon all theſe demonſtrations of endearment, giving him the due marks of their complacency and their joy, with what conſcience can he hiſtorian paſs over in ſilence a circumſtance ſo

t ſubſtantial,

* Becauſe Catanla could not be admitted into the convent.

ſubſtantial, ſo well calculated for reſpiration, and even for edification!"

To this we could ſay many things in anſwer, but we omit them all, not to be prolix.

And confeſſing in good faith that every thing paſſed juſt ſo, neither more nor leſs, we add, in compliance with the truth and fidelity we profeſs, that not only the aforeſaid embraces, kiſſes, tears, and ſnot, were liberally beſtowed, but Anthony Zotes, in preſence of the ſuperior and the other grave fathers who were complimenting him and his fair ſpouſe, ſaid to Friar Gerund, "I told thee before, in my letter, as how they had made me majordomo of the ſacrament; but I did not tell thee then that thou ſhouldſt preach me the ſermon, becauſe I had never heard thee preach, and I did not care to run the chance of bringing both thee and me to ſhame; but now that I have heard thee preach, I tell thee as how thou ſhalt preach it me with the benediction of his revrunce here, our moſt revrunt feyther." The ſuperior could not but yield to the requeſt, though, under the ſcapulary *, he was not much pleaſed with it; for, being a ſerious and ſenſible man, he had been diſguſted at the Exhortation; but how could he behave otherwiſe in that conjuncture, and to brethren ſo devoted to the order, and who gave to the convent all the charity they could? In ſhort, they brought them forth ſome chanfayna †, and cakes, and cheeſe, and olives, for breakfaſt; and an hearty breakfaſt they made, as it was to ſerve them for dinner too, and ſet out on their return to Campazas, not ſeeing the ground they trod on,

* In his heart.

† Chanfayna is a diſh dreſſed in a particular manner of the lights of any edible creature.

nor counting the good hours of God as they ſucceeded one another, for the joyful thoughts of having to tell the licentiate Quixano and all their kindred the things which they had ſeen with their eyes, heard with their ears, and handled with their hands.

Leave we now this moſt happy pair to jog on in good peace and company, whilſt we return to our Friar Gerund, who, from the very inſtant in which his father appointed him to preach the ſermon of the ſacrament, thought not by day, and dreamed not by night, of any other thing than the manner in which he was to acquit himſelf. He was well aware of all the intricate circumſtances he muſt engage with;—*the firſt ſermon he preached in public*,—as the Diſciplinant-exhortation could not be dignified with that name;—*to preach it in his own town, and in the very pariſh where he had been baptized*, for there was no other; *his father to be majordomo, and the licentiate Quixano his godfather* (as he took it for granted) *to ſing maſs*; *the dancers in the proceſſion*; *the ſacramental act* *, which was always repreſented; *the ſteers that were to be run*; *the two or three dozen of rockets that were to be let off*; *and the bonfire which was to be lighted on the eve of the feaſt*. All this immediately offered itſelf to his imagination as the centrical and principal point of his engagement, thinking not only that it was indiſpenſibly neceſſary to take notice of it all, but that in this the chief of the difficulty conſiſted; ſince

* Sacramental acts. A kind of comic works in verſe, with allegorical figures, repreſented on the feſtival of Corpus, in reverence and praiſe of the auguſt ſacrament of the Euchariſt, for which reaſon they are called ſacramental. They have no diviſion of acts like comedies, but a continued repreſentation, without any intermiſſion.

ſince as to the ſubject of the ſacrament he might meet in any ſermon-book, with abundant field to forage in.

It is certain that he had not forgotten the judicious reflections he had heard from father Prudentio, againſt the ridiculous and extravagant cuſtom of touching in ſermons on what are called *circumſtances*. But it is likewiſe equally certain that he had gotten deeply imprinted on his mind the defence of his friend the predicador mayor, which conſiſted of this apophthegm, worthy of a place amongſt the principles of Machiavel, *Sentire cum paucis, vivere cum multis:* Think with the few, act with the many. And alſo, to his misfortune, he had lately read, it is not known where, the ſaying which is commonly attributed to our illuſtrious poet, Lope de Vega,—though it would be ſtrange if it ſhould not be a falſe teſtimony, for it is not likely that a man of ſuch judgment and diſcretion ſhould be capable of ſaying ſo ſilly a piece of buffoonery. But, in ſhort, it is ſaid, that being taxed with the defects of his comedies, he excuſed himſelf with anſwering, *that he knew and confeſſed their defects; but that, notwithſtanding, he compoſed them thus, becauſe good plays are hiſſed, and bad ones celebrated.* This had more weight than any thing with Gerund, and he reſolved with final and ſolemn determination, not to omit a ſingle circumſtance, though it ſhould rain Prudentios.

He only doubted for ſome time whether, for the introducing them, he ſhould fly for ſuccour to mythology, or appeal to ſome texts and paſſages of holy ſcripture; for he had ſeen both practiſed by the moſt famous preachers. He was rather inclined to the former, carried to it by his own genius, aſſiſted by the example of Friar Blas, and the continual reading of the Florilegium: but as

the uſe, or the abuſe, of fables in the ſerious majeſty of the pulpit had lately been ſorely thruſted at by the father maſter, in his reprehenſion of the Exhortation, and as Gerund could not, above all, blot from his memory one thing which he ſaid, *that this was a kind of ſacrilege*, an expreſſion which made him tremble, (for at the bottom he was a timorous man, in his way), for this time, but without prejudice to another, till he ſhould more cloſely examine the point, he determined to ſeek in ſcripture only, a decent accommodation for all the circumſtances.

And he found it eaſily in the places where ſuch things are to be met with, which are the concordances of the Bible, without any further trouble than looking alphabetically for the Latin word correſponding to the Spaniſh one for which he wanted a text, and applying any one of the many there are in Scripture for almoſt whatever word may offer. In leſs than an hour he had made the following notes.

Firſt circumſtance,—*firſt ſermon I preach*, here comes pat, *Primum quidem ſermonem feci O Theophile.* 2° *I preach it in my own town, which is called Campazas*, here comes as if it was born for it, *Deſcendit Jeſus in locum campeſtrem.* 3° *I preach it in the pariſh in which I was baptized, and he who baptized me was called John*; what can be more proper here than, *Joannes quidem baptizabat in aqua, ego autem in aqua et ſpiritu ſancto.* 4° *The majordomo is my father—in domo patris mei manſiones multæ ſunt.* 5° Likewiſe my father is a huſbandman—*pater meus agricola eſt*: he is called Anthony Zotes, and the ark of the covenant, a type of the ſacrament, went to the country of the Azotians—*abiit in Azotum.* 6° I am commiſſioned to preach by my father, who is alive and hearty, *et miſit*

me

me vivens pater. 7° My godfather [*Padrino* in Spaniſh] ſings maſs——

Here he was ſome time at a ſtand, for having turned over all the Concordances, he could not meet with the word Padrino in any of them, and now almoſt in deſpair, he was reſolved to have recourſe to the *theatrum vitæ humanæ*, or ſome polyanthea for an auxiliary Padrino, and even, in caſe of extremity, to avail himſelf of the *Tu es patronus, tu parens*, of Terence, when his good fortune brought him the moſt ſuitable text in the world: he ſtumbled, then, upon what is read in the 14th verſe of the 16th chapter of the epiſtle of St. Paul to the Romans, *Salutate patrobam*: and immediately reading the whole chapter, he found in it a treaſure; as it almoſt all conſiſts of ſalutations to thoſe Chriſtians at Rome with whom the apoſtle had any particular acquaintance or friendſhip, or had received obligations from, whom he mentions all by name, and amongſt the reſt Patrobas.

"*Teneo te, terra!* (exclaimed Gerund, more tranſported than if he had found a mine.) From *Patrobas* to *Padrino* there is not the thickneſs of a crown-piece in diſtance; and with ſaying that a godfather was anciently called *Patrobas*, and came, by corruption, to be called *Padrino*, it is all adjuſted. If any one ſhould object (but I believe he will take care how he does that) I will tell him that the etymologiſts have plagued us with greater corruptions than this, and thus borrow of Peter to pay Paul. Now can it be thought but that the *ſalutate Patrobam* will ſtrike a great blow, eſpecially if I make a reflexion upon the *ſalutate*, and ſay, that even the Apoſtle remembered his godfather in the ſalutation!"

Very deſirous was he of finding likewiſe ſome clever little text to bring in the name Quixano, well

well aſſured that this would be the *non plus ultra* of ſkill and genius; ſince the text of Padrino in general might be applied to any godfather whatever, who at the font might anſwer even for a child of Juan Borrego †; but he thought it a deſperate caſe. Nevertheleſs, after having beat the buſh of his imagination for a long time to no purpoſe, he became poſſeſſed, by one of the moſt extravagant freaks that ever ran away with mortal man.

"Quixano (ſaid he to himſelf) comes from *Quixada*; [a jaw-bone] this admits of no doubt. Well now, of jaw-bones great things are ſaid in ſcripture; for leaving it undecided, whether or no Cain ſlew his brother Abel with the jaw-bone of an aſs, as this circumſtance is not clear, at leaſt from the Vulgate, and though it were clear I ſhould not be able to fit it well to my purpoſe; but it is as clear as water, that with the jaw-bone of an aſs Samſon killed a thouſand Philiſtines: it is clear too, that being much fatigued with the ſlaughter, and periſhing with thirſt, there not being a drop of water in all that field or neighbourhood, he beſought God to ſuccour him in that extreme neceſſity, and that from one of the large teeth, or grinders, of the ſaid jaw-bone burſt a copious ſtream of cryſtalline water with which Samſon quenched his thirſt and recovered his ſpirit. Finally, it is clear, that in memory of this prodigy, the place where it happened was called, and is called to this day. The fountain of him who invokes from the jaw-bone—*Idcirco appellatum eſt nomen loci illius fons invocantis de maxilla, uſque in præſentem diem.*"

"Can

† As we might ſay Humphry Gubbins.

"Can there be a more divine thing for my ſubject? Here we have a myſterious jaw-bone, which, with celeſtial and miraculous water gives new ſpirit to Samſon, and reſtores, or, at leaſt, preſerves his life. The water is a ſymbol of the water of baptiſm, the virtue of which is miraculous and celeſtial; and the jaw which furniſhed it is a moſt proper type of the godfather, whoſe name of Quixano makes a clear alluſion to that myſterious origin. Whether the jaw be of an aſs or an human creature is nothing to the ſubſtance of the intent; and eſpecially as we read at every turn in holy Scripture, that brutes and wild beaſts ſymbolized the greateſt men."

This circumſtance being ſo happily adjuſted, all the reſt gave him little concern; ſince for the dancers he had the dance of David before the ark of the covenant, which is in every preacher's mouth for the dances on the day of Corpus; and if he would not make uſe of this as being too vulgar, he had the dance of thoſe with long hair, as he conſtrued it, which the prophet Iſaiah mentions, when he ſays, *et piloſi ſaltabunt ibi*; and moreover he remembered that the dancers of his town had always long hair, a thing which became them infinitely, and that of *piloſi ſaltabunt* fitted them as nicely as one could wiſh.

For the ſacramental act, he thought he might bring all the texts which ſpoke of any figure of the ſacrament; for *figure* and *repreſentation*, ſaid he, is one and the ſame thing: therefore, if we have *repreſentation* and *ſacrament*, of what more is there need for *ſacramental act?* In what he thought himſelf very happy, and, according to him, very literal, was, in the circumſtance of the ſteers, for even if there ſhould be need of an hundred different texts for an hundred tilts at them, he was ready

ready to draw them from Scripture, by applying all thoſe which ſpeak of *calves*; and if inſtead of ſteers they were to have been bulls, at leaſt for more than thirty tilts at them, he had a proviſion of texts. The Rockets and other fireworks that were to be let off, he found moſt lively figured in the myſterious animals which drew the chariot of Ezekiel, who "ran and returned like the appearance of a flaſh of lightning"—*In ſimilitudinem fulguris coruſcantis.* The devil a difficulty did the bonfire give him, ſince he had in ſcripture above an hundred bonfires to warm himſelf at, without any more trouble than going to any one of thoſe which were lighted to conſume the holocauſts: and if he ſhould take it into his head to make a circumſtance likewiſe of the boys who leaped over the bonfire without burning themſelves, what could be more proper or more natural, than the young men in Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace?

Thus he accommodated, in his notes, all the circumſtances which appeared to him neceſſary and abſolutely indiſpenſable; but yet one was wanting, which, though all preachers do take notice of, his heart would not ſuffer him to omit. This was to make ſome commemoration of his lady mother; becauſe to do it for his father and his godfather, and not for the mother who brought him forth, and who had carried him nine months in her body, ſeemed to him an inſupportable hardneſs of heart, little agreeing with the tender love he profeſſed for her. Now it was ſeen at once, that to ſpeak in general of mother, ſon, birth, womb, &c. he had texts by the thouſand; but he was not contented with this generality, and longed for a curious, neat, little thing which could ſpeak directly of his mother *Catanla Rebollo* with all her moles and marks.

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He went and came, and came and went for a long time, as well through all the concordances as all his ſenſes, without being able to find any thing to ſatisfy himſelf, till he lighted on the recollection of an ingenious method which a certain preacher availed himſelf of in a ſimilar circumſtance of diſtreſs. The female majordomo of a certain ſiſterhood for whom he preached, was called *Maria Revenga*, and not being able to find in ſcripture any text which ſpoke expreſly of *Revenga*, what did he? He ſaid that the ſpouſe in the Canticles invited her love with theſe words, *Veniat dilectus meus in hortum ſuum*—Let my beloved come into his garden: and as he did not liſten to the firſt invitation, ſhe repeated her inſtance in the ſame words, *Veniat dilectus meus in hortum ſuum*. Now here it is to be obſerved that "let him come," [in Spaniſh *Venga*] was ſaid twice; *veniat, veniat*, as if one ſhould ſay *Venga* and *Revenga*, by which project the judicious preacher came off with the greateſt credit, eſpecially when he added, that at the firſt invitation in which the ſpouſe ſaid to him no more than *venga*, he ſhewed ſome unwillingneſs to comply; but when in the ſecond he heard the word *Revenga, veniat, veniat*, he could not help yielding to an inſtance of ſuch powerful expreſſion.

In like manner it ſeemed to our Friar Gerund that he alſo might extricate himſelf, reflecting that the name *Rebollo* appeared to be an iteration of the word *bollo* [a roll of bread]; and he held it next to impoſſible, but that he muſt find ſomething of *bollo* in the Bible, in which caſe he would ſet his wits to work for the application of it. But he was ſtruck with deadly diſappointment when he found not a ſingle roll or *bollo* to bite at from one end of the Bible to the other. Thinking now that at leaſt ſomething of *Repollo* [an hard cabbage] could not fail

fail him in ſome one of the many gardens of which mention is made in the ſacred books, he turned over the leaves again in vain; and, quite jaded and hopeleſs, altogether abandoned the thought of bringing in his mother expreſly by name; but he made a note of the text of *Beatus venter qui te portavit, et ubera quæ ſuxiſti*, to apply as he ſhould ſee occaſion.

The plan of the ſalutation being thus diſpoſed, for the body of the ſermon he cared not a cumminſeed: ſince by making Chriſt in the Sacrament the Sun, or the Phœnix, or an Eagle, or a Garden, or an Amethyſt, or a Carbuncle, or a Lute, or an Harpſichord, or a Fountain, or a River, or a Lily, or a Clove-july-flower, or a Sun-flower, and afterwards by well filling the foſſes with faſcines of texts, authorities, glaſſes, various readings, ſentences, apophthegms, alluſions, and with ſome remarkable little fable or other, though it ſhould be only by way of ornament, he was not at all doubtful of compoſing ſuch a ſermon as might be given to the preſs.

What he was a little undetermined in, was, whether or no he ſhould follow the ſame ſtyle as he had uſed as well in the refectory-ſermon as the diſciplinant-exhortation. It is certain that he was deſperately enamoured of it; for, beſides its great agreement with its firſt education, eſpecially in the ſchool of the Domine Zancas-largas, he found all theſe altiſonant, ſonorous, and extraneous phraſes, canonized by the practice of his hero the predicador mayor, and always highly celebrated by the majority of the audience. Nevertheleſs he could not help being touched by the ridicule which he had heard the father Provincial and the maſter Prudentio throw upon that ſtyle; but, above all, what made him heſitate moſt, was a paper which

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by ſtrange accident fell into his hands, as the next chapter will relate.

CHAP. II.

Friar Gerund reads a paper concerning ſtyle, and is confounded.

THERE had died lately in the convent a jubilated father preacher, a man of great conſideration in the order, who had followed his profeſſion with the greateſt, and what is more, with the moſt deſerved applauſe; for beſides being a man of ſtrict piety, he was truly wiſe, eloquent, nervous, of mature judgment, good taſte, and approved zeal. His ſpoils, (ſo it is uſual in communities to call the effects left by the deceaſed Religious) conſiſted almoſt intirely of his manuſcript ſermons, and ſome other papers and notes relating to predicatorial matters. And though there were many in the community very deſirous of them, eſpecially of the young people, who are wont to make a little harveſt upon ſuch occaſions, yet the ſuperior with great diſcretion adjudged them to Friar Gerund; in the firſt place, becauſe he ſeemed to be more deſerving, having eventually been a greater benefactor to the convent than any other who was at the beginning of his career; ſecondly and principally (for this was in reality the idea of the prudent ſuperior) that by reading theſe ſermons, and getting the taſte of them, he might endeavour to imitate them; and if he would not, or could not do that, at leaſt that he might preach theſe identical ſermons, as by purſuing either of theſe meaſures he muſt improve his talents, and not ſay ſuch abſurdities in the pulpit.

At

At the very time that Gerund was battleing with his doubts about what ſtyle he ſhould adopt, the Superior come into his cell with the ſermons and papers of the deceaſed father; he delivered them to him in a very friendly manner, ſtrongly recommended his peruſal and imitation of them, and immediately retired, as ſome other buſineſs called him. Friar Gerund, with his natural curioſity and livelineſs, directly fell to examining the titles of theſe papers and ſermons, which were tied up in three bundles. He untied one of them, and the firſt thing which ſtruck his eye was a piece of writing of a few leaves ſtitched together with this title;

REMARKS *upon the faults of Style.*

He was ſurpriſed at this extraordinary caſualty, began to read, and found that it ſaid as follows:

" Firſt fault; *the ſwoln Style:* it is called thus by analogy to that faulty diſpoſition of a living body, when ſome part of it is occupied by a portion of hurtful phlegm, cauſing tumour or inflammation. This ſtyle conſiſts, ſays Tully, in inventing new words, or uſing antiquated ones, or applying badly in one place thoſe which might be applied well in another; or in affecting more grave and majeſtic words than is required by the ſubject.

" This fault is ſometimes in the words alone, at others in the ſentiment, and again at others in both together. Examples, in words. Dionyſius the Tyrant called girls, *Expectantes viros*—the wiſhers for men; a column, *Menecratem* or *validi potentem*—the ſtrong; and Alexander, brother to Caſander king of Macedon, called the Cock, *Manicinem*—the morning muſician; a Barber, *Drachma*—becauſe a piece of money ſo called was uſually paid

paid for a caſt of his office; and the cryer he called *Chœnix*—becauſe the things proclaimed by him were ſold by a meaſure of that name. Nothing can be more ridiculous:

"Examples, in the ſentiment. Seneca in his tragedy of Hercules Oetæus introduces him aſking a ſeat in heaven from his father Jupiter in theſe faſtuous words,

——Quid tamen nectis moras?
Nunquid timemur? nunquid impoſitum ſibi
Non poterit Atlas ferre cum cælo Herculem?

Why doſt thou ſtill weave delays?
What! are we fear'd? will Hercules's weight,
Added to that of Heav'n, make Atlas ſhrink?

"It appears as if there could not be a more ſwoln thought; yet the following exceeds it:

Da tuendos, Jupiter, ſaltem Deos;
Illa licebit fulmen a parte auferas
Ego quam tuebor.

The Gods at leaſt to my protection give;
Thy thunder's uſeleſs where my arm defends.

"There is an infinity of this ſtyle in the Spaniſh orators and poets.

"Examples, in the words and ſentiments together. The poet Nonnus makes the giant Tiphon ſay, *I will not ſtop till I ride aſtride upon my brother Heaven; but on arriving there, another heaven I'll build, eight times larger than the firſt, for that will not contain me. The ſtars likewiſe I will cauſe to marry, and will have the ſkies more populous. Mercury in the ſtocks I'll ſet, and appoint the Moon my chambermaid, that ſhe may make the beds. When I ſhall*

ſhall pleaſe to waſh, into my laver ſhall be poured the whole heavenly Eridanus, &c. Every thought is madneſs, and every expreſſion arrogance.

" Second fault; *the Caco-zealous ſtyle*, or bad imitation of the words or thoughts of others, ſo that what in one appeared to be well-placed and to have grace in it, in the other is quite frigid and ridiculous. Examples: Parrhaſius painted a picture of a boy with a baſket of grapes, which were ſo highly finiſhed and ſo natural, that the very birds came to peck them. The piece was greatly admired; but Parrhaſius, either from true modeſty, or to make a joke of the little diſcernment of thoſe who admired it, ſaid that the picture could not have been worſe, for that even had the grapes been real ones, if the boy who held them in the baſket had been well painted, the birds would not have flown to them.

" A pedantic rhetorician called Spiridion read this anecdote; and, having to praiſe another picture of the ſame artiſt, placed in the temple of Minerva, in which was repreſented the body of Prometheus continually preyed upon by vultures, and continually renewing, after having with many high flights extolled the horrible juſtneſs of the repreſentation, ſaid, for the laſt exaggeration, endeavouring to imitate that of the grapes, that *into the very temple the vultures flew to pounce upon their pictured prey.* The hearers laughed juſtly at ſuch a ridiculous and frigid imitation; for vultures are not like bats or ſwallows, who may be acquainted with the inſide of a temple, but know only what paſſes upon precipices and lofty mountains.

" A celebrated orator began a funeral ſermon upon Philip the Fourth with this emphatic expreſſion! *What! and muſt Kings too die!* and then

pauſed

pauſed a little to give room for reflection in his auditors. This was greatly applauded as very natural and elevated. A few days after a certain preacherling pronounced, or was to pronounce, a funeral oration upon the chanter of his church, and, willing to imitate what he had heard applauded, began in this manner, *What! and muſt Chanters too die!* Such was the burſts of laughter from all the audience, that the orator could proceed no farther, and what was deſigned as a funeral, turned out a very farcical function.

" Third fault; *the frigid ſtyle*; which is in ſome degree like the Caco-zealous, or badly-imitative, but differs from it in that the frigid principally conſiſts in new, ſtrange, far fetch'd, and, when they come to be examined, inſipid thoughts. Such was that of the ſilly Sophiſt in his panegyric upon Alexander, when he ſaid that the celebrated temple of Diana in Epheſus had been reduced to aſhes, at the time that Olympias was in labour of this prince, becauſe the goddeſs being occupied in aſſiſting at his birth, could not advert to the extinguiſhing the fire which had ſeized upon her fane. A thought ſo frigid, ſays Plutarch, in mockery of him, as was alone ſufficient to have quenched all the flames.

To this frigidity of ſtyle thoſe preachers are much expoſed, who give themſelves up immoderately to allegorical ſenſe in ſcripture. Such allegory, indeed, uſed with œconomy, good choice, and prudence, as the holy fathers uſed it, is agreeable, ſuitable, and profitable; but in practiſing it without meaſure or modeſty, nothing is more frigid, nothing ſooner cloys, or makes leſs impreſſion. Who, for example, can bear that they ſhould go about preaching perpetually ſuch interpretations as theſe? *The Portico of Solomon is the converſation of Chriſt*;

Chriſt; *the ſtar Arcturus is the law*; *the Pleiades the grace of the New Teſtament*; *Candles, the counſels of the holy fathers*; *Cranes, the ſpiritual fathers*; *Zephyrs, the preachers of the Evangelical Law*; *the Partridge, the Devil*; *and troubleſome Flies, the ſophiſts and logicians.* I heartily wiſh them joy of ſuch allegories, but wonder if thoſe who are peſtered with them are not ſurfeited.

" Fourth fault; *the puerile ſtyle:* this conſiſts in a ſweetneſs without ſubſtance, in effeminate words and expreſſions, in puns, quibbles, equivoques, and playing upon words, in affected ſoftneſſes and tender alluſions, in certain little pert, florid figures, in theatrical touches, and in ſhort in every thing which has ought to do with cadences and rounding of periods.

" In general this ſtyle is uſed only by childiſh underſtandings, or thoſe who are poſſeſſed by the mad paſſion of love; for, being accuſtomed to read, in the poets, of courtings, and wooings, and amorous expreſſions, of corals, and rubies, and roſes, and lilies, and bewitched with the idle conceits which flatter their paſſion, they think that there is nothing greater, nothing diviner. From this principle ſprung thoſe verſes, compoſed by the Emperor Adrian, and addreſſed as ſome ſay, to his ſoul, or, as others will have it, to the youth Antinous, of whom he was deſperately enamoured.

Animula vagula blandula,
Hoſpes comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut ſoles, dabis jocos!

" Let us take a deſcription in the ſame ſtyle literally copied from a ſermon which goes about in print.

print. *The Eagle, dropſically thirſting after light, would drink from the moſt propitious planet, the impetuous current of his fiery ſtream. She navigates the ſea of wind, ſupplied with truſty oars by the lightneſs of her wings. She never turns her eyes on earth, but keeps them ever fixed upon the flaming globe. If ſhe leaves the ſweetneſs of the vernal bower, ſhe holds dominion in the azure fields; if the earth invites her by its verdure, the ſun more ſtrongly allures her by its influence benign. She carries pendent from her beak, or confined in the ſtrait priſon of her claws, her beautiful and tender offſpring. She watches over him with anxious care, and ſolicitouſly obſerves the motion of his eyes; but if, intoxicated with light or by ſplendour blinded, he turns aſide his head, or lets fall the ſkinny curtain o'er his little orbs with coward fear, ſhe throws him down with wrath, ſhe precipitates him with fury, and hurling him from the clouds, deſtines him a prey to cruelleſt voracities. But if ſmitten with love of that ſuperior flambeau, impaſſioned by its brilliancy, enamoured of its ſplendour, he becomes the winged* Clycie * *of its inceſſant courſe, and in his ſteady ſight receives the fierce ruſhing of ſo many flames, with joyful geſtures ſhe expreſſes the intenſeneſs of parental love on this proof of legitimate filiation, in the ſympathetic affection to the glories of the ſun.*——

A puerile deſcription, in which we meet not with a ſingle manly and nervous thought; the whole being made up of little, common, trifling figures, vulgar metaphors, and abſurd, quaint, and tautologous phraſes. And when the author ſays that if the Eagle "*leaves the ſweetneſs of the vernal bower,*" he muſt imagine, without doubt, that Eagles are wont to build their neſts in gardens and copſes like the

* Sun-flower. From Clytia the nymph turned into a ſunflower by Apollo. A word uſed only by Spaniſh poets.

the Canary-bird and Nightingale; for if he had known that Eagles have their habitations on the moſt rude, deſolate, and horrid ſpots in nature, he would not have been guilty of that abſurdity of *her leaving the vernal bower*, but would have ſought ſome more proper antitheſis to accompany her to *her dominion in the azure fields*.

" Fifth fault; the *Parenthyrſian ſtyle:* that diſordered, raving, furious manner of preaching is thus called, in which the preacher appears rather like a crazy fellow than an oratar; all vociferation, all exclamation, all intolerable emphaſis, all contorſion and convulſion, all magnificent and pompous figure to expreſs the loweſt and moſt ridiculous things. The epithet of *Parenthyrſian* is with great propriety given to this ſtyle, in alluſion to the *Thyrſus*, or knotty cudgel covered with leaves, uſed in the feaſts of the Bacchanals, with which they who celebrated theſe feaſts banged one another, as if they had been mad, for in truth there is nothing breaks the head of one's patience ſooner than this ſtyle, or this manner of preaching.

" There is no need to cite examples in order to know this ſtyle, for we have it very frequently before our eyes, eſpecially in the lent-ſermons, called ſermons of miſſion, when preached by certain young unexperienced preachers, full of zeal and void of judgment. Their ſermons generally conſiſt only of things to make one ſtart,—of impertinent interrogations and importunate exclamations; their *white bears* are lugged in too with ſuch a roaring voice and ſuch violent agitation of body, that after they have ſhewn them they are as much exhauſted with fatigue as if they had been all day at hard digging; and whilſt the good men retire one way much ſatisfied with their fervent labour, the audience go another

another laughing at their folly, or pitying their madneſs.

" It is uſual with ſuch preachers, in the courſe of their ſermon, to weep frequently, to be inflamed, to be irritated, to have it irk them, to invoke heaven and earth the moſt importunately in the world; and the beſt of it is, that when they ſpeak the moſt common and frigid things, thinking they have moved their audience, they ſay with the greateſt ſatisfaction, *But I ſee already that your bowels yearn even to buſting*; *I ſee your very hearts are breaking*; *I ſee that your tears flow down to the ground*; when at the ſame time they ſit with perfectly dry eyes, a whole heart, and their bowels very ſafe and ſound, unleſs indeed they may be burſting with laughter.

" Sixth fault; *the Scholaſtic ſtyle*; which is incurred in various manners, either when the ſermon appears rather a piece of diſputation than an oration, from the arguments, from the proofs, from the confirmations, from the replies and the rejoinders; or when in the courſe of it, though it may have otherwiſe an oratorical air, formal ſyllogiſms are frequently introduced with their major, minor, and conſequence; or when controverted points of the ſchools are cited with exceſs and the affectation of wiſdom, brought in with, *The Philoſophers ſay, The Theologiſts inform us, &c.* This fault is committed commonly by three ſorts of people; very young preachers, who are yet, as we ſay, with the *Vade** in their girdle; very old preachers, grown grey in the univerſities, and thoſe, both old and young, who, from their profeſſion or inſtitution,

* *Vade-mecum*, uſed by the Spaniards to ſignify a kind of pocket-book in which ſtudents write their exerciſes.

cannot ſhow away with their ſcholaſtic learning in the public theatres deſtined to that purpoſe, and therefore chooſe the pulpit wherein to make an idle oſtentation of it.

" *Scholaſtic* likewiſe is applied to the ſtyle of thoſe orators who are ſo ſuperſtitiouſly tied down to the laws and rules of Rhetoric, as that rather than fail in one of them, they would break every precept in the Decalogue. Theſe people take great care to keep the door, which ſhould be ſhut upon artifice, wide open, to ſhew their exordium, narration, propoſition, confirmation, refutation, and peroration, and go meaſuring their figures as with a compaſs, and diſtributing and placing them upon their ſquares and partitions as exactly as they would the men upon a cheſs-board. Nothing is more inſufferable or tireſome than a compoſition ſo cut out by rule and line, to the juriſdiction of which likewiſe muſt be ſubmitted the tone of voice and action of the hands. Demoſthenes rallied ſuch gentry pleaſantly, when he ſaid that he did not think the fortune of Greece depended upon the hand's being moved a little more or leſs this or that way. This is the ſtyle which by another name is called alſo the *Pedantic*.

" Seventh fault; *the poetical ſtyle*. Theophraſtus ſays (and all agree with him) that it is highly neceſſary for the orator to exerciſe himſelf in the reading of the beſt poets; and Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus even adds, that an oration cannot be perfect, unleſs it be like a good poem.

" Cicero and Quintilian likewiſe adopt this rule, and ſhew us how we are to underſtand it. Cicero ſays that the orator ſhould learn to ſpeak with number and meaſure, but not with that meaſure which makes verſe, becauſe that is vicious in an oration

oration——*nam id quidem orationis eſt vitium*—— but with that meaſure which gives full harmony to the ear, it being certain that what ſounds well is numerous and harmonious. Hence a ſkilful judge of the matter hath ſaid, that to write good proſe, it was neceſſary to have a good ear.

"Quintilian explains the affair more fully, and ſays that the orator ſhould learn from the poet elevation of ſentiment, livelineſs of expreſſion, command of the paſſions, and propriety of character; but he muſt obſerve that he is not to paſs this line, and that he is not to imitate the poet in arrogance and liberty of words, in licentiouſneſs of figure, or conſtrained meaſure of feet —*Meminerimus tamen non per omnia poetas oratore eſſe ſequendos, nec libertate verborum, nec licentia figurarum, nec pedum neceſſitate.*

"From the want of underſtanding this rule well, or from totally reverſing it, have ſo many orators and hiſtorians fallen into the intolerable fault of the poetical ſtyle; taking from the poets —what they ought to avoid, and avoiding what they ought to take—of the ſublimity of thought, the majeſty of diction, and of the divine fire, with which to enflame the paſſions, abſolutely nothing; but of their enthuſiaſm, of their florid and pompous phraſes, of their violent figures, and of their meaſured feet, abſolutely every thing, to the exception only of their rhimes.

"Who could have the patience to hear a ſacred orator, from the grave majeſty of the pulpit, deſcribe a lion in this manner? *Behold this crowned monſter of the woods, the reigning terror of the plains; ſee how he erects his angry mane, how he ſharpens of his claws the piercing ſteel, how he furiouſly*

aſſaults, how he terrifying roars! Da pedes et ſient carmina—feet only are wanting to make it verſe; but indeed feet are ſcarcely wanting.

"Ammianus, Enodius, and Sinodius Apollinaris, were thoſe who introduced this peſt, and infected with it the four quarters of the world. Ammianus to ſay how a cruel war had waſted a whole city, expreſſes himſelf in theſe poetical phraſes. *Soon as Aurora left her bed, and could by the light ſhe brought deſcry all things glittering with coruſcant arms, and the ſteel-clad cavalry occupy the ſtreets and fields; Bellona, raging through the eternal city, inſpired her flames to every breaſt, and from ſmall beginnings brought on ſuch dire ſlaughter, as would to God had been obliterated by ſilence or oblivion.*

"There is no neceſſity for more examples of the poetical ſtyle; for nothing ſcarcely abounds more in books where it ought not, nor is ſcarcely any thing elſe heard in the pulpit with as much grief of the truly pious, as laughter of the truly critical and judicious.

"Eighth fault; *the metaphorical and allegorical ſtyle*, has much affinity with the poetical tumour of phraſe, but differs from it in that it avoids the uſe of the proper and natural terms, which have been invented for the ſimple ſignification of things, and ſtudiouſly ſeeks thoſe which expreſs them only by ſome likeneſs or analogy. It is not to be denied but that Metaphor and Allegory, uſed with an œconomical propriety, give much beauty to ſtyle, and ennoble and elevate it; but who could bear a whole oration or intire book written in this ſtyle? The Gothic taſte only, which warred againſt all the arts and ſciences, could find any grace in ſuch frigidity; and thoſe alone who

who call his divine eloquence "*The Iron of "Cicero*" could take ſuch diſguſting droſs for gold.

"Can any thing be more ridiculous than the allegory with which Enodius praiſes the deſcription which his friend had made of the Sea? *When you endeavour to deſcribe in placid ſpeech the inconſtancy and reſtleſſneſs of the liquid element, when like a ſkilful pilot you ſteer the little veſſel of your words between the rocks of oratory, and with a maſter-hand poiſe the weight of your expreſſions, you deſcribe, to my eyes, not, as you propoſed, the ſea of waters, but the Sea of Eloquence.*

"This piece of inſipidity can be rivalled only by the letter which a ſtudent wrote to his father, to let him ſee what a progreſs he had made in rhetoric, and, above all, how well he could purſue an allegory. It was as follows:

Honoured Source and Sir,

As the little rivulet of my life which is now meandering thro' the ſpacious plains of Villagarcia, was derived from you as its never-failing ſpring, I think myſelf obliged to acquaint you that the thread of its ſtream runs at preſent very thin; for the rays of the ſun at Shrovetide drew up ſo many vapours, that they have ſcarce left ſufficient moiſture for the herbs. Therefore, Sir, if you would not have the little rivulet quite dried up, be pleaſed to ſupply it with a fluſh, either by the conduits of linen-cloth [wallets] *or pipes of pitched leather,* [borrachas] *as ſhall ſeem moſt meet. I hope my lady Illuminatreſs* (his mother, who brought him into the light) *is brilliant; her*

ſmalleſt torch is all obedience to her rays. I kiſs your hands with great affection, and am

Your dutiful male Phœnix,

(He was the only ſon, with two daughters)

The Forerunner without Gall.

(His name was John Dove.)

"Are there ſhoulders in the world which could ſuſtain a book or ſermon in this ſtyle? Would not even thoſe of Atlas, which could ſuſtain the heavens, ſink under a thing ſo heavy?

Thus far the paper of Remarks that Friar Gerund met with, which he read *de verbo ad verbum*, without loſing a ſyllable or comma; and ſcarce had he finiſhed it, when, ſuſpended in his mind, he ſhut his eyes, fixed his right elbow on the arm of the chair, and leaned his head upon his hand, holding in his left the paper he had read: he remained a good while in this poſture very thoughtful, but at laſt, jumping impetuouſly from his ſeat, he takes the paper between his hands, tears it, gnaſhing his teeth the while, into a thouſand pieces, throws it with indignation out of the window, and, taking two turns acroſs the floor, exclaimed, "The Devil take thee for a raſcally paper, and the impertinent coxcomb too who wrote thee, for thou haſt turned my brain! It is impoſſible but that he muſt have been one of the moſt tireſome, vexatious, ill-humoured wretches ever born of a woman. What! for a man to ſpeak as God ſhall help him, is there need of ſo many ceremonies! And if all the ſtyles here mentioned are faulty—as this bevinegared mortal of an author has taken it into his head—where ſhall we find one that is not a poor ſinner! The magnifi-

cent he calls the *Swoln*; the poliſhed the *badly-imitative*, or *caco*—I know not what; the figurative the *frigid*; the tender, florid, and delicious, the *puerile*; the vehement the *parenthyrſian*, or *paren-devil-an*; the exact, the *ſcholaſtic*; the ſonorous the *poetical*; and the alluſive, the *metaphorical* and *allegorical!* In what ſtyle, then, are we to ſpeak and write? Let him go (ſtamping his foot here vehemently) let him go with four hundred thouſand tons of devils to eternal dam——— (and he left it ſo, for he was ſomewhat ſcrupulous) I will write, and I will ſpeak in what ſtyle I pleaſe; and ſince that, which I have uſed hitherto, has gained me ſo great applauſe, I will adhere to that, and not to what this diſcontented, evil-ſpoken, brute of a remarker ſays."

In truth he quickly diſpoſed his ſermon, without departing a tittle from his extravagant ſtyle, or diveſting himſelf of his beloved flovenly phraſes. In order to fertilize his imagination with them, he read a couple of ſermons in his rich treaſure, the Sacred Florilegium; and, for his ſtill greater improvement, run over again a certain printed ſermon of another author, which had been lent him to read, and with which he was ſo much pleaſed, that he never reſted till the owner had made a formal deed of gift of it to him *inter vivos*, ſetting over to the ſaid Gerund Zotes all his right, title, property, and claim therein.

This Sermon was intitled, *The Amorous Triumph, Sacred Hymeneals, Feſtive Epithalamium, and Mirific Eſpouſal, celebrated by her Profeſſion, between the Euchariſtical Lamb and the Siſter——— Compoſed by the Reverend Father Friar* ———. The title of the piece alone enchanted him, and raviſhed all his ſenſes and his powers. He ob-

ſerved that the dedication and the approbations, occupied as much ſpace as the whole ſermon, and this aſſuredly gave him a great idea of the merit of the work, ſince to the words of which it conſiſted, there was a correſpondent number in praiſe of him who wrote them. He began to read it, and inſtantly found that he had not been deceived in his opinion, for he was almoſt in an ecſtaſy of admiration at the very firſt clauſes of the Salutation, which were, neither more or leſs, as follows:

"*Either there is Love in weddings, or I know not what Love is! What an invention! what a ſacred Enigma! Cupid, divine, delightful, the Son of amorous juſtice, the labyrinth of light, hides himſelf under a myſterious maſk.*" It is certain that the ſtyle did not appear to him ſo elevated as that of the Florilegium; for in reality the words were all common, and ſuch as plain Chriſtians might uſe. But what did that ſignify? This ſurpriſing ſtart at the outſet, *either there is Love in weddings, or I know not what Love is*, appeared to our Sabatine ſo precious, that he thought there was not gold enough in the world to pay it; at leaſt he would have given ſome, that ſuch another thing ſhould offer itſelf to him for the outſet of his own ſermon.

Indeed the beginning, *Either there is Love in weddings, or I know not what Love is*, did not fail to ſtrike him as rather bordering upon more wantonneſs than was neceſſary in a religious: and that perhaps ſome buffoon in the audience might have ſaid within himſelf when he heard it, "O the cuckoldly whore's-bird of a friar! How he neighs and kicks! To be ſure the church of God would loſe much if his paternity ſhould not know what weddings or Love is! I rather believe it would

would not gain greatly, if his Reverence knew much of the matter!" I ſay that all this paſſed the thoughts of our Friar Gerund, but he deſpiſed it all with a noble liberality of mind, for two very important reaſons; firſt, becauſe, if preachers were to make account of what buffoons and raſcals ſay, the office might go and be hanged, ſince there was ſcarce any words but what might be twiſted and played upon; ſecondly, becauſe, if this ſtart was not improper in a preacher of a much more auſtere profeſſion than his own, with the additional circumſtance of hoary locks and a weight of years and employments in his order, it would be much leſs improper in him for the contrary reaſons.

Having ſo happily got rid of this trifling objection, and perſuaded himſelf that it was not poſſible to open a ſermon with a more airy clauſe, he began battling in his imagination with a multitude of things like it which thronged upon him, without knowing which he ſhould prefer, as each ſeemed the beſt. He afterwards aſſured a confidential friend, by whoſe depoſition we came to the knowledge of it—Since without ſomething of this kind, or without his having left it noted ſomewhere, how was it poſſible we ſhould know what paſſed in his thoughts?—he aſſured his friend, I ſay again, that amongſt the ſentences like the firſt of *The feſtive Epithalamium* that offered in crowds to his mind, thoſe which gave him moſt perplexity, becauſe they pleaſed him moſt, were the following:

Either the Sacrament is in Campazas, or there is no faith in the Church: This appeared to him a miraculous invention to cauſe immediately an ecſtatic ſuſpenſion. *Either Jeſus Chriſt is yonder,*

or I know not where I am: This beginning he thought was likewiſe full of exquiſite novelty. *Either that is the body of Chriſt, or there is no Jack on the Cards:* This too pleaſed him mightily, as, beſides being the moſt popular of all, the comparing the exiſtence of Chriſt in the Sacrament with the Jack on the Cards, he figured to himſelf, was an effort of genius never before heard or ſeen. In this imagination he undoubtedly was right, and, had not the ſentence been an heretical blaſphemy, to ſpeak ingenuouſly we muſt ſay that it was a very ſingular thought. *Either that is not Bread nor Wine, or I am drunk:* This clauſe would have been the moſt approved of all, if it had not been for the word *Drunk*, which he thought too plain; and though *inebriated* and *intoxicated* offered themſelves to him, yet he was of opinion, that if the word *Drunk* was taken away, the whole ſpirit of the ſentence would be loſt.

In ſhort, all things having been well conſidered, he determined to begin his ſermon with the firſt clauſe, *Either the Sacrament is in Campazas, or there is no faith in the Church.* For making this judicious determination, he had good and legitimate reaſons, ſince beſides its being beyond diſpute the moſt ſuſpenſive and the moſt emphatical of all, it was likewiſe the moſt true of all, it being certain that if the Sacrament was not in Campazas, ſuppoſing always the conſecration to have taken place, it could not be in the church of St. Peter at Rome, nor in any other in all Chriſtendom, and conſequently away would fly helter-ſkelter all the articles of the good Catholic Faith. Beſides which, this clauſe came in like a pearl with regard to the ſubject which he had now reſolved to take, namely, *That Campazas was the native*

native country of the Sacrament of the Euchariſt--a point which, according to his way of thinking, there would be no difficulty to prove. For, ſuppoſing the opinion to be true, as he did, (and in reality it is the moſt probable one) that the true and legitimate name of Campazas in its primitive inſtitution had been *Capazos*, that is, *Campos eſpacioſos*, or wide-extended fields, and conſequently that the pariſh of Campazas was as we may ſay the head, trunk, ſpring, foundation, or parochiarch of the frugiferous province of Campos, to which it gave this ſuitable and glorious name—this being ſuppoſed, our Friar Gerund reaſoned, with as much ſolidity as ſubtilty, in this manner. "The remote matter of the Sacrament of the Euchariſt is wheat; the country of wheat is Campos, the manſion-houſe of Campos is Campazas; therefore Campazas is the original family-eſtate, manſion, and country of the moſt holy Sacrament.

So far as to what relates to the matter of the Sacrament with reſpect to the wine. *Sic argumentor*; wine is the remote matter of the Euchariſt; wine grows in vineyards; vineyards in fields; fields in Campazas, *ergo*, &c. With regard to ornament, I have abundant materials ſupplied me by Scripture, by Expoſitors, by profane authors, and, if I ſhould determine to take a fable, by the mythologiſts. Whatever is ſaid of fields, or any thing belonging to them, eſpecially wheat, vineyards, and wine, comes pat to my purpoſe. There are above an hundred texts of Scripture which ſpeak of Fields; and only by reading Giſlerius's Expoſition on any chapter of the Canticles, I ſhall meet with a cart-load of authorities to fill the ſermon with Latin, all relating to wheat, vineyards, and wine, and to crowd the margin with

with ſo many quotations that it will hardly hold them, ſo that by only ſeeing it thus charged, they may think me one of the moſt deep-read and wiſe men that was ever born of a woman. As to profane authors, there is need only to open the Georgics of Virgil, or ſome of his Eclogues, for in them I ſhall find verſes by the buſhel, and all much to the purpoſe, with which I ſhould be able to aſtoniſh even my own preceptor the Domine Zancas-largas. And, in ſhort, if I have a mind to ſweeten the diſcourſe with a little of the florid erudition of fable, which, however, I have not yet reſolved upon, there are the prodigies they tell us of Ceres, Bacchus, Flora, Pomona; and for a deſert, to finiſh with, the whole Cornucopia of the divine Amalthea, ſince all theſe Deities are of the juriſdiction and lieutenancy of the province of Campos, and will afford me matter not only to vye with the luſcious ſweetneſs of my great friend the predicador mayor, but even almoſt to ſtand in competition with the ſovereign author of the wondrous Florilegium."

In the very ſame manner, neither more nor leſs, than as he had ſketched it out in his mind, did our Friar Gerund compoſe his ſermon; and after having well conned it, the day of exhibiting it approaching, he mounted an old, lazy, one-eyed mule, uſed to go in the mill, which his father had ſent for him, and ſet out for Campazas, where happened what the next chapter will relate.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Friar Gerund preaches at Campazas, and aſtoniſhes the People.

THE information that Friar Gerund was coming to preach the Sacrament-ſermon at the famous feaſt of Campazas had been already circulated throughout all that neighbourhood, owing as well to the majordomo Anthony Zotes' having invited all his friends in the country round about, which were not a few, either of farmers or clergy; as to Friar Gerund himſelf's not having been negligent in dropping the mention of it amongſt his numerous acquaintance and admirers;—a temptation ſo common and ſo ſtrong in all young preachers, that it ſometimes ſpreads even to the moſt adult and advanced in years, and which ſome evil-minded perſons attribute to vanity and an overweening ſelf-opinion, but in my poor judgment it is no more than a little levity mixed up with a good doſe of folly.

Beſides this, the feaſt of Campazas was ſo celebrated in all that country, for the ſteers, and for the Sacramental Act, that if there had been no invitations given, and if the preacher had been the greateſt *Zote* in the world, there always reſorted to it an innumerable multitude of people, not only depopulating the adjacent places, but there were generally to be ſeen at it likewiſe many of the idle and gadding gentry of Leon from Baneza and Aſtorga. But with the addition, this year, of the fame of the preacher and the invitations of Anthony Zotes, all the authors, of whom we have availed ourſelves to collect the punctual informations

informations which compoſe the body of this true hiſtory agree, that the concourſe to it was moſt extraordinary.

The demonſtrations of joy and tenderneſs with which our Friar Gerund was received by his father, the uncle Anthony, his mother the good Catanla, and his godfather the licentiate Quixano, are rather to be conſidered in chaſte ſilence, than expreſſed by the pen; which, even had it been the feather of an hawk, a vulture, or an eagle, could not have reached ſuch lofty flights, and how much leſs can ours,—not able to follow the motion of the ſloweſt oſtrich! Suffice it to ſay, that ſcarce did he alight from *Barebones* (ſo the mule was called by the hind who uſed to drive him in the mill) when the aunt Catanla gave him many tender embraces, and as many maternal kiſſes, copiouſly bedewing him with affectionate defluxions, thick and thin. Both of which tho' he wiped off, yet other ſtreams from ſimilar ſources failed not to ſucceed; for as this was the firſt time he had ſhewed himſelf in his own town ſince he had been a friar, not only all the aunts came running to ſee and embrace him, ſome with the licence of old age, and others with that of affinity, but there ſcarcely remained two women in all Campazas who did not the ſame; and theſe two ſingular ones, there is a report, refrained, one, becauſe ſhe was ſick in bed with a diarrhea and teneſmus, and the other, becauſe, two days before, an hen had flown from her yard into that of my aunt Catanla, and had not been ſeen ſince, upon which account ſhe was enraged like a fury againſt the good creature of a Rebollo, who *perteſted* ſhe knew nothing of it, and it was even ſaid that the loſer of the bird had a good mind to go

go to Leon, to take out a *diſcommunication* againſt the concealer of it. Except theſe two, all the men and women, old and young, flocked to my uncle Anthony's to ſee the little *Fliar*; and congratulate his parents upon the happineſs of having in their houſe again their beloved ſon, now ſo much improved. It appears from authentic papers and documents, that, in that evening, there were conſumed, in entertaining theſe congratulators, twelve gallons of wine, eight cheeſes, and ſixteen loaves and an half; whence the prudent and diſcreet reader will infer that the gueſts were many, and that the whole town had a great love for my uncle Anthony and his ſweet ſpouſe.

Three days were wanting to that of the function, during which thoſe particularly invited gueſts, who were warm friends to the houſe of Zotes, were continually coming in. Twenty beds were prepared for them; four, for thoſe of the greateſt authority and importance, in the chambers of the houſe, and the others were accommodated in a granary * which had been emptied and ſwept for this purpoſe, the walls being hung with horſe and mule-cloths, ſome their own, and others borrowed from their neighbours, with which the apartment appeared, in the judgment of the greateſt part of the inhabitants of the place, ſo gorgeouſly fitted up, that it was worthy to receive a biſhop.

The firſt who arrived was a firſt couſin of Anthony Zotes, and conſequently (according to the cuſtom

* A large upper room in the houſe, (and not an out-houſe as it generally is with us) in which the corn, meal, and bread are laid up, and which takes its name from the laſt article, being called *Panera*.

cuſtom of Spain) ſecond uncle to our Friar Gerund, who had been a colegial-mayor*, and was at preſent Magiſtral † of the holy church of Leon; a wiſe, acute, diſcreet, and much-read man, a great theologiſt, and celebrated preacher, in ſhort, of ſuch extraordinary qualifications, that he had been recommended in the royal council, in the third place, for a biſhoprick. He brought with him a companion, a canon of his own church, one of thoſe who are called Canons of the wide collar, or of the ſword and cloak ‡, a young man in the flower of his age, being not paſt five and twenty; very ſprightly and chearful, a more than decent poet, and a ready wit, ſaying things that would always ſtrike, but never draw blood, which is very difficult, and for that reaſon very rare in thoſe who have this faculty; and theſe endowments had endeared him much to the Signior Magiſtral.

In about two hours afterwards alighted a farmer, a kinſman likewiſe of the uncle Anthony, who lived at a place four leagues diſtant from Campazas; he was a familiar of the holy office, and, tho' a man of ruſtic expreſſion, he had good natural ſenſe, and could diſcourſe judiciouſly on matters proportioned to his capacity. On the way

* One who has an appointment in one of the *greater* colleges; ſo called, becauſe in order to be admitted in them, great proofs muſt be made of purity and gentility of blood, &c.

† Enjoying a particular prebend in the cathedral churches, called *Magiſtral*, becauſe no one can attain to this dignity, but who has been a *Maſter* in Divinity in one of the approved univerſities.

‡ A ſecular canon, who is not confined to the religious habit, and may dreſs as he pleaſes.

way he had joined a Donado * of a certain community, who having been three times married, and five years a widower, and being, at length, tired of the world, had entered on the ſervice of a convent, where he aſpired to the degree of lay-brother; but they would not give him the habit, becauſe, though he was very ſtrong and ſerviceable, he was inſufferably clowniſh, and prating into the bargain, and more than middlingly given to drink, not ſo as to deprive himſelf *in totum*, yet ſo as to become very happy, pot-valiant, and fluſtered, and then away he would run like a hog upon a rope on all ſubjects and matters of whatever kind; for he knew how to read, and had read the Hiſtory of the Twelve Peers of France, Guſman de Alfarache, the Picara Juſtina, and the ſongs which the blind men ſing at the markets, delighting above all in reading the Gazettes, though the devil a word did he underſtand of them. Upon the whole, the Donado was a diverting fellow, and a fool for a king.

Our Friar Gerund was much pleaſed to find himſelf in the company of all theſe gueſts, and particularly in that of his uncle the Magiſtral, who, as an intelligent man, and one of the faculty, he thought would do juſtice to his ſermon, with which he was ſo ſatisfied that he perſuaded himſelf with all the candour in the world, that he could not in all his life have read or heard any thing like it; and already took it for granted, that in hearing him he would become ſo enamoured of

* A Donado is one of the inferior ſervants in a convent, not yet become a lay-brother, and wearing no habit. The word implies, *given*, that is, given up to the ſervice of the ſervants of God.

of his talents, as, when he ſhould be made a biſhop, to take him with him and make him his confeſſor; neither did he think it impoſſible but that in time his uncle the biſhop for ſuch he already conſidered him, might procure ſomething for him, even tho' it ſhould be no more than a little biſhoprick in the Indies. All theſe things paſſed in his imagination, flattering him infinitely, and filling him with inexplicable joy.

But who ſhall worthily declare in words that joy which took poſſeſſion of his heart when againſt all hope, and without ſo much as ſuch a thing's even having offered itſelf to his thoughts, he ſaw diſmounting in the court-yard no leſs than his intimate and beloved Predicador Mayor! He was accompanied by a Religious of another community, whom Gerund did not know, but who had all the appearance of being a very reverend man, for he wore ſpectacles ſet in a ſilver frame, a ſilken ſcull-cap, a delicate fine beaver with a nice band, from the ends of which hung a couple of ſmart taſſels, an umbrella, a cane with a China head, and was mounted upon a ſprightly mule, with ample furniture of black cloth well betufted and befringed, and attended by a ſpark of a lacquey well appointed, and with all the bravery of the young gallants and petit-maitres of the order—white ſhoes and ſtockings, buff-leather breeches, a large ſcarlet ſilk ſaſh round his waiſt, a white cotton waiſtcoat, a jacket of fine Segovia cloth of an aſh-colour, a little green net on his head, from which depended a roſe-coloured taſſel below the nape of his neck, a hat with a flame-colour band, with its large roſe or knot ſtuck to the hinder part of the flap, which was turned up againſt the crown, and the reſt of it horizontal. All this

Friar

Friar Gerund obſerved very accurately, and it made him imagine that this religious was at leaſt a Profeſſor of the univerſity of Salamanca or of Alcala, if he might not be even ſome Father Definer or Preſentado.

He was not much out, for he was at leaſt Vicar * to a nunnery in the neighbourhood of Jacarilla; and before this had the care of a large farm belonging to it, in the adminiſtration of which he had not loſt any thing; for he himſelf would confeſs, when occaſion offered, that it had not been worth to him more than was ſufficient to help forward in the world three or four poor relations, to ſerve two friends, and to provide for his own religious neceſſities, even tho' his life ſhould be longer than the common run. However, when Friar Gerund ſaw his dear friend Friar Blas, he had like to have loſt his ſenſes from the violence of the joy; and after having paid the firſt compliments to the reverend Father Vicar, as civility required, he gave a thouſand embraces to Friar Blas, and was informed by him, that, having heard at Jacarilla of his being appointed to the Sacrament-Sermon in his own town, he was determined not to return to the convent till he had heard him preach, with this pleaſure gaining likewiſe that of ſeeing the feaſt of Campazas, and paſſing three or four days in his company free of all reſtraint, and at a diſtance from the malicious, prying, and impertinent cenſures of the Friars.

He told him that in order to procure the leave of the Superior, and that neither he nor the friars might

* One appointed by his Superior to direct and aſſiſt the Nuns in the management of their eſtates, &c.

might have any reaſonable objection to his ſo long abſence from the convent, he had written a letter full of lies, acquainting them that a certain rich widow, without children or heirs in taille, had fallen dangerouſly ill; that ſhe had urged him with the moſt preſſing inſtances to receive her confeſſion, and ſtay with her till ſhe ſhould deliver up her ſoul to God; giving him to underſtand that neither he nor his community ſhould be loſers by his compliance, ſince ſhe had the power of diſpoſing freely of her worldly goods, as ſhe ſhould be inſpired by the Lord; that, notwithſtanding, he had reſiſted her ſolicitations, becauſe the diſorder ſeemed to promiſe to be of long continuance, though the Barber * of the town (a very intelligent man) ſays that without a miracle ſhe cannot recover from it; that the widow herſelf had obliged him to write to his Reverence in hopes that the Chriſtian charity of his paternity would not refuſe her this comfort in her laſt hours, and that therefore he did it, waiting with the utmoſt indifference for his determination, for that all his pleaſure conſiſted in obeying him; though if he were to conſult his own inclination it would be to return to the convent; for that, beſides the irkſomneſs and trouble of being continually with a ſick perſon, paſſing bad days and worſe nights, he had always thought it wrong that Friars ſhould be long out of the ſound of their own church-bell; to which was added, that as he was the Predicador Mayor of the houſe, it was not reaſonable that others ſhould be troubled with the ſermons which *ex officio* belonged to him.

"This,

* Barbers are always Surgeons likewiſe, and, conſequently, Doctors.

"This, friend Gerund, (ſaid the Predicador) was the letter I tipped the old one, which, though I ſay it, was not woven of the worſt thread. You well know the weakneſs of the good man and the ſtrength of the temptation. In ſhort, the honeſt ſoul ſwallowed the hook, gave me an anſwer without loſs of time, greatly praiſing my zeal, my obedience, and my piety, and commanded me in virtue of holy obedience, and in remiſſion of my ſins, to remain with the ſick widow till the danger ſhe was in ſhould terminate in life or death, even though her illneſs ſhould continue for a twelve-month; he charged me to endeavour to encourage her devotion to the order; and that I ſhould not fail to exaggerate the particular neceſſity in which the convent was, but he recommended this to be done with prudence and when a good opportunity ſhould offer; he then concluded with ſaying, that as to ſermons I need not be under any concern, ſince he was the ultimate appointer of them, beſides, that having thee in the convent there wanted no other, and that though thou wert ſomewhat green, which was but to be expected from thy years, yet thou hadſt great readineſs and ability.

"In truth, (ſaid Friar Gerund) it was the ſtroke of a maſter: and pray, how long is the widow's illneſs to laſt?" "As long as all the feaſts in this part of the country laſt, (replied Friar Blas) for I do not intend to loſe one of them." "And what the deuce will you ſay afterwards, when no inheritance appears, nor any thing in the ſhape of one?" "What a monkey thou art! Is there any difficulty in that? Needs there more than to ſay, that having ſigned and ſealed her laſt will and teſtament, in which ſhe had

had left the convent her ſole heir, after ſome legacies of trifling value to her poor relations, and having received extreme unction, ſhe made a vow *, and recovered her health miraculouſly?" "But if it ſhould be found out that there never was any ſick perſon, or any widow o' my ſins, and that it was all a cheat of your worſhip's, in order to throw a pretext of piety over your truanting vagaries?" "Peace, ſimpleton! As there is no other correſpondence between Jacarilla and the convent but what I have, how ſhould it be found out? Beſides, if by any ſtrange accident it ſhould come to be found out, *quid inde?* They will ſay it is one of thoſe little tricks which are often practiſed. Look ye, Gerry, do ſervant-wenches ever go out without a pretext of devotion?—You underſtand me, and I ſay no more: but as the ſuperiors know and have practiſed all theſe things, they only put on an appearance of zeal for obſervances, and whilſt they do not commend the conduct, content themſelves with telling us proverbially, The leg † in the bed, the maid with her diſtaff, and the Friar in his cell."

"But now we talk of a Friar, who is this Reverendiſſimo that came with you, for he ſeems to be a perſon of conſequence?" "And he is what he ſeems to be; for tho' he is but vicar of a nunnery, and was before bailiff of an eſtate, yet he went thro' his courſes of ſtudy with great honour; and diſguſted at a degree's being conferred

* To God and his Saints for the performance of ſome act of piety upon the ſparing of her life, ſuch as to viſit ſome ſanctuary, &c.

† i. e. The leg which has any thing ailing it; meaning that the bed is the propereſt place for it.

ferred upon one of his fellow ſtudents, merely through the intereſt of his powerful friends, he took to this way, of which he has had no cauſe to repent, for though it appears to be not ſo honourable, it is without doubt much more profitable. He made a good bag of doublons by his management of the eſtate, and afterwards ſolicited this vicarage, which he obtained without any difficulty. The good ſiſters feaſt him like a king, and he leads the life of a pontiff. He has been much my friend ever ſince he accidentally heard me preach at Cevico de la Torre; he came to hear my ſermon of St. Oroſia, and took me home with him to his vicarage-houſe, where he kept me a week, entertaining me like a patriarch. A more delightful time I never expect to paſs in all the days of my life. In ſhort, as I was reſolved to come and hear thee, upon the ſtrength of our friendſhip, and the confidence I have in thy good father and mother, I invited the father vicar to come along with me, extolling to him the feaſt of Campazas, telling him a thouſand things of thee, and aſſuring him that he ſhould be well received."

"And how can he be well received enough! (cried Friar Gerund) the favour is done to us; and I acknowledge this as a new one to the many which you have the art of dextrouſly conferring. I am already in love with the good qualities of the father vicar, and ſhall by this means make an acquaintance with him, and open a way readily to go and paſs a few days when occaſion offers in his agreeable company."

With this they entered the parlour where the father vicar already was in company with the magiſtral, the reſt of the gueſts, and Anthony

Zotes

Zotes and my aunt Cantanla, who both received him with great civility, which encreaſed, however, when their ſon and Friar Blas informed them in ſecret who he was. Finally came droping in one after another, all thoſe who had, and ſome who had not, been invited; and in the two days which were yet wanting to that of the feaſt, it does not appear that any thing happened worthy being related, for almoſt all the authors paſs them over in ſilence. One of them only makes a ſlight remark, that Friar Gerund, after paying his compliments to all who arrived, retired to conn his ſermon, ſometimes to the garret, and at others to the fields, and, as in the latter, he was frequently interrupted by the multitude of people who were coming from all the neighbourhood, he found it neceſſary at length to ſhut himſelf up, for the greater ſecrecy in the cellar. The ſame author gives it likewiſe to be underſtood in general terms, that in theſe two days many precious bouts happened with the Donado, whoſe humour Don Bartholemew (ſo the young canon was called) directly entered into, and pretending to admire him, and upholding him in all his follies with much grace and no leſs waggery, he encouraged his ſimplicity to that degree, that ſome extraordinarily high-ſeaſoned morſels were ſerved up. But as this author does not ſpecify them, and as we, on the article of truth, are ſo ſcrupulous, though we can gueſs at what they might be, we do not preſume to relate them; becauſe it is an unpardonable unfaithfulneſs in an hiſtorian to palm upon the reader his gueſſes for certain information.

The long wiſhed-for day of the feaſt and hour of the function being arrived, in form came to fetch

fetch the preacher from his dwelling, Anthony Zotes, as majordomo of the year, and an uncle of his who had been that of the preceding year, both with their wands of office all ſo beautified with whiting and red ochre, that they were gorgeous to behold, the two alcaldes and the two regidors of the town, with their notary and their conſtable in the rear, in places correſponding to the dignity of each, with the addition of a large voluntary train of neighbouring parochial clergy and ſome ſmell-feaſt friars of different communities, who happened to be in thoſe parts, and would by no means loſe the comedy and the ſteers. Firſt of all went the tabor and pipe and the dancers, eight of the ſmarteſt and moſt agile youths of Campazas, all with the crowns of their heads ſhaven cloſe and the reſt of their hair hanging long; ſhort, looſe, Valencian coats of painted linen, parti-coloured ſaſhes, a band of taffety faſtened at each end to either ſhoulder, and laying againſt the upper part of the back in the ſhape of a creſcent, a ſilk handkerchief round their necks, twiſted and braided before as fine as an horſe's tail, and the two hinder corners pinned down in a point within the creſcent below the nape of the neck; half-ſhirts, or ſhams, of coarſe linen, more ſtarched than ironed, and ſo ſtiff that they would have ſtood alone, breeches of the ſame ſtuff as their ſhort coats; in the girdle on the right ſide, a handkerchief of fineſt linen hanging gracefully; the knees of their breeches very full and wide, and adorned with ſtrings of little bells; women's ſtockings all ſcarlet, white ſhoes with knots of black ſilk thread; and in the left ſide of the girdle none of them failed to have their

dancing-ſtick * in the ſame place and poſition as the mule-drivers carry their weapon.

Already were Friar Blas and Friar Gerund at the door of the houſe, awaiting their accompaniment, for it ſeemed indiſpenſable to the Predicador, in friendſhip and in brotherhood, to attend upon Friar Gerund, and he not only gave him the right hand all that day, but humbly waited upon him till he left him in the pulpit, and would even have ſat upon the ſtairs of it if he had not been prevented by Anthony Zotes, who obliged him to take a ſeat upon the bench of the fraternity, between himſelf and the paſt majordomo.

And now iſſued from the houſe our Friar Gerund, handſome as the morning, chearful as light, reſplendent as the ſun. He had ſmugged himſelf up, it is evident, with the utmoſt prolixity. The barber had been ſtrictly charged to exert the laſt efforts of his ſkill, ſince it was to be worth to him no leſs than a double real of ſilver †; and in truth he had touched him with a maſter-hand, rendering him ſo bright, that he ſeemed to have been burniſhed. Above all, in his circle of hair, he had diſplayed the niceſt art; the plain within appeared no other than an oval piece of fine Genoa paper poliſhed by the ſmoothing tooth, its border like a gloſſy black ſilk fringe, cut with the moſt exquiſite exactneſs, without ſo much as a ſingle hair ſtarting forth to diſcompoſe the line; the fore-top elevated about two fingers and an half with marvellous proportion in front of the circum-

* Sticks about the ſize and length of drumſticks, which are ſtruck together periodically by the dancers, and make a clattering to meaſured time.

† About a ſhilling.

circumference of jet, and from its hinder extremity to the neck, the whole field of the occiput was wittingly leſs cloſely ſhaved than the ivory ſummit, that blackening a little, it might ſerve as a foil to ſet off the more laboured parts. He had that day hanſeled a new habit which his good mother had prepared for him, and a ſiſter of his, now a marriageable girl, had taken ſuch indefatigable pains, and uſed ſo much ſkill in the doubling, folding, plaiting, preſſing, &c. that both that and his ſcapulary made a moſt enchanting appearance, and ſuch as even almoſt dazzled the ſight. He had put on, it is well known, a very neat and exactly-fitting ſhoe, made with all the poſſible magnificence allowable to a religious, and, above all things, particular orders had been given, that the ſtitches ſhould be equal and very ſmall, and that the thread ſhould not be much waxed, that the white of them might be more conſpicuous. The night before, the father vicar had made him a preſent of a couple of ſilk-ſcull-caps, of thoſe which were fabricated by his nuns with exquiſite art, in the centre of which was a very ſpruce taſſel of due elevation: and Friar Gerund hanſelled one of them that day, as well to ſhew how much he eſteemed the preſent, as becauſe it was an ornament as neceſſary as precious to the bravery of his pontificalibus. He did not forget, nor was it poſſible he ſhould forget, to put in one ſleeve a large ſilk handkerchief, of thoſe called changeable, or ſhot with two colours, the one a roſe—and the other a pearl colour, and in the other ſleeve he put another handkerchief of very fine cambric with its four little toſſels of white ſilk at the four corners; perfectly aſſured that which ever of the handkerchiefs he ſhould have forgotten, it would have

been ſufficient to make the ſermon not appear half ſo good as in reality it was.

He doubted for ſome time if he ſhould not wear ſpectacles, a thing which appeared to him to give infinite authority to a preacher, and add great weight and marvellous efficacy to what he ſaid; this thought kept him ſo reſtleſs the preceding night (in which it was impoſſible for him to cloſe his eyes) that not being able to get rid of it, he awaked his friend Friar Blas, who ſlept in the ſame room, to conſult him upon his doubt. But Friar Blas, who happened this time to have more judgment than uſual, laughed heartily at the propoſition, telling him that ſpectacles in a young man, even if he had occaſion for them, which rarely happened, was the moſt ridiculous thing in the world, and that men of ſober judgment as well as wicked wags, would ridicule the affectation: that few men of thoſe who were truly wiſe and much given to ſtudy, made uſe of them, unleſs when they really wanted them, which was to read or write; "and therefore, friend Gerund, let alone the ſpectacles and let me go to ſleep."

Gerund took the advice, thought no more about them, and ſet out from the houſe towards the church with the pompous train, as we were ſaying. He drew after him the eyes of all who looked upon him; for he went with his body upright, his head bridling, his pace ſolemn, his eyes ſweet and ſmiling, giving himſelf ſtately and affected airs, making certain majeſtic and moderate inclinations of the head to one ſide, and the other in return to the ſalutations with hats or caps, and not neglecting to take out from time to time, now the white handkerchief, to wipe off

off the ſweat which he did not emit, and then the coloured one to blow his noſe, which was full of — air. As ſoon as he entered the church, he made his private ejaculation and went into the veſtry, when directly began the maſs, ſung by the licentiate Quixano, to whom miniſtered as deacon and ſub-deacon two of the neighbouring parochial clergy.

His choir conſiſted of three Pariſh-clerks, likewiſe of the neighbourhood, for the Clerk of Campazas ſerved the incenſory within the altar, and took care of the bookſtand, which clerks, on the article of the Gregorian tune, gave law to all that country; a baſe was furniſhed by a carter of the pariſh, who had a voice fit for a head-chanter, and a treble by a boy of twelve years old, who had been caſtrated in order to be qualified for the band of St. Jago in Valladolid. There was no organ; but its abſence was ſupplied, with great advantage, by two Gallician bagpipes, which the majordomo had ſent for on purpoſe from Maragateria; and they were played by two jolly Maragaterians, ſo dextrous in the art, that they were called to all the famous feaſts in their own country, whence their fame extended even as far as the deſert, though it is more than eight leagues if it is a yard: and Anthony Zotes, to whom this information came by the luckieſt chance in the world, happening accidentally to hear a ſervant of the Maragaterian Andrew Creſpo ſpeak of them at Puente Vizana as he was loading his mules, ſent inſtantly in all haſte for theſe famous bagpipe-players, offering them twenty reals apiece, conveyance out and home, and victuals and drink. And as this was the firſt time that ſuch an invention had been ſeen in that country, it is

not to be conceived how much they were all ſtruck with the novelty; and more particularly when they heard with their own very ears that the two muſicians in the large breeches followed the Gregorian tune, both in the *Credo* and the *Gloria*, with ſuch exactneſs and punctuality as was delightful to hear. The good taſte of Anthony Zotes was infinitely celebrated; and there is a tradition from father to ſon, that from that time the uſe of Gallician bag-pipes was eſtabliſhed in the deſert in all maſſes with incenſe, and that hence ſprung the cuſtom of calling them in ſome places *Zotes's Organ*; an etymology, which, according to our way of thinking, is not deſtitute of great probability.

At laſt came the bleſſed hour and minute of mounting the pulpit, ſo ardently longed-for by our Friar Gerund. We ſhall leave the pious and diſcreet reader to figure to himſelf at leiſure with what courage and diſembaraſſment he came out of the veſtry, preceded by four of the fraternity with their ends of tapers in their hands, for the largeſt of them did not amount to the third part of a pound of wax, by the majordomos, paſt and preſent, with the enſigns of their wands, by four prieſts in their ſurplices, and by his friend Friar Blas, who, as we have ſaid, thought it incumbent on him to attend him that day moſt reſpectfully till he left him in the pulpit; with what majeſty he aſcended the ſteps of the altar *, on the number of which authors are divided, for ſome ſay they were ten, others twelve, and there is

* Before his going to the pulpit, as is the conſtant cuſtom, in order to receive the bleſſing of the conſecrating prieſt.

is not wanting one who goes ſo far as to aſſert that they were fourteen; however, all agree that there are many belfries which have not ſo many; with what authority he received the benediction of his godfather the licentiate Quixano, who, it is publicly reported, was rather than not tenderly moved at the time of giving it; with what eaſy gravity he marched towards the pulpit, making inclinations of his head to every quarter, and particularly to the bench of juſtice and that of the fraternity; and finally with what ſovereignty he preſented himſelf in the pulpit, firſt taking notice of the audience by caſting on them a look of mild diſdain, and then, for a ſecondary conſideration, falling on his knees.

In which poſture we will leave him for the preſent, whilſt the narration is diverted to give ſome account of the theatre of exhibition, that the comprehenſion may walk more at large in the intelligence of the action.

The church conſiſted of three ailes, though ſo very narrow, that when the Canon, Don Bartholomew, entered it he ſaid they might be called three boats *; the altar, which occupied the whole chancel, would not contain more than the three officiating miniſters; ſo that the ſtand on which the book is placed for the ſinging of the Epiſtle and Goſpel, was obliged to be ſet without its juriſdiction on the other ſide of the rails. The middle or principal aile was ſo narrow, that when the officers of juſtice were ſeated on a bench on one ſide of it, and any fraternity on the oppoſite

* Playing upon the word *Nave*, which in Spaniſh ſignifies a ſhip as well as the aile of a church.

ſide, the clerk gave the Peace * to be kiſſed to both of them at the ſame time; which he could eaſily execute by going down it with one Peace in his right hand, and another in his left, ſince by not greatly extending his arms, he could reach far enough for thoſe ſeated on either ſide to kiſs it at the ſame time regularly in their order. It is true that what the ailes wanted in breadth was advantageouſly ſupplied in abundant length; ſo that, with the leave of Signior Don Bartholemew, I would ſay that the church conſiſted of three Turkiſh galleys. At the bottom of it, over the weſt door, was a gallery for the choir, which ventured acroſs from arch to arch, with a baluſtrade of unbarked ſticks (ſet at wide diſtances) to prevent any idle boy from tumbling down and breaking his ſconce, which was the greateſt harm that could happen to him, as the elevation was not of many feet.

However, whether the temple was wide or ſtreight, long or ſhort, was not to be laid to the account of our preacher, for it was not for him to make it more capacious, nor could the narrowneſs of the church in any degree prejudice the magnificence of the ſermon; ſince it is very evident, and ſupported by repeated experiments, that a bad ſermon may be preached in the moſt ſumptuous church in Chriſtendom, and a very excellent one in any little wretched hermitage or wayſide religious hut. What makes for our purpoſe, and

* A ſmall ſquare piece of wrought ſilk, linen, or cloth, for covering the chalice: called the *Peace*, becauſe at the time of performing the ceremony of kiſſing it, the Prieſt ſays, "The peace of the Lord be always with you."

and for the immortal glory of our Friar Gerund, is, that the church of Campazas, ſuch as God was pleaſed to have it, was crammed as full as it could hold, and that if a pin ſhould have fallen, by way of compariſon, even from the very clouds, it could not have deſcended to what is called the pavement; for it would either have remained upon the roof of the ſaid church, which is moſt natural, or ſuppoſing it to have paſſed through any one of the many cracks and holes in it, it would have met in its fall with the heads of the auditors, and there, or upon their ſhoulders, would without any doubt have reſted till the church was cleared.

But it is time that we return to our Friar Gerund, whom we keep in an uneaſy poſture, and fixed upon his knees for a much longer ſpace than uſual, not without great impatience on his ſide at the detention, eſpecially as he was burſting to get through his anxiety, as well as to diſplay the ſails of his diſcourſe, navigating, with a proſperous gale, in the ſea of his greateſt ſhining.

Behold then; he now raiſes himſelf with the boldeſt grace; the audience are again obſerved by him with a graver and more majeſtic look; his two handkerchiefs ſucceſſively "mock the air with idle ſtate;" the gayly-coloured one is applied to the clear trumpet of his noſe, and the immaculate one paſſed round his angelic face *ad pompam & oſtentationem*; he thunders out his "*For ever praiſed, &c.*" in a guttural and hollow voice; croſſes himſelf with an extended hand, pronounces the text ſubmiſsly, yet ſonorouſly, and began his ſermon in this manner. But, ſaving the better and more judicious opinion of our readers, for our part we thought it more

convenient to make a chapter of it by itſelf, for it will be well if the preſent be not too long already.

CHAP. IV.

Some Clauſes in Friar Gerund's Sermon are ſet forth for Admiration.

WE were a long time in doubt whether we ſhould copy to the letter the whole ſermon of our famous preacher, or content ourſelves with ſelecting ſome of thoſe clauſes which to our limited comprehenſion appeared the moſt remarkable, in order that the diſcreet reader might by a part form ſome judgment of the whole, in no other manner than as a ſingle paw well delineated in a picture, gives the majeſtic ferocity of the crowned monarch of the woods to be underſtood, and a ſingle line, ſtruck as it were at random on the field of the prepared canvaſs, diſcovers to penetrating eyes the ſkilful hand which gave miraculous impulſe to the delicacy of the pencil.

On one ſide we felt great compaſſion, and even in ſome degree it ſeemed to us a kind of unjuſt uſurpation and literary theft, to defraud the public of the leaſt word dropped from the mouth of our divine orator; it being certain that even thoſe words which inadvertently came from it deſerved to be ſet in diamonds, that their duration might vye with the permanency of time. On the other ſide it appeared to us that as all readers are not ſo indulgent, nor ſo pacific, nor ſo good-humoured as we could wiſh them, how did we know but

but that our ill fortune might furniſh us with ſome ſo tetrical, ſo croſs-grained, and of ſo corrupt a taſte, that they would ſend our hiſtory headlong to the devil and all his imps, ſeeing the thread of the narration interrupted with prolix tranſcripts of the intellectual offſprings of our hero; and, perhaps, that there might not be wanting ſome one bold enough to tell us contemptuouſly, that though the ſaid offſprings ſhould be as precious as we paſſionately imagined them, yet it was an impertinent thing to ſtuff the hiſtory with them, ſince it is the buſineſs of an hiſtorian to give a faithful relation of the acts and exploits of his hero, and not an idle collection of his works. For, otherwiſe, if thoſe who wrote the lives of the four holy Doctors of the church, and many more venerable writers, had undertaken to inſert in them all the productions of their pens, they would have run a great chance of being thought rather tireſome and heavy.

We confeſs in good faith that this laſt argument had ſome weight with us; and therefore leaving to the care of ſome more happy pen than ours the glorious taſk of enriching the literary world with a collection of the incomparable ſermons of our Friar Gerund, illuſtrating them with gloſſes, notes, and ſcholia, we will content ourſelves with extracting a few of thoſe ſhreds which may beſt ſuit the contexture of the narration, and appear to us neceſſary to facilitate to the reader the better underſtanding of the facts. The firſt clauſe then of the ſermon which Friar Gerund preached at Campazas was as follows.

"If what the Holy Spirit ſays by the mouth of Jeſus Chriſt be true—but oh unhappy me! I am about to precipitate myſelf, or elſe I muſt neceſ-

ſarily

ſarily ſtand confounded!—the oracle pronounces that no one was ever a Prophet or a Preacher in his own country, *Nemo propheta in patria ſua:* how venturous then am I? In mine I preſume this day to be a preacher! But hold, Sirs; I read likewiſe, to my comfort, in the ſacred letters, that the truth of the Goſpel binds not all, *Non omnes obediant Evangelio:* and how do we know whether this may not be one of the many verities, which, as the philoſopher opines, are ſaid only *ad terrorem.*"

This beginning gave the greateſt ſuſpenſion to the bulk of the audience, who thought it impoſſible there could be a more happy or ſuitable introduction. But the Magiſtral, who had purpoſely ſeated himſelf in the confeſſional of the parſon of the pariſh (which ſtood againſt the wall on the ſide of the church oppoſite the pulpit) and had ſhut-to the lattice-door in front, that he might obſerve Friar Gerund at his pleaſure without danger of diſturbing him, no ſooner ſaw him break out with two abſurdities, or rather two heretical blaſphemies, of ſuch gigantic ſize, as to doubt whether what the Holy Spirit ſaid by the mouth of Jeſus Chriſt were true, and to ſuppoſe that many truths of the Goſpel were deſigned only to affright and terrify, than from pure ſhame he held down thoſe eyes which he had fixed upon his couſin, and was directly convinced that he ſhould hear nothing in that ſermon but hereſy, raſhneſs, and folly. Moſt willingly would he immediately have left the church, but, beſides its being impoſſible to penetrate through the concourſe without making great confuſion, he thought it would be pity to throw cold water upon the preſent feſtivity, and therefore took the prudent part of hiding his diſguſt till a proper time, and

part

receiving the ſhock with all the patience he could muſter. During this our Friar Gerund was going on with his ſermon, or his ſalutation rather, and at a few ſtrides was plunged up to the ears in the midſt of all the circumſtances. And here the ill-conditioned critics muſt pardon me, for, tire them or not tire them, I cannot before God and in my conſcience do leſs than transfer to my paper, *de verbo ad verbum*, the ingenious artifice with which he touched upon them all, tho' it be impoſſible to transfer the grace, ſpirit, and energy, with which he animated them. He ſaid then, tired of the cadence-ſtyle, or changing it ſtudiouſly for the ſwollen, as well becauſe variety is the mother of beauty, as becauſe this ſtyle was more ſuited to his inclination—as follows.

"This, Sirs, is the hanſel of my oratorical labours; this the exordium of my pulpitable functions;—more clearly for the leſs intelligent, this is the firſt of all my ſermons. Here how aptly to my purpoſe the oracle ſupreme? *Primum quidem Sermonem feci O Theophile.* But which way ſails the barque of my diſcourſe? Attention, ye faithful, for all things promiſe me a proſperous event! All are prophetic glimmerings of felicities. Either faith is to be denied to the Evangelic Hiſtory, or the Hypoſtatical Anointed preached likewiſe his firſt ſermon in the ſame place in which he had received ſacred ablution by the luſtral baptiſmal waters. It is true the Evangelical narration ſets it not forth directly, but it is tacitly implied. The Saviour received the frigid mundificant, *baptizatus eſt Jeſus*, and immediately was rent the azure taffety of the celeſtial curtain, *et aperti ſunt cæli*; and the holy ſpirit deſcended hovering like a dove, *Spiritum Dei deſcendentem ſicut columbam.* Now then! at this baptizing of the Meſſiah,

Meſſiah, at this tearing of the cerulean canopy, at this deſcending of the Holy Spirit upon his head, methinks I ſmell a ſermon; for this divine dove always ſpreads her wings over the heads of preachers.

But conjectural argument is ſupervacaneous when the words of the oracle are clear. That ſays, that Jeſus being baptized retired to the deſert, or the devil carried him thither, *Ductus eſt in deſerto a Spiritu ut tentaretur a diabolo*: there he remained ſome time; there he watched, there he faſted, there he prayed, there he was tempted, and the firſt time he came thence it was to preach in a field or campaign, *Stetit Jeſus in loco campeſtri.* O what an eſtival parallel to what has happened to myſelf! I was baptized in this famous town; I retired to the deſert of religion, if indeed the devil did not carry me thither, *Ductus eſt in deſertum ut tentaretur a diabolo*; and what elſe does a man do in this deſert but watch, and pray, and faſt, and be tempted? The firſt time I came thence it was to preach, but where? *In loco campeſtri*, in this campeſtral place of Campazas, in this compendium of the Damaſcan field, this emulation of the Pharſalian field, this envious oblivion of the fields of Troy, *& campos ubi Troja fuit*; in a word, in this emporium, in this fundamental ſoil, this fontaneous origin of the province of Campos—*in loco campeſtri.*

"There is yet more in the caſe: the campeſtral place in which his firſt ſermon was preached by the hypoſtatical, was on the emeraldic banks of the argent Jordan, where he had been baptized. And who doubts but that John his godfather would hear him: *Venit Jeſus ad Jordanum ut baptizaretur ab eo.* And what can be more natural

tural than for a godfather to hear his godſon; and moreover if he made an happy mention of him in the very ſalutation. *Salutate Patrobam*, as the Apoſtle ſays, much to my intent, muſt he not now leap for joy, as he leaped on another occaſion in the maternal womb, *Exultavit infans in utero matris?* The caſe is ſo identical, that the application of it would be inſane with regard to the learned, but for the inſipient let it go. Was not, then, my godfather at my baptiſm called John? Every body knows it, *Joannes eſt nomen ejus.* Is he not hearing this ſermon which I am preaching? Every body ſees it, *Audivi auditum tuum & timui.* Are not his eyes dancing with delight? Every body obſerves it, *Oculi tui columbarum:* therefore there is no more to be ſaid in the caſe.

"Yes, but there is, and it is this: Grace and Water is the complex of the baptiſmal font, and grace and water is what ſymbolized his chriſtian and his ſurname. That John is the ſame as Grace, is known even to the preachers of Malabar, *Joannes, id eſt gratia.* But that Quixano is the ſame as water, or a copious fountain of it, even the moſt learned are ignorant; but they ſhall quickly know it. The theologiſt already underſtands, and much more the mighty in the ſcriptures, that the *Quixada*, or jaw-bone, of an aſs is very myſterious in the ſacred letters, either from the time that Cain ſlew his brother Abel with one of them, as ſome will have it, or from the time that Samſon with another of them battered the ſculls of a thouſand gigantic Philiſtines, as every body knows, *In maxilla aſini percuſſi mille viros.* After this exploit the fatigued Samſon was periſhing with thirſt; there not being in all

thoſe

thoſe ſpacious parlours of the odoriferous Flora a thread of liquid ſilver with which it might be quenched. When, behold, from the very Quixada which had been the mortal Philiſtinicide, ſpouts out the ſtream of pearl which refrigerated the gaping Strong-one; and the place remained ſealed, even unto this day, with the illuſtrious name of the fountain of the Quixada, *Idcirco appellatum eſt nomen illius loci, Fons invocantis de maxilla, uſque in preſentem diem.*

"Come now with me. It is a known thing in our genealogical hiſtories, that the moſt antient and moſt noble name of the Quixanos derives its origin from no leſs than the trunk of Samſon, whoſe ſons and grandſons began from that glorious exploit to be called the Quixanos, that they might not be confounded with another not leſs ancient though leſs noble, and much leſs extended, family, that of the Quixotes. It is not leſs certain that ſince then the arms of the Quixanos are the jaw-bone of an aſs in a green field, ſpouting forth a ſtream of water from the molar tooth, as all who treat of heraldry affirm. It is likewiſe perfectly authenticated to us that the Quixanos in the Mooriſh wars uſed no other arms than that of the jaw-bone of an aſs, covered with the ſkin of the ſame aſs, performing with this braying weapon ſuch mighty wonders, as are related at every page of our annals. If any one doubt it, let him be convinced by that hero Gonzalo Samſon Quixano, who with the jaw-bone of an aſs, *in maxilla aſini*, ſlew with his own hand, in leſs than half an hour, thirty-five thouſand Saracens in the famous battle of St. Quintin under Julius Ceſar, captain-general to Don Alonzo of the perforated hand; an action which the grate-

ful

ful monarch rewarded, by commanding that thenceforwards the jaw-bone in the ſhield of the Quixanos, ſhould be painted with thirty-five thouſand teeth, and that upon each of them ſhould be ſtuck, as if it had been a tenter-book, the head of a Moor, a thing which makes a moſt enchanting ſight. And by the way I would add, or to ſpeak more properly, I would only recal to the minds of all, that univerſally known piece of erudition, that the firſt ſeal that was engraved with all this multitude of teeth and heads, did not exceed the ſize of the ſmalleſt lentil; and what was moſt admirable of all was, that the jaw-bone, the teeth, and the heads with all their moles and marks, were to be perfectly diſtinguiſhed at more than an hundred paces diſtance. O amazing invention! O prodigy of ingenuity! O miracle of the miracles of art! *Miraculorum ab ipſo factorum maximum*, as hath been ſaid to this purpoſe by the learned Caſſiodorus.

" But, attention, for I hear I know not what articulated accents in the Ethereal plains, *vox de cælo audita eſt*. But from whom is this guttural verbific ſound? Let us hear what it ſays, thence probably we may deduce from whom it proceeds, as by the effect we come to the knowledge of the cauſe, and by the thread we find the ball*. *Hic eſt Filius meus dilectus in quo mihi complacui*, this is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleaſed: now then! Does the voice ſay that it is his ſon who is preaching in the place where he was baptized? Therefore

* Ball, clew, or bottom, of ſilk, thread, or worſted. A very common Spaniſh proverb, implying, we may ſee by a little what a great deal means, as in Book ii. Chap. 1.

Therefore it is the voice of the father: the logician knows that the conſequence is legitimate. And what is this father, *Pater meus agricola eſt*, my father is an honeſt farmer. Courage! We are gaining ground. But what has the father to do with the ſermon of the ſon? O to be ſure there is nothing the matter with his eye, and he had it in his hand? What has he to do with it, when he himſelf appointed him to preach it! The divine text expreſsly aſſerts it, *miſit me vivens pater*; he who ſent me, or brought me, to preach is my father; and the text very opportunely notes, that when his father ſent him to preach, he was alive, *vivens pater*; the interlineal, *ſanus*, who was ſound; the ſeptuagint, *robuſtus*, who was robuſt; Pagninus, *vegetus*, who was active and ſprightly: I appeal to your eyes, and tell me if it is not identically the caſe.

"But let us proceed, for all has not yet been ſaid. And how was this generative principle, this paternal origin of the happy offspring, called? Is not the ſermon which my father, alive, ſound, robuſt, active and ſprightly, recommended to my inſufficiency that of the Euchariſtic bread? It is. Was not the ark of the covenant the moſt figurative emblem of this ovalated ermine? Let the learned and the verſed in expoſitive theology declare it. And whither went wandering this concave teſtamentiferous ark? Let us ſeek in the ſacred pandects: *et apportaverunt eam in Azotum*, they carried it to the country of the Azotes. Huzza! We now have Zotes in the liſts. Does the ark go into the province of the Zotes? Does a father appoint his ſon to preach about this ark? Then what name muſt this father have, or by what appellation is this ſon to be diſtinguiſhed

but

but that of Zotes, principals of the province? *Et apportaverunt eam in Azotum.*

"The argument is convincing. But here perhaps a ſmall interrogation may be made. And had not this ſon a mother? And how ſhould it be otherwiſe but that he had one, ſince it is plain that the mother as well as the father ſought him, *ego et pater tuus quærebamus te.* 'Tis very well; and had not the mother any thing to do with the ſermon? She was every thing to it; as it is well known that always when a preacher comes off with honour the applauſes are given to the mother; to this purpoſe when the ſermon is finiſhed, all the pious women cry out, bleſſed be the mother who bore him! Happy the mothers who have ſuch ſons! *Beatus venter qui te portavit & ubera quæ ſuxiſti.*

"But what ſtrepitous ſounds, what harmonious tumult diverts my attention to another part? What perceives the auditory power? What viſual ſpecies are repreſented before the viſive? More clearly and more adapted to the vulgar, What do I hear? What do I ſee? What is there to be ſeen, or what is there to be heard but a choir of dancers? *Quid videt in ſunamitis niſi choros caſtrorum?* Of dancers! Yes certainly; ſince at ſight of the Euchariſtical ark, the feet even of crowned heads are ſet a-jumping. Let the penitent king of Idumea declare it, *et David ſaltabat totis viribus ante Dominum.* Obſerve the expreſſion *ſaltabat totis viribus*, he jumped with all his might; he did not go mincing with little minuet ſteps, or confine himſelf to any other meaſure, but took ſome good ſprings into the air, toſſing his legs as he was able, *ſaltabat totis viribus.* Is not this what we ſee in theſe eight robuſt athletics, wreſtling

wreſtling powerfully, hand and foot, with the wind? Moreover, David was a crowned dancer, well then, crown for crown: our dancers are not behind hand with David. But further, I diſcover in Iſaiah other ſigns of them ſtill more clear, *et piloſi ſaltabant ibi*, and there danced thoſe who had long hair, thoſe who had flowing manes, thoſe who had protracted locks. No viſion can be more adequate to the preſent caſe.

"I would gladly go after the dance a little longer if I were not enchanted by that theatre which I obſerve erected cloſe to the entrance of this temple, *ad fores templi*, as was elegantly ſaid by the mitred honey-comb of Lombardy; I ſpeak of the mellifluous Ambroſe. And what does this theatre import? According to ſome, it is a natural ſign, or according to others a ſign *ad placitum* of a ſacramental act, a repreſentation of the Sacrament. Indeed! Is it ſo? Then of theſe repreſentations do we find at every turn the pages of ſcripture full. Was not the manna a repreſentation of the Sacrament? So affirms Cajetan. Was not the ſacramented lamb repreſented by the fleece of Gideon? So Lorinus thinks. Were not Ruth's ears of corn a repreſentation of the Euchariſtic wheat? So we are aſſured by Papebrockius. And were not all theſe repreſentations made in the fields? Such is the common opinion of the expoſitors and the fathers. Who then can doubt, but that repreſentations of the Sacrament and repreſentations in the fields were prophetic figures of the ſacramental acts which are exhibited every year in my beloved country of Campazas, *in loco campeſtri?*

"But, away, away, off, off, run, flee, ſave yourſelf from the Bull! What is this? I ſee myſelf

ſelf ſurrounded by theſe cornipetal brutes; what a front! What loins! What collops on his neck! *Tauri pingues me obſederunt.* Is there no one to help me? Oh they will have me, and gore me, and toſs me! But no; this was a panic terror, the illuſion of fancy, the fiction of ratiocinating reaſon. They are not mad Bulls of Baſan; Steers they are indeed, alive and merry, but neither cunning nor ſanguinary; *vituli multi*, or as the other reading it *mutilati*, Steers without horns, or without any ſtrength in them. Thank God! I am recovering; for I was terribly frightened. But what have ſteers to do with the feſtival of the Sacrament? How ignorant a queſtion? What feſtival of the Sacrament can be complete if the ſteers are wanting? Though the penitent prophet puſhes the matter further when he ſays that the ſteers ought to be run, or (which comprehends the whole) that the ſteers ought to be preſented on the very altars, *tunc imponent ſuper altare tuum vitulos.*

"I ſhall but juſt mention the bonfires and nocturnal luminaries which preceded this feſtive day. When does the Lord diſcover himſelf unleſs brilliant waxen carbuncles are lighted up? Or what more was done by the three miraculous youths in the flamigerous bonfire of the Babylonian furnace, than what we ſaw laſt night done by the pubeſcent youth of my predilected country in the fumigerant bonefires kindled by the devotion, and the joy of its fervorous inhabitants? If thoſe played with the flames without "their coats being changed, or the ſmell of fire paſſing upon them," theſe leaped through them without an hair of their heads being ſindged, *et capillus de capite veſtro non peribit*, as ſaid the mouth of God. Then the multitude of ſtridulous

dulous volatiles, which aſcended meandering thro' the diaphanous element, fiery arrows, ſhot by gallantry and valour, to diſſipate the nigricant ſquadrons of darkneſs! It ſeems as if the monarchical diviner was viewing them when he ſung prophetically, *Sagittas tuas ex dentibus effecit.* But more pertinently to the preſent caſe prognoſticated he who ſaid, that the horriſonant bam, bim, bom, of the bombs reſounded throughout all the fields,

Horrida per Campos bam, bim, bom-barda ſonabant.

"I think I have now touched and retouched on all the circumſtances of the day. But no; the moſt eſpecial and never ſeen till now, I had like to have forgot. I ſpeak of that vocal inſtrument and at the ſame time ventoſe, which ſo ſweetly tickles our ears. I ſpeak of that equivalent, or, as the diſcreet Pharmacapola expreſſes himſelf, that *quid pro quo* of an organ, which adds ſo much artificial harmony to the ſolemnity of the ſacrifice. I ſpeak in ſhort, that all may underſtand me, of this ſonorous Gallician bag-pipe, which ſo much bewitches and inchants us. But how opportune, how diſcreet, how ingenious was the invention of my paternal majordomo, when he determined to adorn with it the function of the ſacrament! For I aſk, is not the ſacrament, in its cryſtalline pix, the arms and blazon of the moſt noble kingdom of Gallicia? So I was informed laſt night by a pilgrim, who was returning from Compoſtella*. This being ſo, it was very congruous, and in ſome meaſure *ſimpliciter* neceſſary (here the Logician and the Theologiſt will underſtand me) that there ſhould not be wanting at the maſs of the ſacrament that harmonious, ſoothing, and delicate inſtrument,

* The metropolis of Gallicia, and famous for the reſort of pilgrims to the ſhrine of St. James in it.

inſtrument, which derives its name from the ſame moſt noble kingdom, for as the philoſopher ſays, *propter unumquodque tale & illud magis.* What a great glory for Gallicia to have the ſacrament for its coat of arms! But a much greater for Campazas to be the original ſoil and manſion of the ſacred Euchariſt! For, either the ſacrament is in Campazas, or there is no faith in the church. This ſhall be the arduous enterprize in the gulph of which the little barque of my diſcourſe ſhall diſplay its ſails; and that it may have the wind a-ſtern, it will be neceſſary that the benefic breeze of that deific empreſs of the ſeas blow upon the rudder, imploring whoſe protection and whoſe grace with the acroſtic epinikion of the celeſtial Paranymph, we ſay, AVE-MARIA, &c.

The judicious reader will eaſily ſuppoſe that it is utterly impoſſible for any human pen to deſcribe—I will not ſay adequately and completely, but even to ſtrike out the ſlighteſt ſketch by which we might arrive at an obſcure gueſs of—the admiration, and the amazement, and the aſtoniſhment, with which this ſalutation was received by the greateſt part of that broad-ſhouldered, tangle-locked, auditory. It was a miracle of God that they gave him room to preach what is called the body of the ſermon, and aſſuredly they would not have given it, if he had not held them ſuſpended upon the tenter-hook of curioſity by ſo ſingular and ſo rare a ſubject as he had propoſed; for when they were to hear it, it proved that Campazas was the original country and manſion of the moſt holy ſacrament, and that if the ſacrament was not in Campazas, there was no faith in the church, what doſe of laudanum would have been ſufficient to lay the moſt ſomnolent aſleep? But however,

however, the audience could not contain themſelves from burſting out, firſt into a buz and murmur, much like that which the bees make round the hive, and preſently into declared acclamations and huzzas, throwing up to the roof of the church not only hats and caps, but alſo (and there are not wanting thoſe who aſſert it) there were ſeen flying in the air even ſome bonnets of the prieſthood. Above all the Maragaterians with their Gallician bag-pipes, delighted with having their inſtrument ſo ſuitably, ſo extemporaneouſly, ſo unexpectedly, celebrated from the pulpit, could not for their ſouls refrain from blowing a flouriſh to the preacher. This they did directly, and as we ſay, proviſionally, reſerving to themſelves the right of running through all the ſtops when the ſermon ſhould be perfectly and completely ended. In ſhort ſuch was the tumult of applauſe, that it was not poſſible, for more than half a quarter of an hour, for our Friar Gerund to proceed; and though the clerk kept ringing the little bell at the altar, as if he would have broken it to pieces, in order that the noiſe ſhould ceaſe, yet it availed nothing, for it could not be leſſened, till the good people began to be quiet of themſelves.

In the mean while the wiſe, prudent, and diſcreet magiſtral was likewiſe aſtoniſhed; but he could not tell whether moſt at the ſelf-ſatisfaction and crazineſs of the orator, or the ignorance and folly of the ruſtic audience. The canon, Don Bartholomew, though he did not dive ſo deep into matters as the magiſtral, becauſe his ſtudies had not extended beyond what was neceſſary for a middling intelligence of the Breviary, and an article or two of the Council of Trent, yet as he had lively natural ſenſe, he comprehended

hended without difficulty that the ſalutation was a tiſſue of moſt precious abſurdities, and immediately determined to entertain himſelf at the coſt of our Friar Gerund. His other relation, the familiar of the holy office, the man of clowniſh expreſſion, but of more than ordinary underſtanding, ſaid within himſelf, "Either I am a leek* or this Fliar does not know the inclination of nouns, nor has ſtudied *ſelmo ſelmonis*, as my Cuco has (his little boy Franciſco, who had begun the Accidence that year) or all theſe people are drunk; but in truth I am but a poor layman without letters, and it is poſſible I may be miſtaken."

This was what paſſed in the minds of theſe three perſons, when Friar Gerund began the body of his ſermon, which he proved, confirmed, and adorned punctually and literally, according to the ingenious idea he had formed to himſelf, of which we have given ſufficient information at the latter end of the ſecond chapter, where our benevolent and pious readers may, if they pleaſe, read it again; for, though it is true that we might promiſe ourſelves from their great benignity, that they would not take it ill if we ſhould again ſet it before their eyes more at length, and with all the energy, poliſh, and exactneſs peculiar to our orator; yet, all things conſidered, it has appeared to us moſt judicious not to abuſe their patience and good-nature, being well aware that all repetition is diſguſtful; but without having any intention to derogate in the leaſtfrom the good fame and opinion of him, who ſaid that there are things which *decies repetita placebunt*, will pleaſe though ten times repeated. Let there be ſuch i' God's name, but we have not the preſumption to think ours are

* A common term for an arrant blockhead.

of the number; and we call *ours* thoſe of our Friar Gerund; ſince we ſo far appropriate them as they are ſubject to the juriſdiction of our ſlow and ſullying pen. And in ſhort, what ſignifies our puzzling our brains for nonſenſical excuſes, when we have already made a firm, determinate, and irrevocable reſolution not to tranſcribe the ſaid ſermon into our hiſtory? Let the curious reader ſuppoſe that he has read it, and that at the concluſion of it, there were many more acclamations than at the end of the ſalutation. Let him hold it as a thing certain, that not only the bagpipes, but alſo the bagpipe-players were in danger of burſting, the one from blowing, and the other from being blowed. Let him receive as indubitable information that in the very church, immediately upon his coming down from the pulpit, they had like to have ſuffocated Friar Gerund with their embraces, and that before he could get to the veſtry he was near being drowned by the ſtreams from the eyes and noſes of the aunts, who trod upon one another in their eagerneſs to get at him, the ſame riſque having been run reſpectively by Anthony Zotes and his conſort the moſt happy Catanla Robollo. Finally, let him deem, what a faith-worthy and ſyncronous author aſſerts, as a ſettled point, that the licentiate Quixano himſelf, notwithſtanding his being cloathed with the ſacerdotal habiliments, and not at all recollecting that he was celebrating the holy ſacrifice of the maſs, remained ſeated in the chair till his godſon paſſed by the altar in his way to the veſtry; and then, not able to contain himſelf, threw himſelf upon him, gave him a moſt cloſe embrace, and turning to the table could ſcarcely repeat the *Credo* for the tears which flowed plentifully down his reverend cheeks out of pure joy and tenderneſs; a teſtimony

teſtimony of approbation, to which nothing will be found equal in all eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, not even in that of Elias Dupin himſelf, that very diligent author in collecting all apocryphal and ridiculous information, ſufficient to make contemptible the ſacred, auguſt, and venerable ceremonies of the Holy Church.

Out of the church of Campazas did our Friar Gerund get as well as he could, and indeed it did not coſt him a little trouble, for there is a tradition that his feet were not ſuffered to touch the ground all the way till he arrived at his father's houſe, being carried along by the innumerable throng of congratulators, which was compoſed of almoſt the whole multitude who had come to be preſent at the feaſt. It ſeems to us unneceſſary to repeat the compliments, and wiſhings-of-joy, and thanks, and praiſe, which were there poured out, ſome extolling the preacher, others rejoicing with his parents, a third party expreſſing their complacency with Friar Blas, who received their civilities in the name of the order, though applying the greateſt part of them to himſelf, a fourth loudly proclaiming the happineſs of the place which had given birth to ſuch a ſon, and finally all, with one accord, vociferouſly declaring that Friar Gerund was now the honour, and would in time be the immortal glory of the age: things ſo common and uſual that there is no occaſion for hiſtorians to waſte their time in relating them, becauſe the reader ought to take them for granted, and eſpecially at ſuch a time as this, for it was now one o'clock, the the cloth laid, the gueſts hungry, and the dinner ſpoiling.

CHAP. V.

In which an account is given of what paſſed at Anthony Zotes's table.

IT is not our deſign to make a pompous deſcription of the great entertainment, or relate the order in which the gueſts were ſeated, or, much leſs, to give the reader a minute and individual information of the diſhes which were ſerved up. Beſides that this might appear to many an impertinent prolixity, there might not perhaps be wanting ſome who would think it very foreign to that majeſty which ſhould reign throughout this moſt grave hiſtory, in which no room can be allowed to any other than information of the greateſt importance. For though not a few hiſtorians have given us very pernicious examples in this reſpect, inſerting in their works things ſufficiently extravagant and ridiculous, like him who, in giving an account of the court of Caligula, ſtopped very opportunely to take meaſure of that emperor's breeches, and obſerving with great ſerioufneſs that he faſtened them with tags, and not with buttons or claſps, which were moſt uſual at that time; and another, who relates the circumſtance (whether true or doubtful matters not) of the king Don Pedro the Cruel's throwing himſelf, ſword in hand, into the river Guadalquivir to kill the Pope's Legate, who had excommunicated him from a barque prepared for this purpoſe, and who eſcaped from him by dint of rowing, upon which occaſion the good creature of an hiſtorian entertains himſelf and his readers with very leiſurely examining into the number of feet this barque had

had in length, what it had in breadth, how many rowers there were, how they were cloathed, without omitting the colour of their caps, or the obſerving that there was to be ſeen upon them, in raiſed needle-work, the coat of arms of Don Henrique, Conde de Traſtamara, brother and competitor of Don Pedro;—I ſay that theſe and other minuteneſſes which hiſtorians relate are of thoſe examples which are more admirable than imitable, and that it has appeared to us more convenient to reſpect them with profound veneration, than to undertake to follow them.

Beſides which, having, in the very entrance of this our true hiſtory, given a punctual topographical deſcription of Anthony Zotes's houſe, with its figure, dimenſions, and diviſions, it will be eaſy to be comprehended by any reader, however ſhort the meaſure of ſagacity which heaven has allowed him may be, that within the houſe it was not eaſy to meet with an incloſed ſpace of capacity proportioned to the reception of ſo many gueſts, except the granary, which was already legitimately employed for another neceſſary purpoſe, as we have obſerved in the third chapter of this book. And though ſome were of opinion that the ſtraw-houſe ſhould be emptied, and the tables be placed there, yet the diſcretion of the majordomo would not permit it; firſt, becauſe it was an indecent place; ſecondly, becauſe to give their victuals to the gueſts in the place where the food for beaſts was kept, might ſeem to be a banter upon them, and give occaſion for ſatyrical verſes; thirdly, becauſe where ſhould they lay the ſtraw? fourthly, becauſe all the inſide of the roof was canopied with cobwebs; and fifthly and finally, becauſe there was no other entrance to it than the aperture at which the truſſes of ſtraw

were thrown in, the height of which from the ground was at leaſt ſix yards*.

"This laſt objection (ſaid a goſſip of Anthony Zotes, who aſſiſted at the council upon this weighty point) is of no force with me; becauſe by the Gentlemen's going down by a ladder as the hinds do when the ſtraw-houſe is almoſt empty, the difficulty ceaſes." "And how is the dinner to be brought?" (aſked my uncle Anthony,) "How? (anſwered the Goſſip) why by the ſervants' going up and down; or better ſtill, by an excellent ſtratagem, which juſt now ſtrikes me; let two young men ſtand, or ſit aſtride, at the aperture, with each of them a bucket tied to a rope; and with theſe they may hoiſt and let down, backwards and forwards, all the plates, diſhes, &c. to and from the kitchen-wenches, who may ſtand below. No, no, Goſſip: this objection is of no weight; for the others indeed I cannot altogether find abſolution."

It was on this account, moſt likely, that the tables were placed under that coving over the houſe-door, oppoſite to the yard-gate, of which we have given exact information in the firſt chapter of the firſt book of this circumſtantial hiſtory; and here too there was the conveniency of being very near the kitchen, a thing which conduces much to the having the victuals brought hot to table, as it has been wiſely obſerved by *Monſieur Ferneyer*, firſt cook to his royal highneſs the Duke of Orleans, in his learned treatiſe of *Le Cuſinier à la mode*, where, Chap. II. Of the ſituation in which the kitchen ought to be placed, he ſays, *Il faut mettre la cuiſine le*

* Uſually ſo made, that no perſon may inadvertently go into theſe out-houſes with a light.

le plus proche qu'il ſera poſſible de la chambre à manger, par la raiſon que les viandes façonnées ſoient miſes dans le table avec le temperament qu'il les faut. Words worthy of being eternized in the memory of all, and which we have thought it indiſpenſable to tranſlate with the greateſt fidelity, that thoſe perſons may not be deprived of them who are ſo unhappy as to be ignorant of the French language: *The kitchen ſhould be built*, ſays the learned author, *as near as poſſible to the dining-room; and the reaſon is, that the diſhes which are dreſſed in it may come to table with the temperament requiſite to them*; that is, (adds an anonymous ſcholiaſt in an erudite remark) *neither more cold nor more hot than is convenient.*

As to the order in which the gueſts were ſeated, it is natural that the firſt place at the head of the table ſhould be occupied by the Signior Magiſtral, as the moſt worthy perſonage, having on his right and left the father Vicar of the Nunnery, and the Canon Don Bartholomew; but this wag inſiſted abſolutely upon Friar Gerund's being ſeated next to the Magiſtral, though as one of the family it became him to take one of the loweſt ſeats; and ſo, from his modeſty, he would have done, but as a kind of bridegroom, if we may ſo ſpeak, as that day wedded to his office, they all agreed that he ought to have one of the chief ſeats, and alſo added, that his mother ought to ſit next her ſon, that ſhe might eat her dinner with more pleaſure: and the good creature of an aunt Catanla, without wanting any intreaty, immediately complied with the propoſition. The reſt of the gueſts took their places without perſonal preference, obſerving only that of ſtation, for ſo the familiar with great judgment diſpoſed the matter, ſaying, "Gemmen, the church has areddy rigalated the ſurrimoniul;

what is practiced in perceſſions we will practiſe here with the greace of God; firſt, the Fliars, then the pariſh-clargy, then the lay-men, and after all the women, for this cattle are beſt there by themſelves."

It does not appear that brother Bartolo (ſo the Donado was called) approved much of this diſpoſition, as he ſaid to the familiar, "Brother Syndic* (he was ſo to his convent) if you don't underſtand the matters of the Enquiſitiun better than ſeating folks at table, you are but a poor miniſter. A perceſſion is a perceſſion, and a table is a table, and there is as much difrunce between one and t'other as between me and the holy feyther of Room. For us to ſit Fliars and Fliars together, we might as well be in our Convunts. What I have always ſeen at tables of reſpect (for though I am but a poor ſinner, I have eat with folks who had titles before now) is, that the ladies ſat next to the fliars, and the fliars next to the ladies, this being a ſurrymoniul very agreeabul to conſhunce and reaſun; for in ſhort we all wear petticoats, and as the man ſaid, Fariety is the Mother of Beauty. And that you may know the whole truth, there was a ſartain occaſion on which I was bid to ſit and eat cloſe by a ſartain Dutcharſe." "And cloſe by anuther Dutcharſe (ſaid the familiar) have I ſeen a Neger-wench, a Dwarf, and a Munkey eat." He was about to proceed, but a Religious of the ſame order and the ſame convent, who had arrived that morning, prevented him by ſaying, "Brother Syndic, never mind this ſimpleton, for you know that as he has never ſaid maſs, nor adminiſtered the

* The Syndic is he who receives the money given in charity to the Mendicant Religious.

the ſacrament, it is no wonder he ſhould want natural ſenſe. The diſpoſition you have made is a good diſpoſition, and the contrary is conſiſtent neither with modeſty nor religious decency. If the canonical law ſeverely charges not only the religious, but alſo even the ſecular clergy, that they ſhould avoid, as much as in them is poſſible, all public entertainments, *Convivia publica fugiant*, how will it appear for a Religious at a public entertainment to be ſeated between two women, or a woman between two Religious?" Brother Bartolo did not venture to reply, and they all took their places according to the prudent diſpoſition of the judicious familiar.

The dinner began according to the laudable cuſtom of Campos at the tables of the majordomos, with a diſh of Chanfayna; there was roaſted lamb, rabbits, ſalpicon *, olla podrida of beef, mutton, hung-meat, ſauſages, and gammon of bacon, all in great abundance, and for a deſſert, olives, pickled capſicums, and cheeſe of the country; it is to be ſuppoſed that not only the wine of the deſert run round the table, but that that of Nava made the heads run round of more than two of the gueſts before the feaſt was ended. Brother Bartolo was not of this number, for the virtue of the ſpecific did not riſe ſo high with him; but yet at the fourth draught, which ſome are of opinion was completed at the finiſhing his plate of chanfayna, he could not bear the gravity and ſilence which reigned, without recollecting that ſo in general begin all the carouſals which end in ſufficient noiſe, riot, and

 madneſs,

* A *ſalpicon* is ſlices of meat with a ſauce of vinegar, oil, &c. *Chanfayna* has been already explained, and *olla podrida* is known to all the world.

madneſs, according to that apothegm, *Primo ſilentium, ſecundo ſtridor dentium, tertio rumor gentium, quarto vociferatio amentium:* but as the Donado did not underſtand Latin, and being deſirous of immediately making the company merry, he took a cup of tolerable capacity in his hand, fixing his eyes on the aunt Catanla, and ſaying with a loud voice, *Bomba!** by way of calling to ſilence, and for attention, he broke out into this ridiculous Decima as he called it.

O, of women moſt honour'd Catanla Robollo,
Dam of this great and rare ſcientific Repollo †,
If we ſearch the world round, thou'rt the happieſt mother
That to light ever brought pious ſiſter or brother.
Madam Fame with her trumpet ſhall loudly proclaim
And celebrate the name,
Extending thy bright glory
From Campazas to Victory ‡;
And how great is the pity, as ſay theſe Signiors,
That thou bring'ſt not by litters thy Predicadors!

The Decima was infinitely applauded with an univerſal ringing of the plates and glaſſes, being as it were the ſignal for onſet, ſince from that moment it was all jollity and noiſe, inſomuch that the healths and the verſes trod upon one another's heels. The Canon Don Bartholomew, who could not have wiſhed for any thing better, in order to throw up the reins to his feſtive humour, and admirable facility in expreſſing it, took

* *Bomba* is a pump. Hence metaphorically a burleſque phraſe. *Parar la bomba*, to ceaſe pumping, to ceaſe the effuſion of noiſe and nonſenſe; which is implied by the ſingle word *Bomba!*

† An hard cabbage.

‡ A town in Spain ſo called.

took a cup, called out *Bomba!* (upon which they were all ſilent) and ſaid thus:

Such ſermon did I never hear,
Nor has been heard 'twixt pole to pole;
The rhimes alone of Friend Bartole
In merit equal can appear;
In judging thus I neutral ſteer:
Which is the beſt we may debate.
Such equal glories each await,
But when of each the claim's ſo ſtrong,
Who ſhall decide and not be wrong?
Preacher and bard alike are great*.

Only the Magiſtral, a few of the religious, and here and there a pariſh-prieſt, to which muſt be added the rough-hewn but ſenſible familiar, entered into the joke of the neat little decima. The reſt all ſwallowed it as it ſounded, and eſpecially to the two intereſted ones it did much good, for the Donado viſibly plumed himſelf upon it, and Friar Gerund, who underſtood as much of Spaniſh poetry as he did of ſermons, ſeemed much pleaſed and very grateful. The Familiar, a man of ſuch truth and ſincerity that he could never never diſſemble what he thought, ſaid very pleaſantly, "A murrain upon them that wiſh me ill if this little Diſſime ha'n't got a ſting in its tail! It ſeems to me like the anſwer a ſly rogue of a friar gave me, when I aſked un which of my two brothers, (both friars likewiſe, and living in his convunt) was the better ſcholar? And a told me, "*They are both worſe.*"

The Predicador Friar Blas, who had till now been ſilent, could not bear with patience the banter

* The order of the rhimes in this and the following little pieces is preſerved.

ter of the Signior Familiar; and as he piqued himſelf alſo upon being a poet, and was in reality one of thoſe poetlings in bud which never ripen, who juſt know what a verſe conſiſts of, and think all grace comprized in puerile and inſipid equivoques, he directly unſheathed his Decima, and taking fair aim at the Familiar, made this paſs at him:

What this Familiar Signior ſays,
In the ſtrange thought he's pleas'd to bring,
But buzzes round with ſtingleſs ſting;
Much too familiar is the phraſe.
The preacher worthily to praiſe
Is not for me; Donado will:
If Buen Donado, better ſtill;
But yet him Maldonado call,
And 'twere by far the beſt of all
Among the great a place to fill*.

The Familiar was rather ſtartled; and ſome plates and glaſſes were broken in ringing a triumphant peal to the Decima of Friar Blas. Four of the parochial clergy were particularly ſtruck with admiration; for thoſe points of "*Stingleſs Sting, Familiar and Familiar, Buen Donado and Mal Donado*" ſeemed to them excellent to a degree that was not to be ſurpaſſed by human wit. Don Bartholomew obſerved it, and in order to laugh

* If he is a Good or *Buen* Donado, ſo much the better, becauſe then he is a good man: but if he were a Bad or *Mal* Donado he would be a greater man, as *Maldonado* is the name of a great family.

laugh as well at them as at the poet, immediately gave the two following quintillas:

In truth, friend Blas, your equivoques
Cauſe wonder both at them and you,
But with the leave of theſe good folks
I wonder that there were ſo few
Of theſe your fav'rite witty ſtrokes:
Since with the firſt that head may claſs
In quaint Equivocation's† trade.
And does to ſuch perfection paſs,
That what we think by ſtudy made
Is ſimple nature all in Blas.

Friar Blas had ſo undiſtinguiſhing a taſte that he ſwallowed the ſatire for flummery; and as Friar Gerund thought it incumbent upon him to anſwer to the praiſes which were dedicated to his friend, who could not very modeſtly have done it himſelf, he was very deſirous of ſporting his bit of poetry likewiſe, but as he was not accuſtomed to it he found it very difficult: this is to be underſtood with regard to the finding rhimes, for as to the feet he was at no loſs, from his having been ſo enamoured of cadences in his oratorical ſtyle: but he came happily off by recollecting at that inſtant a Decima which is attributed to Don Franciſco Quevedo when he was a priſoner in the tower of St. Mark at Leon, and they ſay that he made it upon a canon of the holy church in that city called St. Mary *de Regla**, who was a great rhymiſt and a jolly fellow, but ſeldom troubled

† *Equivocation* ſignifies in Spaniſh not only *ambiguous meaning*, but alſo *miſtake*, *error*, *blunder*.

* St. Mary of the Rule. *Regla* ſignifies likewiſe the Catamenia.

troubled the choir with his company. It was this:

My chearful pot-companion's muſe
Is beautiful I muſt confeſs;
What, though ſhe ſcorn the maiden-dreſs?
The matron-robes with grace ſhe'll uſe:
Nothing ſo juſt agreement ſhews:
For who can modeſtly revoke
What ſage Hippocrates hath ſpoke,
That whereſoe'er 'mong womankind
The *Regla* to be miſs'd we find
A pregnancy we quickly ſmoke?

Don Bartholomew ſeemed not to be diſguſted at the filthy nonſenſe of it, and even affected to celebrate it as a moſt witty thing, in order to take occaſion of returning to the charge of blowing up Friar Gerund with applauſe; but the father Vicar now cried *Bomba!* After having filled a bumper, they were all ſilent, and his Reverence, with great deliberation adjuſting his ſpectacles to his noſe in a better manner than they were before, ſetting his ſcull-cap to rights, hemming luſtily to clear his throat, laying hold of his glaſs, and looking round on all ſides with diſdainful gravity, brought out with much pompoſity and ſatisfaction the following octave:

Sermons with circumſtances fraught I have ſeen;
But, oh ye Gods! What circumſtances here!
Soto, Fiél, Ganancia! Preachers mean!
Nor can the Arch-prieſt Lobo be his peer.
Extravagant Cotilla moves our ſpleen,
Who can endure De Guerra's mad career?
Oh, Orator Auguſt, Divine! Oh Thou
Gerund who haſt been! Thou art Supine now.

The

The canon Don Bartholomew paused at hearing it, as doubting whether the father Vicar was not intitled to more respect than he had at first imagined, and beginning to think him more than a fraternity-table-poet; for if the octave was ironical, it shewed some abilities, good criticism, and sufficient archness. Nevertheless he could not help suspecting but that his paternity spoke with all his five senses, as his gestures, his presuming air, and affected self-complacency, gave him an idea that he was but of the common herd, and might be rather more innocent than he appeared. To sound him therefore, he said to him with his wonted waggishness "Father Master, we are all, except the Signior Magistral and some of these reverend Gentlemen, somewhat of laymen *, even including those of the crown †; and your Reverence must know too that we ecclesiastics of the sword and the cloak ‡ understand no other books than the Breviary; and God knows if we understand that, and are therefore unacquainted with the merits of the authors mentioned in your most learned octave, which seems to flow with delicate measure and exquisite allusions: but to be sure they must be the princes of Spanish eloquence, when comparatively brought by your Reverence to set off the superiority of the most reverend father Master Friar Gerund."

"That undoubtedly they are, Signior Canon (answered the father Vicar with great stiffness and pomposity;) at least in my poor judgment, till

* Which in Spain always carries with it an idea of ignorance.

† The Friars' circle of hairs.

‡ i. e. Secular.

till I heard the father Friar Gerund, I never found any one to exceed them, or, I may add, to equal them, eſpecially in touching with the greateſt ſkill and delicacy on the moſt minute circumſtances, which are for that very reaſon, the moſt precious.

"The firſt, in a ſermon on a certain function of jubilee, lately granted by his Holineſs, deſirous of taking notice at the ſame time of the new jubilee and of a newly-caſt bell which had been hung a few days before in the belfry of the church, brought moſt opportunely the *Ecce nova facio omnia*, and immediately added, *laudate eum in cymbalis jubilationis*, *laudate eum in cymbalis bene ſonantibus*. The texts are common, but the application of them was ſingular and amazing.

"The ſecond once ſeized with great dexterity upon a moſt rare circumſtance, which was that of the majordomo for whom he preached's having put on a wig for the firſt time on the very day of the function; and after making a ſweet deſcription of Abſalom's head of hair, he ſaid that his father David ordered it to be cut off as ſoon as he knew of his unhappy end, when he was ſuſpended by it to a tree, and having given directions to his barber to make him a beautiful curling periwig of it, he put it on the very day that he went dancing before the ark; for which exquiſite piece of erudition, the judicious orator quoted the celebrated Rabbi Akados, and I know not what paſſage of the Talmud, which came in very pertinently.

"The third had been informed that the night before a certain function, to which he was appointed, a chopping boy had been brought into the world by the majordomo's wife, whom her neighbours called *The Princeſs*, it is not known

for

for what jocular or ſatirical reaſon; and with the greateſt grace and dexterity imaginable, he on the ſudden, brought into the ſalutation that moſt appoſite text of *Puer natus eſt nobis datus eſt filius, & factus eſt principatus ſuper humerum ejus.* A thing which aſtoniſhed all who heard it, and which from the time I read it, I have not ceaſed to admire.

"The fourth"—was the father Vicar proceeding, but the Canon ſtopped him ſhort by ſaying, "Don't trouble yourſelf, father Maſter, for by the thread we come to the ball, and what has been ſaid is more than ſufficient to ſhew us with how much reaſon, how much candour, and how much religious ſincerity your Reverence celebrates theſe our heroes of Spaniſh eloquence. Of the fourth I have had ſome knowledge ever ſince I read an epigram of Horace * applied to him by an evil-ſpoken wight on occaſion of I-know-not-what ſermon he preached to ſatirize one of his own cloth, whoſe applauſes grated on his ear, and this foul-mouthed rogue (God forgive me!) alluding to the ſhort ſtature of this orator, who fancied himſelf both a great man and a pretty one, ſaid in ridicule of him,

Bellus homo & magnus vis idem cotta videri;
Sed qui bellus homo eſt, cotta, puſillus homo eſt.

"But pray, your Reverence, what was intended by the laſt conceit of your admirable octave, namely, that our inimitable orator is no longer a *Gerund* but a *Supine*, for if it is as it ſtruck my wicked fancy, it cannot be ſaid to redound much to his honour?" "Signior Canon (replied the father

* It is *Horace* in the original; and perhaps to ſhew the Canon's acquaintance with the claſſics.

ther Vicar rather ſeriouſly) I know not what might or might not ſtrike your wicked fancy, for I do not chuſe to have any thing to do with the wicked fancies of other people. What I know is, that this conceit is very eaſy to be underſtood. The ſupine is the utmoſt limit to which any verb can go, and beyond which it cannot paſs, as you may ſee, *Amo*, *amas*, *amavi*, *amatum*; *doceo*, *doces*, *docui*, *doctum*; *legi*, *legis*, *legi*, *lectum*: *lectum*, *doctum*, *amatum* are the ſupines of theſe verbs, which all terminate in it; and there is nothing to go proing and conning about, for you cannot ſhew me a ſingle verb which goes a ſtep further: it muſt be clear then, that what I would ſay, is, that as the ſupine is the *non plus ultra* of verbs, ſo the moſt reverend father Friar Gerund" (in ſaying this he put his hand to his ſcull-cap, as if to take it off, in token of reſpect) "is the *non plus ultra* of preachers."

"And ſo is your Reverence that of witty poets (anſwered the arch Don Bartholomew) and I would venture a wager, that no one would have given into the genuine meaning of the thought if your Reverence, had not done us the honour, or to ſpeak after the mode, had not had the goodneſs to explain it to us. What a ſad thing it is to be ignorant! As I had read, I don't remember where, that an indolent, careleſs man, is called a *ſupine* * man, and that the term might be applied to any idle drone or ſluggard, who lays, as we ſay, all day with his belly to the ſun, I confeſs

* Such a miſtake could not have been made in Engliſh on account of the different accent on ſúpine and ſupíne, but in the Spaniſh *ſupino* the accent is the ſame whether it ſignify the adjective or the verbal noun.

confeſs I was ſomewhat ſurpriſed at your concluſion, fearing it might be a banter, and had got my poetical lance in its reſt, prepared to vindicate our incomparable orator, to whom the epithet *ſupine* can by no means be applied in any of the ſenſes I have mentioned; for he is ſo far from being any thing of a drone or ſluggard that he is even laborioufneſs itſelf; nor much leſs, can he be ſaid to be of a ſlow or rude genius, ſince I never knew a more delicate one, as indeed it is proved to be by every ſentence of the admirable ſermon with which he has favoured us.

"I acknowledge that in the preſent caſe I am myſelf in this ſenſe the *ſupine*, not to comprehend a ſignification ſo evident and palpable. And I muſt moreover declare for the eaſe of my conſcience and for my greater confuſion, that the name of *Gerund* does not now appear to me ſo proper and ſo adequate to the merits of the father preacher as that of *Supine* would be. Before I heard the learned, ingenious, and complete explanation of its meaning, I thought there had not been in all the nomenclature a name ſo exactly fitted to the mental ſhape of our model of preachers as that of *Gerund*; for the *Gerunds* are what ſhew the character of thoſe we converſe with, thus an haughty, furious, enraged man is called *Tremendo*, to a grave and reſpectable Religious we give the title of *Reverendo*, and one of malignant, diſſolute, and contagious manners, eſpecially if he ſhould be publicly excommunicated too, we diſtinguiſh by *Vitando*, and the learned know that *Vitando Tremendo* and *Reverendo*, are as much Gerunds in our language as are in the Latin *Cænundus*, *Prandendus*, *Potandus*.

"This being premiſed, as ſoon as I had the happineſs of knowing and hearing the father Friar Gerund,

Gerund, I thought thus with myſelf. This is a man truly *admirando*, *ſtupendo*, *celebrando*, & *colendo*, which are all legitimate *Gerunds*, or there are none in the world, and therefore the name of *Gerund* was given him with the greateſt propriety imaginable. But ſince I heard what your Reverence was pleaſed to ſay, I muſt repeat that I think an appellation far more ſuitable to him would be that of *Supine*, ſince this is a far greater thing: but I beg this may be underſtood without prejudice to the judgment and diſcretion of the Signior Licentiate Quixano, his moſt worthy godfather, by whom the name was given."

The good licentiate, who had not ſhut his mouth during the whole dinner-time, though neither had he opened it to ſpeak, but partly to eat and partly to admire the great eulogies, according to his way of thinking, which had been made upon his beloved godſon, anſwered only, "Signior Don Bartholomew, I am but a poor prieſt who do not underſtand theſe deep matters: I did learn ſomething formerly about *Gerunds* and *Supines*, it is true, but I never troubled my head about which was greateſt or which was leaſt, for I was never a friend to quarrels, which in ſhort are odious things. If to Friar Gerund I gave that name and not another, I had my reaſons, which there is no neceſſity to tell any body: what I can aſſure you, is, that my godſon, ſimple as you ſee him ſit there, will be as much diſtinguiſhed and as well known in the world with the name of *Gerund*, as any *Supine* could have been that was ever born of a woman."

"*Bomba!* (at this inſtant cried brother Bartolo) for this is all confounded proſe; and what a thing it would be if we ſhould finiſh the feaſt and nobody ſay a word of the Signior Major-domo! Here it goes, to God and to good-luck!"

They

They were all ſilent, and he pulled out the ſpiggot and let it run as follows,

Charlemagne, his twelve peers, and all his whole garriſon
Were, O Anthony Zotes, in thy compariſon,
But a little lark's leg to ven'ſon an haunch,
Or thy own little finger reſpecting thy paunch.
Firebras the great giant thou kill'dſt not, 'tis true,
But much more by the maſs will I ſwear thou did'ſt do,
When by mighty endeavours thou madeſt to leap
Into this world a well of ſcience ſo deep
As is the well of my convent, tho' it is more
Than an hundred yards deep, ay and more than threeſcore.
Had it not been for thee and Catanla thy wife,
Gerund's name at the court would have ſcarce been ſo rife,
Where the pope, and the king, and the cardinals all,
Dukes, provincials, and doctors, the great and the ſmall,
In his praiſes ſo veh'ment t'out-do one another
Make, we hear, a moſt damnable uproar and pother.
If fruits of their trees with a knowledge will ſuit us,
As the great Divine ſays who is call'd Marcus Brutus,
Who adds, of his doctrine that a proof you may ſee,
A Great-Fool-pippin comes from a Great-Fool-pippin tree *;
What a tree muſt thou be! What magnanimous trunk!
With joy at the thoughts on't my fancy grows drunk.
Fame———————

"Enough, enough, enough, brother Bartolo, in the name of patience!" cried the Magiſtral, not able to endure any more; and though he had diſſembled his diſguſt as much as poſſible that he might

* *Camueſo*; ſignifying either an ignorant ſtupid fellow or a pippin-tree.

might not damp the joy of the day, yet his patience being now exhauſted, he roſe from table with the good excuſe of going to take his ſieſta; as did all the other gueſts, except Don Bartholomew, the father vicar, Friar Blas, Friar Gerund, the Familiar, and the Donado, who ſtill kept their ſeats, and entertained themſelves as we ſhall ſee in the next chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Of the converſation, no leſs uſeful than pleaſant, which paſſed after dinner.

"PERMIT me, my dear father Friar Gerund, now that I have a proper opportunity (ſaid Don Bartholomew) to give you a thouſand embraces; better entertainment than from your admirable ſermon I never did or ſhall receive in my whole life-time: this is preaching; and every thing elſe is ſtuff." "So ſay I (added the father Vicar) and if a young man, at the beginning of his career, commences thus, what will he be at the end of it? I knew a preacher of a certain order, a man now in years and grey-headed, who, though he took to the ſame walk as the father Friar Gerund, was not worthy to unlooſe his ſhoe-latchets, and yet he was called *Scare-chriſtian*; but what will the father Friar Gerund be when he comes to his years? Certainly he will be called *The Monſter of Spain*; and but a ſcanty and meagre title will it be, conſidering the fullneſs of his powers."

"Did I not tell thee ſo, friend Gerund, (cried Friar Blas, quivering through every joint with joy.) If thou hadſt not followed my advice, and hadſt ſuffered thyſelf to be governed by the doat-

ings

ings of our reverend father Friar *Anno Domini*, wouldſt thou have obtained theſe applauſes?"

"Who is that Fliar (aſked the Familiar) and what advice did a give my cuzzun?" "He is a moſt reverend Mathuſalem (anſwered Friar Blas) one of thoſe who quarrel with all thoſe things in ſermons which are called conceits, ſtrokes of wit, equivoques, circumſtances; in a word, with all that delights and enchants the audience, and inſures the applauſes of the preacher. He has taken it into his head, that we ſhould preach in a plain and ſolid manner on ſerious and natural ſubjects, treat of indubitable truths, and bring weighty, maſſy, proofs, ſuch (as they ſay) as will ſqueeze one [to conviction.] Of circumſtances nothing is to be ſaid; he will have it, that there is no other circumſtance but that of the myſtery, the ſaint, or the object which is preached on, and that all the reſt is madneſs and profanation which often borders upon ſacrilege. He adds, that to conſult the taſte or the pleaſing of the audience and the applauſes which are to accrue, is againſt all rules of true eloquence, the ſole aim of which is to convince, perſuade, and move; pretending that conceits, wit, quibble, and deſcription, though they may pleaſe, neither convince, nor perſuade, nor move.

"Now do but think, Sir, what bleſſed work a poor preacher would make of it with ſuch choice rules as theſe, and if at the end of the year he would have half an hundred of chocolate in his box, or half a dozen of doubloons rolling about his drawer."

"So this is what the good Fliar ſaid? aſked the Familiar. "Yes, Sir," anſwered Blas, "This is what he ſaid, this is what he ſays, and this is what he will ſay, if God does not prevent it, to

all

all eternity." Then is my ſoul like his ſoul; (ſaid the honeſt Familiar.) I am but a poor ignorant lay-brother, as you ſee, Gemmen, who can but juſt read, and ſign my name with difficulty; but, after all, two fingers breadth of underſtanding muſt every irrational man neceſſarily have. I give my vote for this Fliar Matthias of Jeruſalem, or however the feyther preacher is called, and may I be hanged if he has not a good meaſure of reaſun, preſſed down and running over. When I go to hear a ſarmunt, be it about what it will, I go always with the intintion that they ſhould make me good, either by raiſing my deſires to emiteate the vartues of the ſaint they preach about, or by propoaſing ſome emportunt truth, which they ſhould fix well in my head, and afterwards diſpoaſe my heart to practiſe it. But, away with you! For here inſtead of this, I find myſelf moſt times bewoildered in ſuch a lybarunth of flouriſhes, and intrickſies, and ſubtlelies, and ſarcumlocutories, which, as God ſhall bleſs me, I underſtands as much as it now rains cucumbers. Then is lugged in by the head and ſhoulders the majordomo, then the comedy, here again the ſteers, now whether the citty is called this thing, or its founder t'other thing, if the prophets danced or did not dance, if there were bonfires and rockets, and catturn-wheels, and ſquibs, and ſarpunts, and diviltry in the law of the Jews; preſently come in the angels who go up and down Jacom's ladder, and then thoſe ſorrypins with their ſix wings, which ſeem no other than if they were the ſparrows of all ſarmunts, for as the ſparrows are to be ſeen in all ſeaſons and all parts, ſo theſe poor ſorryphins are harraſſed with flying in all ſarmunts, that i' faith I wonder how they find ſtrength or feathers; tho'

tho' truly they did well in giving them ſo many wings ſence they are to make ſuch continual uſe of them. Then what ſhall we ſay to that cart as ſome call it, and others coach, of one Enzekiel? I warrant you this bleſſed cart ſhall have carted more ſtraw and dung in the good pulpits of God than all the carts of Campos ever ſince farming was in faſhiun: ſo that at the end of the ſarmunt I returns hoame as bad as I ſet out; without having underſtood a ſingle word of all this gollymoffry. And away with you! I ſay again, then forſooth ſuch preachers are to be called men who *ſoar out of ſight*, and ſo they ſhould ſoar out of ſight, for, if I could have my will, I would ſend them all to the enquiſitiun."

"Signior Familiar (replied Friar Blas) do not talk of things you do not underſtand." To which Gerund flippantly added, "To think, uncle, that you can ſee farther than ſo many famous preachers who preach thus, and ſo many diſcreet men who celebrate and applaud them, is thinking too much." "Cuzzun (returned the Familiar) every poor ſoul ſees as far as God helps him: as to there being ſo many preachers who preach thus, and ſo many eſcreet men who applaud them, I ſay, that there being ſo many who preach thus is the very thing which provokes me; and as to your eſcreet men who applaud them—'tis better not to ſtir it: I confeſs (that the devil may'nt laugh at a lie) I have heard many of theſe applauders, but within myſelf I always thought they were fools. And to what the Perdicador ſays of my talking of things I don't underſtand, I anſwer his Reverence, that as ſarmunts (the things I talk of) are deſigned for every body to underſtand, by the very ſeame rule if I don't underſtand moſt of thoſe I hear, I ſay they are bad;

and I ſhan't be made to leave off thinking ſoa by all the tologers there are in the varſity of Salamancar."

"Very many indeed then are thoſe to whom the Signior Familiar ſhews little favour (here put in the father Vicar with his uſual ſtatelineſs). If they are fools who preach in this manner and they who are pleaſed with ſuch ſermons, what the holy ſpirit ſays will be found verified to the letter, *ſtultorum infinitus eſt numerus*; and it will be neceſſary to count in this number many worthy men, and though I may not be one, yet I at once reckon myſelf amongſt them, for I would rather err with the many than be right with the few."

"Fire of God upon the maxum! (ſpiritedly exclaimed the Familiar) your Reverence ſhall not ingraft it on my head; in all things it appears to me much better to be right with one alone than to err with all the world; for, in concruſion, to err is always to err, and to be right is always to be right." "You are not ſo alone Signior Familiar (ſaid Don Bartholomew) as not to have the Signior Magiſtral on your ſide, for as well in the ſermons which I have heard him preach, as in his converſation, when it turns on this topic, he ſhews himſelf both by his words and his example ſo oppoſite to this manner of preaching, that he delights one when he is jocular upon it, and makes one tremble when he conbats it in earneſt."

"He has been ſo grave and ſtarched on ſome account or other (ſaid Brother Bartolo) all the dinner time, that a never once opened his lips, ſo much as to ſay, This mouth is mine; and once or twice that I looked at un a had ſuch a frown that a ſeemed like an Enquiſitor. But after all I hold with our father Vicar and the reverunt father Friar Bras, who are larned preachers,

preachers, and for my part whenever I hear one of the right ſort of ſarmunts I am ſo ſtupified with delight, that it is a thing to praiſe God for. But if the preacher ſhould be a man that handles his hands well into the bargain, and acts it as it ſhould be, and as they ſay with propriety! Oh then I would not leave the ſarmunt for a comedy!"

"Ay, there again! (ſaid the Familiar) preachers have I heard who were juſt for all the world like Mummers which I once ſaw at Valladolid, when I went upon ſome buſineſs of the Holy Office, and there were ſtage-pleays acted. Juſt ſo they throw about their hands when they preach as the top pingeſt man among the Mummers did, who they ſaid was a pordigy: if they ſpeak of a croſs, out they ſtretch their arms to make themſelves like one; if of a banner, they make belief as if they were he that carries it; if of a battle, they fall a cutting and thruſting; and if of a bird, they make as if they would floy." "In ſo doing they do as they ought, (replied the father Vicar, authoritatively) for actions ſhould accompany the words, and in this reſpect there ſhould be no difference between the preacher and the player."

"To another dog with that bone (ſaid the Familiar) for I ſhall not gnaw it. So your reverence would fain perſuade us that a preacher and a player are to act their parts in the ſame manner!" "Both are to deſcribe as near as poſſible with their actions what they expreſs with their words." "Granted, Sir; but then, the Player as a Player, and a Preacher as a Preacher." "Well then, worthy Sir, do you explain the difference to us," ſaid the father Vicar, ſomewhat diſdainfully. "Oh, if I did but know how to exprain it (ſaid the Familiar) as I have it here

in my noddle, I would not change with an archdeacon."

"I think (ſaid Don Bartholomew) I underſtand what the Signior Familiar means. It ſeems to him, that, the ends propoſed by the player and preacher being very different, very different likewiſe ſhould be the means employed; and that what in the one is grace, beauty, and propriety, would in the other be extravagance, folly, and madneſs. The player aims only to entertain, divert, and pleaſe his audience; the preacher's ſole endeavour ſhould be to convince, perſuade, and move. In the former, the actions and geſtures appear the better, the more airy, lively, and unreſtrained; in the latter, all ought to breathe gravity, majeſty, modeſty, and compoſure; and as action compriſes not only the motion of the hands, but the air of the countenance, the poſture of the body, and even the tone of the voice, there ought to reign throughout a modeſty which is not required in the player. To this purpoſe I remember to have read in Quintilian that a good orator will rather wiſh to appear modeſt and reſerved than free and graceful, *moleſtus & eſſe & videri malit*; and the reaſon muſt undoubtedly be, that, as it is the principal end of the orator to perſuade and move, all which tends to make him leſs amiable, tends likewiſe to make him leſs efficacious, ſince it is certain that he who is maſter of the heart will more readily make himſelf maſter of the underſtanding. And as pride, arrogance, and preſumption are ſo diſagreeable to all, the preacher who in his action, tone, and geſture, ſhews himſelf proud, arrogant, and preſumptuous, immediately makes himſelf deteſtable, or at leaſt diſguſtful. Hence it is that modeſty and reſerve, which are ſeldom approved of in the player, are always neceſſary in the preacher:

preacher: and this I apprehend might have been what the Signior Familiar would wiſh to ſay."

"But when ſhall I be able to expreſs myſelf with all that crearneſs and hereſy!" [for elegance] exclaimed the Familiar, full of joy, and cordially embracing Don Bartholomew. "Sir, you drank my thought*; and now, as one thing calls another, pray, Sir, tell us, I conjure you by your life, and as God may comfort the ſoul of your good mother, ah I knew her well, and ſhe was a woman——God ſave us, what a woman ſhe was! tell us what is Modeſty of Voice, for you happened accidentally on purpoſe to drop this word, and I don't right y know what it ſignifies."

"Neither might I have known much of it (replied the Canon) had I not accidentally read it a few days ago in a certain book which a friend ſent me from Madrid, which treats of theſe things relating to preaching. It is intitled, *Chriſtian Eloquence*, the work of a French Jeſuit called Father Blas Giſbert, a man undoubtedly capable, diſcreet, and learned, who has admirable thoughts, though, in my poor opinion, not written with the beſt method in the world, for he repeats much, heaps things confuſedly, does not follow the chace, touches upon a thouſand things and d rectly leaves them, and in the many examples which he brings from St. John Chryſoſtom, whom he propoſes with great reaſon as the beſt model of ſacred eloquence, though they are all choſen pieces, he ſeems rather prolix. But how now! Who am I, to take the critic upon me, without recollecting that this ſcience

* To be perfectly and entirely maſter of it; or to be maſter of it as eaſy as one can drink.

was not made for a poor ignorant Canon? I return to the queſtion.

"This father, then, ſpeaking of Modeſty of Voice, ſays, if I remember right, pretty nearly theſe words. *You will be modeſt in this reſpect if you avoid a certain hoarſe, ſwollen, domineering tone of voice, which carries to the very heart of the hearer the ſame diſguſt which its rude diſſonance cauſes to the ear. A ſweet, ſtrong, equal, flexible, and modeſtly-commanding voice is of admirable help towards perſuaſion. On the contrary the underſtanding feels a certain repugnance in yielding to arguments conveyed in the ungrateful channel of a rough, jarring, fierce, violent, and impetuous voice.*"

"And where ſhall he, to whom God has given a voice with theſe defects, go to buy another?" aſked Friar Blas. "That my author does not tell us (replied the Canon); and I have not taken upon me the office of inſtructing preachers, for which I am little calculated. I only relate what I read. Though I think that art, and pains, and care, might correct theſe defects; and I remember too, if I do not miſtake, to have heard or read that Demoſthenes and Cicero, the two greateſt orators the world has known, had both, by nature, unharmonious voices, and that they both reduced them to a temperate, ſonorous, and pleaſing medium, by art and exerciſe."

"But hearkee, Signor Don Bartholomew (ſaid the Familiar) though theſe bullocking voices and impeſhous actions, as feyther What's-his-name calls them, ſeem to threaten to break one's head, yet I have been put as much out of humour by other preachers of a very different kind, your all-over-be-ſugared things, ſo ſoft, and ſo ſweet, with their little honey-words, and their

their liſp, and their amble, like any finical Madam, that are ſartainly enough to make a man ſpew." "When all this is natural, (replied the Canon) proceeding from a truly ſoft and ſweet diſpoſition, and from ſome natural defect in the tongue *, it does not diſguſt; but when affectation and artifice have part in it, there is nothing more ſurfeiting or provoking: even in converſation it is diſguſting and contemptible, but in the pulpit Patience herſelf could not endure it."

"In this we agree," interrupted the father Vicar; and the reaſon was becauſe he had a ſonorous, manly, graceful voice; "but I cannot ſay ſo much with regard to your judgment on father Giſbert's book, which I have in my cell, and have read with great attention, for though you have noted ſome little defects, venial indeed, yet one ſees that at the bottom you approve it. Have you read the critical remarks of Monſieur L'Enfant, upon this work?" "Yes, reverend father, for they are at the end of the ſecond edition of the book, which is what I have." "And what do you think of them?" "Father maſter, it is not for a ſorry Canon of the Sword and the Cloak like me, to give his opinion on ſuch matters: but ſince your Reverence deſires to know what I think, my opinion is, (paſs for what it may) that, beſides what he has ſaid upon his want of method, his repetitions, and the prolixity of his citations from St. Chryſoſtom, which appears to me juſt, almoſt all the reſt of the remarks of Monſieur L'Enfant are futile, ridicu-

* The Canon is not to be underſtood as condemning all liſping, but affected or improper liſping: for in the true elegant Caſtilian pronunciation the *z*, and the *c* before *e* and *i*, have always a ſlight liſp.

lous, puerile, and, in a word, firſt begging pardon for the quibble, worthy only of an *enfant*, which, in our language, would be called a *child*."

"What (replied the Vicar) do you give the epithet of puerile to the firſt remark he makes upon what the father Giſbert ſays in his preface, that, *The beauty of the compoſition ſupplies the want of brevity*, on which the critic ſays, *Here there is ſomething obſcure and equivocal, ſince he means to ſay only that the beautiful will excuſe the prolix?* This remark appears to me juſt and ſolid."

"What a ſad thing it is to be ignorant! (ſaid the Canon.) Now to me it appeared inſipid, futile, and totally unſupported by reaſon; for I did not comprehend that between theſe two clauſes, *the beauty of a diſcourſe ſupplies the want of brevity*, and, *the beauty of a diſcourſe excuſes its prolixity*, there was any other difference than that of ſaying one and the ſame thing, with more or leſs words; but that as to every thing elſe, both the propoſitions were equally clear and intelligible. But the ſuperior lights of your Reverence diſcover what is hidden to us, to whom they are imparted in more ſcanty meaſure. I wiſh, however, your paternity would be pleaſed to inform me who this Monſieur L'Enfant was, whoſe notes have the good fortune to meet ſo much with your approbation.

"Signior Don Bartholomew, (replied the Vicar) I confeſs I do not know, nor have I troubled myſelf about enquiring; for when I read a book, it concerns me little to be acquainted with the life and miracles of the author; if it pleaſes me I go through with it, and praiſe it when I have done; and if it tires me, I ſhut it up and lay it upon the ſhelf without any more ado."

"See

"See there now! (returned the Canon) I had taken it into my fooliſh head, that to form a judgment of a work, eſpecially a critical one, and one that related to matters of religion, it was neceſſary to have a knowledge, at leaſt a general knowledge, of the ſtudies, the circumſtances, and, particularly, the profeſſion of the author. I confeſs, that having obſerved in the notes of Monſieur L'Enfant the extraordinary pains he takes to cenſure the paſſages of that holy father of the church, St. Chryſoſtom, quoted in father Giſbert's book, I began to have a ſuſpicion about this Monſieur, which tempted me to enquire who he was, and, with a very little trouble, I was ſoon ſatisfied. For being one of thoſe lazy, ſuddenly-learned gentry in faſhion, who deal in Dictionaries, Compendiums, Epitomes, Synopſes, and ſuch things, wiſhing to know much at a little coſt, and to ſpeak on all ſubjects, without underſtanding any one, I turned to the abbreviation of Moreri's Hiſtorical Dictionary, and there found that James L'Enfant was a famous Theologiſt and Hiſtorian, of the Proteſtant Religion, who left behind him many works, and died of the palſy in 1728. Now Monſieur L'Enfant having been a Proteſtant, as furious as he was famous, ſome little caution, I ſhould think, might be requiſite in the reading his notes upon the work of a Jeſuit, and particularly a work upon ſuch a ſubject."

"What then! (replied the Vicar, not without ſome little contempt) Have you one of thoſe vulgar underſtandings which think that an Heretic cannot write judiciouſly upon any ſubject?" "No, Reverend Sir, I am not ſo very ignorant as all that; I well know that there have been eminent authors, in ſome faculties, among them;

I well know, for in ſhort I ſtudied as far as the *Sumulas*, that this conſequence is not valid, *He is an Heretic, therefore he does not know what he ſays nor what he writes*; I well know, likewiſe, that, as there is a certain kind of madmen who are beſide themſelves, only when they touch upon a certain ſtring, ſo there are many claſſes of underſtandings which loſe themſelves only upon certain ſubjects. But, at the ſame time, I am perſuaded, that for this laſt reaſon, we ought always to read with caution and diſtruſt thoſe works of the heretics which directly, or indirectly, treat of religious points, and ſuch without doubt they are who criticize the holy fathers, the veneration and eſteem for whom they endeavour by all means to diminiſh. The prejudice the heretics profeſs, eſpecially againſt the Jeſuits, is ſo notorious, that, when they write againſt them, equity, I think, demands that they be attended to as to a paſſionately partial party.

CHAP. VII.

The Magiſtral awakes, and purſues the converſation of the preceding Chapter, with the reſt that will be ſeen.

JUST at this inſtant appeared the ſignor Magiſtral, after having ſlept a good decent ſieſta. They all roſe reſpectfully at his approach, and moſt of them retired, ſome to their prayers, and others to take a ſhort nap, for which, various authors aſſure us, brother Bartolo had, of all, the moſt urgent neceſſity. Friar Gerund was offering to retire likewiſe, but the Magiſtral detained him, and there remained only the Uncle and Nephew, Don Bartholemew, and the good

good Familiar. The Magiſtral took a pinch of ſnuff to clear his head, rubbed his eyes, blew his noſe, and, there is a report, that, looking full in his Couſin's face, he began with him in this manner.

" Without doubt, Friar Gerund, thou muſt be much blowed up with vanity from the abſurd ſermon. The applauſes of the ignorant, the ſhouts of theſe poor creatures, the vote of the multitude, and the acclamations of flatterers, if indeed they were not ironical praiſes from mockers or ill-wiſhers, muſt have perſuaded thee that thou left us all aſtoniſhed at thee and thy performance. I was in truth aſtoniſhed, and I doubt if it was poſſible for any one to be more ſo; but it was not at thy diſcretion, or thy acuteneſs, or thy oratorical abilities, but I was aſtoniſhed at thy moſt wretched ignorance, I was aſtoniſhed at thy impious audacity, I was aſtoniſhed at thy extravagant madneſs, and in ſhort, I was aſtoniſhed at thy intire, total, utter want of taſte and judgment, and reflection, and common ſenſe."

From this exordium the ingenious reader may form ſome faint idea in what ſort of language the good man would deliver himſelf when once he began to be a little warmed with his copious ſubject, which he diffuſively handled. Poor Gerund and his ſalutation were moſt unmercifully cut up; and this greateſt of all poſſible preachers in his own opinion, was ſhewn that with his no-ſtock to begin the trade he could not be intitled even to the name of a preacher.

After animadverting upon the intolerable abuſe and fooliſh cuſtom of touching upon circumſtances in the ſalutation, the Magiſtral tells him that he was not content with taking notice of ſuch as preachers of his ſtamp uſually did, but that

that he deſcended even to the moſt minute and moſt ridiculous, that he might carry his extravagance to the utmoſt extent, bringing in his father, his mother, and his godfather, and the rockets, and the bonfire, and the ſacramental act, and the ſteers, and the dancers, and their heads of hair; and to leave no impertinence untouched, even the Gallician bagpipe; that by the bare mention the ridiculouſneſs of them might be ſeen, and that his very bluſhes declared the ſhame he felt at the enumeration of them, though he had the confidence to preach them. He ſhews him at large the folly of his *primum ſermonem*, his ſcandalous attempt at wit about the devil's carrying him to the deſert of religion, and his ſtupid lies about the progenitors of his godfather the licentiate Quixano and their jaw-bones. If he turned his eyes to his ſtrange ſubject, he ſaid, of Campazas, being the original ſoil and manſion of the ſacrament, and, that either the ſacrament was in Campazas, or there was no faith in the church, he could not find words to expreſs what he thought of it; that he believed ſuch an abſurdity, as he ſhews it to be, could have entered into no head but his, and that he might put to him the queſtion made by the cardinal Hippolito d'Eſt to Arioſto, *Dove Diavolo, Meſſer Ludovico, avete pigliate tante coglionerie*, where the devil didſt thou get ſuch an heap of confounded ſtuff? With regard to the firſt clauſe he ſays that all countries producing corn and wine, muſt be as much the original ſoil and manſion of the ſacrament as Campazas; and that by the ſame rule thoſe producing oil muſt be that of extreme unction; thoſe in which there is water, that of baptiſm; and the whole world, that of penitence, ſince every where in the world there is abundance of ſin which is the remote matter

ter of it. With regard to the ſecond, he ſuppoſes he meant, as a great thing, that if it was not a truth that the ſacrament was in Campazas, the proper elements being there placed and formally conſecrated by a competent miniſter and with a due intention, neither was it a truth that it was at Rome or any other place of the church of God. But this he tells the ſimpleton was a moſt inſipid *Perogrullada*, and that the ſame might be aſſerted of any little dirty inn into which the divine ſacrament was carried to a ſick man; unleſs indeed he was as great a booby as the bumkin, who, upon being ſhewn the famous monuments at Seville, ſaid with great ſatisfaction, "To be ſure theſe are deadly fine *monuments*, but in all the world there is not ſuch a place as my town for *ſacraments*." He then aſks him if he knows whence it proceeds that he expoſes himſelf by ſuch ſhocking abſurdities; and, taking it for granted that he does not know, kindly informs him that it is owing to his infamous and unpardonable neglect of logic, philoſophy, and theology, crazily perſuaded that there was no occaſion for them in a preacher. He now enters into a wide field of argument to prove to him how indiſpenſably neceſſary it is that a preacher ſhould not be ignorant of them, and upon the firſt point is particularly diffuſe in explaining what he means, leſt he might be thought to recommend, at large, what has been called logic, and be underſtood, by an apprehenſion ſo prone to error, as that of our unfortunate hero, to exhort him to the contemptible *Dialectica Cavillatrix*, condemned by Quintilian and every man of common ſenſe, inſtead of what logic really is, or ſhould be, the art of uſing reaſon well in our enquiries after truth and the communication of it

to

to others *. From the neceſſity of an acquaintance with theology, he tells him how miſerably ſuch ſtupid wretches as himſelf err, when to excuſe their raſh hyperboles, deſpicable and diſguſting conceits, abſurd and blaſphemous propoſitions, &c. &c. they ſay with great ſatisfaction that they ſpeak *more concionatorio et non ſcholaſtico*—as preachers and not as theologiſts—with the witty addition, as they think it, that the pulpit has no *poſte* †. He wants to know who has told them that the chair of the Holy Spirit requires leſs ſolidity and circumſpection in what is delivered in it than that of the univerſity, and whether propoſitions which would be ridiculous in the ſchools can be ever tolerable in the pulpit? The pulpit he grants has no *poſte*, but it is becauſe nothing ought to be ſaid in the pulpit that will admit of reply, diſpute, or argument. When he inſiſts ſo much on the neceſſity of a preacher's being a theologiſt, he does not mean that he ſhould go up into the pulpit to make

* Not without reaſon was the learned Magiſtral very ſolicitous that Gerund ſhould not miſtake him upon this point, as he undoubtedly knew what Gerundical, what monſtrous queſtions the *Dialectica Cavillatrix* had heretofore given birth to, in the wanton imagination of ſome theological diſputants; ſuch as *utrum Deus potuerit ſuppoſitare mulierem, vel diabolum, vel aſinum, vel ſilicem, vel cucurbitam*; *& ſi ſuppoſitaſſet cucurbitam, quemadmodum fuerit concionatura, editura miracula, & quonam modo fuiſſet fixa cruci*, &c.

† *Aſſiſtir al Poſte*, is, to ſtand to be interrogated. A cuſtom obſerved in the univerſities by every profeſſor; who, when he leaves the chair, waits for a certain time for the hearers to propoſe any doubts or difficulties that may have occurred to them upon what he has ſaid, in order to have them cleared up to them

make a vain oſtentation of it, with his, " *The Theologiſts ſay*," " *As is known to the Theologiſt*," " *Here the Theologiſt will underſtand me*," which he calls puerile and contemptible, and ſays that he is not to treat in the pulpit of what the Theologiſt knows, but what every body knows; and that whenever he ſays any thing that may not equally be comprehended by the moſt ſimple old woman, as the moſt perſpicacious Theologiſt, from anxiouſly wiſhing to be thought a Theologiſt he ceaſes to be a Preacher.

" Suppoſing now, (here concludes the mild admoniſher) that ſome knowledge of divinity, philoſophy, and logic, be ſo neceſſary, as I have demonſtrated, in a preacher, how ſhouldſt thou, who haſt ſo ſhamefully, ſo infamouſly neglected to furniſh thyſelf with the ſmalleſt ſhred, the minuteſt atom, of divinity, or of philoſophy, or of logic, how ſhouldſt thou know how to preach! Thou, who haſt never ſeen more of the councils, or of the holy fathers, or of the expoſitors than perhaps the binding; and if thou wert to ſee the inſide, moſt aſſuredly thou wouldſt not underſtand a letter of them, how ſhouldſt thou know how to preach! Thou, who knoweſt no more neither of the ſacred myſteries, nor of the precepts of the Decalogue, nor of the holy mother church, nor of the vices and virtues, than what is taught in the catechiſm, how ſhouldſt thou know how to preach! By reading good ſermons thou wilt tell me. And how art thou to know which are good and which are bad, which to be imitated and which to be abhorred? Thou, who in every thing, blind as a beetle, obſtinate as a mule, affecteſt the worſt of the worſt! Thou, who, as I infer from having heard that ſhocking mixture of every thing execrable which thou calledſt a ſermon, art idiot enough to admire a curſed

curſed *Florilegium*, which goes about, to the eternal ſcandal of our nation, and for an inexhauſtible fund of ridicule to thoſe who wiſh us ill! Thou———

CHAP. VIII.

The thread of the diſcourſe and of the anger of the Magiſtral is cut off by the arrival of an unexpected gueſt, who is a very diverting piece.

AT this (as a punctual author affirms) three hundred and thirty-third *Thou* of the learned and zealouſly-inflamed Magiſtral, it pleaſed God and the good fortune of the bleſſed Friar Gerund, who was woefully ſhrunk by the loftily-didactic tone of his reprover, that, with much noiſe of neighing, prancing, ſteeds, his lacquey, groom of the bed-chamber, and other attendants, a ſudden gueſt who was not expected, nor could have been thought of, ſhould come into the court-yard, and alight at the entrance of the houſe. It was a young cavalier, of good appearance and eaſy carriage, the inhabitant of a city not far diſtant from Campazas, who had been a long time at court in proſecution of a ſuit of ſome importance, in which the Magiſtral, though he was not perſonally acquainted with him, had greatly helped him by powerful recommendations; and hearing by accident, as he was now returning into the country after his ſucceſs, that his benefactor was at this place, he thought it incumbent on him, as it was but a very little out of his way, to come and pay him his grateful acknowledgments.

Our new gueſt was called Don Carlos; and as, on one hand, he was by no means dull of apprehenſion,

apprehenſion, and, on the other, had been ſo long at Madrid frequenting toilets, keeping ſtools warm, guarding anti-chambers, loitering about the purlieus of the palace, and even now and then getting into a Secretary of State's office, he was moſt furiouſly infected with the air of the Grand Mode. He made his civilities in the French manner, ſpoke Spaniſh ſtuck with Galliciſms, affecting the circumlocutions, and even the tone or ſhrill twang with which they of that nation ſpeak their language; their phraſes and expreſſions were made familiar to him, by having heard them frequently in Court-converſations, by having obſerved them in the ſermons of the famous preachers who then gave law to, and were moſt celebrated at, court, by having picked them out of books in the language itſelf, which he conſtrued middlingly, and likewiſe by having caught them from the works of the bad tranſlators from it, of which, for our ſins, there is a peſtilent multitude in theſe unhappy times. In ſhort, our Don Carlos appeared to be a *Monſieur* complete, ſigned, ſealed, and witneſſed; and for his part, for a *Monſieur* would he have changed all the Donſhips in the world; inſomuch that even the Dons of the Holy Spirit would have ſounded much better to him, and perhaps he would have ſolicited to be one of their number with great earneſtneſs, had they been called *Monſieurs*.

As ſoon as he alighted, and was received by Anthony Zotes very lovingly and heartily from his natural goodneſs, he aſked him "If there was in that *petite ville* and that houſe *Monſieur* the *Teologal* of Leon?" "Yes, your Honour," anſwered Anthony, treating him at once with that reſpect which he thought due to a man who travelled with ſuch a train, though he did not underſtand

underſtand his queſtion. "Monſieur the Teologal (added Don Carlos) is one of my beſt friends; and though I have not the honour to know him, I am beholden to his great goodneſs even to exceſs. I beſeech you, Monſieur, to be pleaſed to have the goodneſs to take the trouble of ſhewing me before all things to the *retreat* or *Camera* of *Monſieur* the *Teologal*."

The good creature of an Anthony, who had never heard ſuch gibberiſh before, what did he think? Why that the poor gentleman was preſſed by one of thoſe natural urgencies which admits but of ſmall delay, and from which he would wiſh to be relieved before he ſaw the Magiſtral; and therefore conducted him with the greateſt candour to a little dark cloſet, which had a door opening into the alcove where his couſin's bed ſtood, and ſaid with a ſubmiſſive voice, "Go in here, your honour, and upon the right hand you will find what you want, for this is the *Camara** of my couſin the Magiſtral." Don Carlos was rather out of countenance, but as he was *extremement degagé*, he ſoon recovered himſelf, and ſaid (firſt to himſelf) "It is plain the hoſt is a groſs *Bourgeois* or a miſerable *Vallageois*;" (and then to Anthony) "at preſent I have no need of ſuch an utenſil; what I want is, to be conducted to the room, chamber, or parlour of the Signior Magiſtral." "O that is another thing (anſwered honeſt Anthony), if your honour had explained yourſelf ſo at firſt, you ſhould have been ſhewn to it directly without going round about."

He

* *Camara* in the court ſtyle is uſed for a chamber, but it means a cloſe-ſtool, and things thereupon appertaining, with the vulgar, who uſe it in no other ſenſe.

He ſhewed him into the parlour accordingly; where was the Magiſtral, with Don Bartholomew, the Familiar, and Friar Gerund, as we ſaid in the laſt chapter; and he entered it juſt at the nick of time that the three-hundred-and-thirty-third *Thou* was fired, as it is noted in the antient manuſcript of the punctual author preſerved in the archives of the Zotes, and which we have before us in order to ſupply us with theſe minute informations concerning all the tranſactions which paſſed upon this occaſion at Campazas. As ſoon as the Magiſtral ſaw before him ſo reſpectable a cavalier he haſtily roſe from his ſeat, and as he was going to accoſt him with due civility, Don Carlos ſtopped him ſhort with ſaying, "Signior Magiſtral, don't give yourſelf the pain to incommode yourſelf; I have done myſelf the honour to take the liberty to drop in upon you at this houſe *à la Françoiſe*; this is the grand mode, for the free and *degagés* manners of that nation have baniſhed from ours that air of ſlavery and *eſclavitudinage*, which, reſtraining our liberty, did us no honour. I am a furious Frenchman, though born in the boſom of the kingdom of Leon. I have the honour, Sir, to come to preſent my reſpects and my grateful acknowledgments to you. I am Don Carlos Oſorio, whom you had the goodneſs to favour ſo much by your letters of recommendation, for I ſhould be the moſt wretched ingrate amongſt mortals, not to publiſh loudly that it is to them I owe the happineſs of having had the felicity to gain my ſuit. I, Monſieur——.'

The Magiſtral, a plain man, a ſtaunch Spaniard and downright Leonian, who, though he was more than ordinarily verſed in the French language, doing it all the juſtice it deſerves, yet

was

was very fond of his own, well perſuaded that the devil a thing was there for the expreſſing of which it ſtood in need of foreign aſſiſtance, having within itſelf all that was neceſſary for copiouſneſs, for propriety, for beauty, and for elegance.—The Magiſtral, I ſay, was ſurfeited with the very firſt period, and would directly have cut off the remainder with contempt, had he not been reſtrained by the reſpect due to the birth of Don Carlos, and the urbanity with which he ought to treat a man who had come to find him out purely to ſhew his gratitude. Nevertheleſs he reſolved to divert himſelf a little at his expence with the beſt face he could put on; and therefore as ſoon as he called him *Monſieur* he ſaid, "I, Signior Don Carlos, am not a *Monſieur*, nor ever have been, venerating at the ſame time thoſe who are, in ſuch a manner, that without envying them this reſpectful appellation as unknown in Spain, I am content with that which was given to my fathers and grandfathers, and more eſpecially as there is no neceſſity to be a *Monſieur* in order to be very much and very ſincerely your humble ſervant."

"Theſe, Signior Magiſtral, are prejudices of education, and it is a pity that a man of your underſtanding ſhould accommodate himſelf to the ſentiments of the vulgar. Underſtandings of the firſt rank have happily got rid of theſe pre-occupations and find more grace in a *Monſieur* than in a *Don* or a *Signior*, which in cultivated nations are applied to tradeſmen and mechanics and any groſs *Bourgeois*. You will not deny me, Sir, that a *Monſieur le Margne* ſounds better than a *Don Such-an-one Maniér*."

"As ſound (ſaid the Magiſtral) is a thing depending reſpectively on the ear, and there has been

been a man who preferred the neighing of an horſe to the harp of Orpheus, I ſhall neither take upon me to deny or grant it: I only aſſure you, Sir, that nothing ſounds ſo well to me as what is received in our own language, and this at the ſame time that I am not altogether a ſtranger to the foreign ones."

"Ha, Signior Magiſtral, and what *domage*, that a man of your lights ſhould give way to national prejudices."

"My ſenſe, natural or acquired, (ſince I ſuppoſe, Sir, that is what you mean by my *lights)* notwithſtanding its being very limited, obliges me to know that it is a levity unbecoming our Spaniſh gravity, and an unwarrantable diſeſteem of our language, to introduce into it words and manners of ſpeaking of which it is in no ſort of need. But, in ſhort, leaving every one to ſpeak as he thinks fit, perhaps, Sir, you may not have yet dined, and before all things it is neceſſary"—"*Mon pardon*, Signior Magiſtral, I have taken care of that at a *petite ville* * two leagues from hence, and therefore there is no occaſion for any body to give themſelves the pain to incommode themſelves."

"I don't know, (ſaid the Familiar) that in this neighbourhood or in all Campos there be ſuch a place at *Pettyfield*." Don Carlos laughed at what he thought the ſimplicity of the ruſtic, whom he did know; and ſaid to him with a kind of contemptuous ſmile, "Honeſt famer, any village or ſmall town is called a *petite ville*." "But Signior Don Carlos (ſaid the Magiſtral) if *village* or *ſmall town* would as well expreſs your meaning,

* The word uſed here, and in the queſtion to Anthony, by Don Carlos is *Village*, a word not known, or at leaſt not in common uſe in Spain.

meaning, what particular grace is there in *petite ville* that we ſhould give it naturalization in our language?"

"Oh, Signior Magiſtral! You are *diablement* Spaniſh, and according to this humour you would not give quarter neither to *Libertinage* for diſſoluteneſs, to *pavé* for pavement, to *ſatisfaction* for pleaſures, to *exerciſing the miniſtry of the word* for preaching, to *belles lettres* for polite literature, to——"

"Hold, Don Carlos, don't trouble yourſelf; for it would be endleſs to enumerate all the Frenchified words, phraſes, and ways of ſpeaking, which have been lately introduced, and are now daily introducing into our language, to the no ſmall vanity of the ſtrangers, and to the great concern and grief of all ſenſible and judicious men. I muſt tell you, Sir, that neither to theſe nor innumerable other Galliciſms, which, without any why or wherefore, have been ſmuggled in upon us, to the disfiguring our own tongue, will I ever give quarter in my converſation or my writings."

"Then you would make your way but indifferently at court, I can aſſure you, Signior Magiſtral; for ſuch ſentiments would appear ridiculous and *outré* at a toilet or a ſtate office." "As to the toilets, (ſaid the Magiſtral) they are not worth minding, and I agree that where they talk ſo much of *coeffures*, *robes de chambre*, and *pantoufles*, he would be but ill-received who calls ſuch things *caps*, *ſlippers*, and *night-gowns*. But in the offices perhaps, Sir, he might not be ſo ill received as you imagine, for in them there are people of all ſorts. It is true that we now and then meet with ſome of thoſe youngſters, thoſe apprentices to the pen, initiated in politics,

Anne

Anno non amplius uno,
Et minimo ſudore, & amico abdomine ſalvo,

who, only becauſe they have read the works of Feyjoo, the books on the Science of the Court, the *Spectacle de la Nature* the Hiſtory of the People of God, and ſome few others of thoſe which are moſt in faſhion, not only think themſelves capable of ſpeaking confidently and deciſively on all ſubjects, but think they have authority to foiſt in upon us thoſe foreign words which ſound well to their vitiated ear; and though we have at home thoſe which are equally ſignificant and expreſſive, it is not to be expected that they will uſe them, or even condeſcend to look them in the face.

"Theſe gentry if they write a congratulatory letter, will not ſay, *I heartily give you joy of the new employment the king's goodneſs has conferred upon you*, if you ſhould tear their eyes out; but, *I felicitate you, Sir, upon the juſt honour with which the king has rewarded your diſtinguiſhed merit.* If they would expreſs their complacency to a friend on any happy event, don't imagine that they will ſay in plain Spaniſh, *I am as happy with all that gives you pleaſure as myſelf*, no, the phraſe muſt be Frenchified, and they will ſay, *there is not in the world one who more intereſts himſelf in all your ſatisfactions; they hold in my eſtimation the ſame place as my own.* To ſay, *Command me, in every thing*, they would think a vulgarity and villagiſm; but *count upon me in all*, has a ſmack of the court, and every thing that has not that ſmack is clowniſh. *This affair appertains not to my department*, to expreſs, *this buſineſs belongs not to my office*, they never forget. It

is

is now *upon the table*, for, *being ready to be diſpatched*, is a current clauſe; and a letter have I ſeen of a certain confident young ſpark, which ſaid, *your affair is now upon the tapis*, a thing which much ſurpriſed the perſon intereſted, for he thought full ſurely, that, in order to make a joke of him, he had cauſed ſome ridiculous figure of him to be wrought upon a piece of tapeſtry or carpetting.

I ſay, therefore, that theſe raw ſtate-officials might not, perhaps, give the kindeſt reception to my language, plain, and adhering ſcrupulouſly to the laws of Covarrubias, and others whom I acknowledge and reverence as legitimate legiſlators of the Spaniſh tongue. And there are likewiſe many partizans of it in theſe very offices, in all of which the majority of the perſons employed, and thoſe who are moſt eſteemed for their judgment and abilities, are ſo. For, believe me, Sir, that theſe offices are filled with men truly cultivated, and even learned, paſſionately fond of our language, well informed in the riches it contains, and perfectly perſuaded that it has in its treaſury a ſufficient ſtock, honourably and elegantly, to ſatisfy every demand, except, perhaps, now and then ſome profeſſional words, and a few other peculiar ones, which languages muſt neceſſarily borrow of one another, without exempting from this neceſſity alſo originals or primitives. I am ſure that theſe true Spaniards muſt grieve ſecretly to find introduced, and as it were, made denizens in their offices, many words which might, and ought to have been excuſed, ſuch as *Department*, *Arrangement*, *Levée*, *Glacis*, *Sortie*, *Intendant*, *Premier*, *Carte-blanche*, *Maitre-d'Hotel*, *Chargé d'Affaires*, *Routine*, *Congé d'elire*, *Manœuvre*, *Parole*, *Etiquette*, and innumerable others; for they are ſo many that

——— *Nec*

——— *Nec tot ſimul Apula muſcas*
Arva ferant, nec tot vendat mendacia falſi
Inſtitor unguenti.

they would be glad to baniſh them from their letters and diſpatches; but either they have not ſufficient power to do ſo, or ſeeing them as it were naturalized by virtue of poſſeſſion, though of no long date, they will not embroil themſelves in diſputes on their propriety; or, in ſhort, they let them paſs for other, political motives, which belong not to me to examine. But, however, be perſuaded, Sir, that theſe gentlemen would not receive me ill, or hear me with diſguſt, as long as I conform to the language of our anceſtors."

"But, at leaſt, (replied Don Carlos) I would not be *Garant* that the tranſlators of French books would allow you good quarter, and in truth they are reſpectable people, and very numerous, and in no ſmall conſideration at court."

"Let it alone, Signor Don Carlos, let it alone for the love of God! The point you have touched on I would not willingly meddle with, for if I ſhould warm myſelf a little, I ſhould ſpeak a whole library. *Tranſlators of French books! Tranſlators of French books!* Call them not thus, Sir, call them rather *Traducers* of their own language, and corrupters of the other; for, as an Italian ſays pleaſantly, moſt of them do not ſo much make a tranſlation as commit treaſon againſt both one and the other idiom. Except ſome very few, *quos dignito monſtrarier omni—vel cæco facile eſt*, all the reſt you may huddle in a ſack; there is nothing to pick and chuſe; and be aſſured, Sir,

that they are one of the greateſt plagues which have infeſted this age.

" Do not imagine that I deſpiſe thoſe who have, or do dedicate themſelves to this moſt uſeful and glorious employment. I am ſo far from ſuch a thought, that I look upon thoſe who acquit themſelves properly, worthy of the higheſt eſtimation. In all ages and all nations, great applauſes have been given to good tranſlators, and men of the firſt conſequence in the republic of letters have not diſdained to apply themſelves to this exerciſe. Cicero, Quintilian, and even Julius Ceſar, enriched the Latin language with tranſlations of excellent Greek works; and the verſion of the Bible which we call the Vulgate, gained St. Jerom the juſt renown of being *Doctor Maximus* of the church, and made him more celebrated than his learned commentaries on it, or his excellent treatiſes againſt the heretics of his time. St. Thomas tranſlated the Political books of Ariſtotle into Latin, and acquired no leſs honour by it than by his incomparable *Summa Theologica*. And, in truth, if they deſerve ſo well of their country who bring into it arts, manufactures, and riches, diſcovered in diſtant parts, why ſhould they deſerve leſs who communicate to their language the treaſures hidden in foreign tongues?

" I am therefore of opinion that a good tranſlator merits the greateſt applauſe, the greateſt reward, and the greateſt eſtimation. But how few are there in this age who are thus deſerving! Nothing ſo much proves the great difficulty there is in tranſlating well, as the multitude of tranſlations with which we are ſuffocated; and how very few are thoſe which are worthy to be called, I will not ſay Good, but even Tolerable? Now a days,

a days, unhappy is the mother who has not a tranſlator in her ſon. There is now a plaguy heap of tranſlators; for almoſt all tranſlations are a plague. Moſt of them are bad, and even perverſe grammatical interpretations, in which, at the beſt, the language tranſlated from is as much mangled as that tranſlated into, a nauſeous hotch-potch being made of them both together, which ſickens a Frenchman, and gives a Spaniard an inclination to caſcade. They are both unable to know their own idiom again; each underſtands half, and neither of them the whole. I well know whence this proceeds, but have not a mind to tell.

" What I ſay is, that, in ſhort, the bad, the perverſe, the ridiculous, the extravagant, or the idiot tranſlators are they who principally contribute to the deſtruction of our language, corrupting as much the words of it as the ſpirit. Theſe are the fellows who have given our poor idiom the French diſeaſe, for the cure of which will not ſuffice all the mercury prepared by the judicious pen of the elegant Fracaſtorius,

———*Unicum illum*
Ulcera qui juſſit caſtas tractare Camænas.

Theſe are the people who have ſo contrived, that neither in our converſation, nor in our familiar letters, nor our public writings, can we ſee ourſelves for French duſt; I mean, that it ſeems as if they kept no other ſand in their ſtandiſh than that of the Loire, the Rhone, or the Seine, they ſo unſparingly ſprinkle all they write with Galliciſms. In ſhort, theſe are the ſkilful gentry who, whilſt they ſhould endeavour to make the Frenchman ſpeak Spaniſh, (for, after all, that ſhould be the object of the tranſlator) ſeem to

aim at the direct contrary, namely, to make the Spaniard ſpeak French; and, in truth, they hit the mark.

In this, thoſe tranſlators are moſt happy who are, in reality, the moſt miſerable. If, by *their* good fortune, they meet with a worthy, curious, inſtructive, or diverting work, with that they do the greater miſchief; becauſe the more the book is reliſhed, and the more extenſive is the ſale, ſo much more ſticks the contagion, and ſo much more extenſive is the evil. There is a certain work goes about, divided into many volumes, which, notwithſtanding it is a problem amongſt the wiſe whether it is more profitable or prejudicial, has nevertheleſs had a prodigious run. No library, public or private, no cell, no cloſet, no parlour, nor ſcarcely any woman's apartment is to be found without it; inſomuch that even the lap-dogs play with it on the ſtools. This work fell into the hands of a tranſlator, capable, ſkilful, and laborious indeed, but, at the ſame time, ſo haſty to finiſh it as ſoon as poſſible, that he publiſhed it half tranſlated; that is to ſay, he turned half of it into Spaniſh, and left the other half of it in French. The quick tranſlator without doubt forgot, that he who does things well always makes ſufficient haſte; and he who does them ill may lay his account in having done them very, very leiſurely. And what followed? What I have already intimated. As this book is the mode throughout all Spain; as the learned read it, the half-learned read it, the idiots read it, and even the women read it; and as all meet in it with ſo many terms, ſo many clauſes, ſo many ſtarts and ſnatches, and ſo many peculiarities of expreſſion, all perfectly French, which they never met with in the more chaſte and poliſhed writings

in

in our language, what do they think? Without doubt, that this is the Grand Mode at Court; and, capriciouſly bent on following it in their ſpeaking as well as all other things, ſome, not to appear ignorant, and others, becauſe they are in every thing complete apes, (which comprehends both genders) ſcarce do they bring out a ſentence in converſation that does not ſeem to have been caſt in the molds of Paris.

"A few days ago, I was talking with a certain lady, who treated me with this piece of jargon: "A man of character had the goodneſs to come to ſeek me at my country-houſe; and certainly, at the hour, I found myſelf in one of the apartments which are on a level with the parterre; for, as the pavé is of beautiful marble, and the depoſite of the grand fountain falls below it, beſides gaining a moſt beautiful blow of ſight, it makes a ſejour very commode againſt the ardours of the ſeaſon. This man of quality was penetrated with grief becauſe they had arreſted a ſon of his, making him criminal of I know not what pretended delits, which, every thing well conſidered, reduced themſelves, to neat bagatelles; and he came to ſupplicate me, that I would have the complacency with him to interpoſe my credit with the miniſter that the arreſt might be raiſed." She was going on, but I, not having patience to endure ſuch gibberiſh, aſked her, if ſhe underſtood French? "Pardon me, Signior Magiſtral, (ſhe replied immediately) I am not initiated not even into the firſt elements of that idiom all amiable." "Then how, Madam, can you ſpeak ſuch elegant French in Spaniſh?" "O, Sir, I am reading The Hiſtory of ——— which is an enchantment."

"My heart miſgave me ſo, ſaid I. The tranſlation of this Hiſtory is without doubt one of

the moſt extraordinary works which was ever attempted: and as there is no hole or corner in Spain where it is not greedily read, neither is there one which has not felt the influence of the French contagion with which it is afflicted. This moſt particularly infects the women inclined to books. As they are almoſt all of them deſtitute of thoſe principles which are neceſſary for the diſtinguiſhing of good from evil in literature, and as they are all (without diſtinction almoſt) inclined to novelty, they have found inconceivable grace in the Frenchified words, and phraſes, and tranſitions, and manners of ſpeaking, which ſwarm throughout the ſaid tranſlation, and the affection with which they have adopted them is incredible.

"Our women are in the ſame caſe with regard to French, as the Roman woman were in regard to Greek. She who did not ſtud her converſation with ſcraps of Greek was eſteemed vulgar; and to ſuch an height did the extravagance riſe, that ſhe could have no pretenſions to elegance amongſt them, who did not pronounce even her own language with the Attic accent. Every thing was to be done after the Greek mode, ſpeaking, dreſſing, eating, drinking, dancing, ſinging, laughing, being frightened, feeling irkſomeneſs and tedioufneſs; in a word, they affected the Greek air in all their geſtures, actions, and manners. And whence did this ſpring? Non only from the commerce of the Greeks with Romans, but principally from the abſurdity of ſome Roman tranſlators, who, thro' ignorance or caprice, took upon them to Latinize an infinity of Greek words; this new thing was mightily fancied by the ladies, who made a faſhion of the extravagance, and gave juſt occaſion

occaſion to Juvenal for laſhing them upon it in his ſixth Satire.

"If I were not afraid, Madam, continued I to this lady, that you might be offended, I would repeat to you a gloſs not totally unhappy, which a friend of mine made upon a text in this Satire of Juvenal, applying it to our Spaniſh ladies, who are ſo blindly enamoured of all they ſee, hear, and read, ſo that it come from the other ſide of the Pyrenees. He has not confined himſelf indeed to the article of language; no more would Juvenal, had the manners of the Roman women in his time been capable of being hurt by the introduction of any foreign faſhions. But this is not the caſe with my fair countrywomen; I am perſuaded, that they have much to loſe; and I am, at the ſame time, perſuaded alſo, that nothing ſo haſtily and miſchievouſly contributes to this loſs as their affecting the airs of their light, pert, vain, frivolous, and unprincipled neighbours; it being, in my opinion, a truth as certain as it is grievous, that all the old Spaniſh honour, virtue, modeſty, and wiſdom are apace declining, in exact proportion to the prevalence of French manners. My friend perfectly agrees with me in theſe ſentiments, and has in his gloſs expreſſed himſelf with a ſtrength and freedom inſpired by his zeal, and ſuitable to the ſubject, but which may be too much for the ear of a lady whom I wiſh not to offend." "Do not do me the injuſtice, Sir, to hold me for ſo delicate, (replied the lady) and therefore I pray you to repeat it with all the liberty of ſpirit." "Then, with your leave, Madam, ſaid I, the gloſs of my friend upon our Frenchified Spaniſh women ran thus:

"Scarce leſs the torment of an huſband's life,
When Gallic Frenzy faſtens on the wife.
She whom he woo'd an Andaluſian maid,
When Beauteous Nature only ſhe diſplay'd,
Now wed, if once to Madrid ſhe repair,
That *Paris*-Madrid which he ſhould not bear—
Farewel the artleſs liſp that grac'd her tongue,
When the pure Spaniſh ſweetly roll'd along,
When what in Humble, Native guiſe ſhe dreſt
"Seem'd wiſeſt, prudenteſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt!"
The Modiſh Madneſs of the land of Apes
Her Speech, her Manners—not her ſoul eſcapes.
Her voice ſoon ſharpens to the Piercing Clang,
And Snuff's Clean aid augments the Naſal Twang;
With tone Affected, Arrogant, and Loud,
She grows familiar, and *Mon-Dieu's* her God.
Her lovely auburne locks that guiltleſs play,
Soon fall ſad victims to *Bien Coiffée*;
Thoſe lovely locks, condemn'd, from mortal view,
In Monthly Clouts of Duſt and Greaſe to ſtew,
Whoſe Luſcious ſmells her other ſmells foreſtal,
And vie for Sweetneſs with a Caffre's Caul!
Without, Within, equipp'd complete *Françoiſe*,
Her ready viſit to the club ſhe pays.
Who but a *Bête Barbare* offence can ſee,
When the Lewd Orgies are baptis'd *Cot'rie?*
Does ſhe 'gainſt Wedlock's Sacred Laws rebel?
'Tis but *Ennui* by grateful change to quell.
"Odious are drams!" Which yet her blood inflame
Under the ſoft *Liqueur's* enchanting name.
If from the admiring Condé ſhe withdraws,
Rien que piſſer is the Modeſt cauſe:
To ſhew in this no other call's implied,
She Boaſts the *Lavement* which ſhe late applied.
She to *French* meaſures only, at the ball,
Shakes that *Cotillon* which ſhe Lifts to All:
Or here *aſſiſts* eternal at *Quadrille*,
At once her Fortune, Time, and Health to kill;

The

The Homely Games her Grandame rarely play'd,
For Homely ſums, ſhe ſpurns; and, undiſmay'd,
Stakes e'en her Caſket at the Dreadful Trade.
Her pale lips quiver at the adverſe *Vole*——
Still, ſtill ſhe urges ruin on *Parole*.
At her *Ruelle* the Siſter-Judges ſit,
Scan Authors' merits, and decide on Wit,
Or Laws of *Ton* eſtabliſh and revoke,
While Senſe and Nature Sicken at the Joke.
Female Preheminence in all muſt reign;
Her Lord's a Stranger in his own domain:
Or for his Vaſſal took, with pert *French* air
The captain aſks him if *Madame* lives there?
'Tis hard to ſay which moſt our Scorn attracts,
The Fool who Suffers, or the Fool who Acts.
For what, O Jove, doſt thou reſerve thy frowns!
Than Thus Polite, 'tis better to be Clowns.

"All this I repeated to the lady, as I had it as well by heart then as I have now, and without ſpeaking another word, put an end to my viſit, and left her, as it appeared to me, if not thoroughly reformed, at leaſt pretty much aſhamed, upon more accounts than one, and particularly with regard to the ſubject that introduced it, leſs ſatisfied with the contemptible mongrel tranſlations, which have made our moſt pure and moſt elegant idiom ſo very French-ſick and diſfigured, that if our grandſires were to come out of their graves they would not know us. And, to hide nothing from you, Sir; the author of this little ſatire is that gentleman, my good friend and eccleſiaſtical brother." And at ſaying this he pointed towards Don Bartholomew, over whoſe face, notwithſtanding the freedom and gaiety of his manners, a light tinge, it was thought, was ſeen gracefully to paſs.

Scarce had the Familiar heard this, when, bereft of choice to do otherwiſe, he threw his arms round the Canon's neck, and all overjoyed exclaimed, "O my SignioriDonBartholomew,and then you have a geenus to make ſuch charming nice varſes as theſe! I thought ſo; yes I thought ſo in my heart, as ſoon as I ſeed that preatty diſſime of ten lines that ſo hugely pleaſed me. God love ye, for imploying ſo well the geenus he has gin ye, in ſtanding up for the talk of our ancendants, and for not going into that gibberiſh-way, which, by my ſowl, ſeems as if they all talked Latin. Laſt time I was at Valladolid upon enquiſiſhun-buſineſs, I ſeed a clargyman, (who, they ſaid, belonged to a fraternity that was called,—that was called—ſommut like *Gad demme)* who was a talking with a Signior Enquiſitur above an hour; and though they ſeemed to talk Spaniſh, for one word I underſtood a hundred went by me. God love the mother that bore you, and grant you a long life to employ yourſelf in ſuch good works!"

As Don Carlos ſaw that there was not in the company a ſingle ſoul on his ſide, and that it was hopeleſs to think of introducing Spaniſh *a la Papillote* into Campazas, and fearing likewiſe that if the converſation laſted much longer, he ſhould be torn to pieces by thoſe *Bêtes Ruſtiques*, for ſo he eſteemed all who did not give into the phraſeology of the grand mode, he took his leave, and, excuſing himſelf, under pretence of being obliged to be that evening at Banieza, from accepting the preſſing invitation of the Magiſtral to paſs it in his company, he mounted his horſe and purſued his journey.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

In which is related the marvellous effect the ſermon of the Magiſtral had upon the mind of Friar Gerund,

WHO as much attended to any part of the inſtructive and entertaining converſation that paſſed between the Magiſtral and the moſt be-monſieured Don Carlos as it now rains pack-ſaddles; for he was entirely pre-occupied by the pitileſs pelting he had been forced to abide, and in which he had received ſome things that for his life he could not rid his imagination of; thoſe which touched him moſt to the quick ſticking faſteſt, in no other manner than as an horſe-fly ſticks himſelf faſter to the fleſh than an ordinary fly, in as much as the ſting of one is more penetrating than that of the other. But what afflicted him moſt cruelly of all was to ſee vaniſhed in an inſtant all thoſe joyful hopes of fortune which he had fondly entertained, upon the ſuppoſition that his uncle would be enchanted with his talents and endowments as ſoon as he ſhould hear him preach. He wept bitterly in his heart to think that now the Magiſtral, even though he ſhould be made Archbiſhop of Toledo, would take no notice of him, nor ſo much as make intereſt with the order to get him appointed ſuperior of the moſt beggarly little convent, and how much leſs procure for him a ſnug biſhopric in the Indies, as he was before firmly perſuaded he would do; ſo firmly perſuaded, that he had given his word to a good widow of the place, that when he ſhould be made a biſhop, (which, in his opinion, would happen ſoon)

ſoon) he would take her ſon, who was then twelve years of age, to be his page of the bed-chamber, a matter of infinite conſolation to the bleſſed woman, who begged earneſtly that he would not let him eat turron, marmalade, or any other ſweet things; for that the young rogue was apt to be liquoriſh, and was troubled with worms; and concluded with ſaying, that ſhe entreated for the love of God that this favour might be granted her by his *lordſhip*. Friar Gerund pledged his epiſcopal word that this ſhould be one of the firſt inſtructions he would give both to his majordomo and his maſter of the pages; and, holding her out his hand to kiſs, pronounced the benediction with much authority, and ſent her away greatly comforted.

But as all theſe delightful imaginations had been blown away by the powerful breath of the learned and judicious Magiſtral, it is not to be conceived what ſorrow and melancholy had taken hold of the hapleſs Gerund. All the reſt were gone out to wait upon Don Carlos to his horſe, whilſt he remained in the parlour by himſelf, ſitting with his right elbow on the arm of the chair, his head reclining upon his hand, his eyes nailed on the floor, and drawing piteous ſighs from the bottom of his heart. In this poſture he was found by his great friend Friar Blas who had been till that time ſleeping his ſieſta, the comfortable duration of which he had merited by his aſſiduity at table. And as he had not heard the ſermon of the Magiſtral he was ſtrangely ſurpriſed when he ſaw Friar Gerund converted into a lively image of Melancholy herſelf.

"Why, how now, friend Gerund! (ſaid he with aſtoniſhment.) What novelty is this! Doſt thou thus ſuffer thyſelf to be oppreſſed with ſadneſs on the day of thy greateſt glory! When

thou

thou haſt filled thy country with triumphant joy, ſhalt thou give entrance to this confounded melancholy in thy own heart! Is it poſſible that when the mouths of all are employed in panegyrizing thy wondrous talents, without knowing how to bring out other words than thoſe of thy high applauſe, from thy own mouth alone ſhall dark ſighs iſſue to obſcure the brightneſs of the day! Is any thing the matter with thee? Has thy dinner diſagreed with thee? Or does thy apprehenſion grieve thee at the thought of any thing which thou haſt omitted and mighteſt have wiſhed to have inſerted in the amazing ſermon which thou preachedſt, or that thou haſt left out ſome important circumſtance; or that thou couldſt have retouched ſome of thoſe thou touchedſt; or finally that ſome one of the innumerable texts thou appliedſt did not hit ſo exactly to an hair as ſome others which may now offer to thy moſt delicate genius? Then I muſt let thee know, if any of theſe things ſadden thee, that thy apprehenſion lies like a moſt deceitful huſſy, and thou needeſt regard her no more than thou wouldeſt a fly buzzing at thy ear, all noiſe and no ſubſtance. Campos has not heard a ſermon like it; nor in the famous pulpits laved by the waters of the Rio Tuerto, or thoſe of the Rio Grande, will for many ages a greater thing he preached, whether we regard the ingenious propriety of the ſubject, whether we attend to the delicate energy of the proofs, whether we conſider the minute and exact comprehenſion of all the circumſtances, whether we reflect on the almoſt divine application of the texts, whether we examine the ſubtlety of the objections and the acuteneſs of their anſwers, or finally, whether we ponder on the beautiful variety of the ſtyle, ſometimes elevated,

ſometimes

ſometimes flowing with a lovely fall, but always ſonorous, always elegant. This being ſo then, why goeſt thou ſorrowing? What motive haſt thou to be ſo melancholy, abſorbed, and penſive?"

"Ah, my dear father Predicador, beloved of my ſoul! (ſighed out Friar Gerund) it is plain you do not know what has paſſed between me and my uncle the Magiſtral!—But this is not the place; we cannot ſpeak freely here; let us take our hats and ſticks and get out into the fields, whilſt their attention is diverted in taking leave of a Don Carlos who came from Madrid, but with regard to me he may be looked on as an angel who came from heaven, ſent by God to preſerve my life, for I was come to that point that I could bear no more, and I was afraid that ſome terrible accident would have happened to me, hearing the things which my uncle ſaid. The entrance of Don Carlos put a ſtop to him, and then they talked of ſomething I know nothing of, though I was preſent, for I was too much occupied with painful ſenſations to attend. Let us get out into the fields, let us get out, for I am burſting to vent myſelf with you, my dear friend, and I ſhall tell you things which will ſurpriſe you."

They took their hats and ſticks accordingly and went out, without being obſerved by any one, at a back-door. Friar Gerund related to his beloved Predicador all that the Magiſtral had ſaid, without loſing ſcarcely a ſyllable or comma, for, beſides his having an happy memory, the arguments of his uncle had penetrated ſo deeply that they were engraved upon his very ſoul. He told him that what he moſt ſeverely felt in this bloody correction, was, that it ſhould be given in the preſence of Don Bartholomew and the Familiar, becauſe, beſides the hurt that muſt be done him

in

in their opinion, they would no fail to divulge it to all the world, and then his credit was gone for ever to the dogs; particularly he much diſtruſted his couſin the Familiar, becauſe he had obſerved the great complacency with which he liſtened to the Magiſtral, and kept nodding his clowniſh pate in approbation of his maxims, and was beſides of ſuch a naſty jeering, ſneering, fleering diſpoſition, that he might divert himſelf as long as he lived at his expence. Finally, he did not diſſemble that the arguments of his uncle had appeared to him very powerful, and that he was much tempted to quit the pulpit, for that he began to find he was not fit for it, and to petition the community that he might go back to his ſtudies, or if that could not be, that he might be dedicated to the ſervice of the choir.

"O the pretty fellow! (ſaid Friar Blas, clapping him upon the back) and he ſhall have a ſugar-plumb then for being ſuch a good boy. Truly the little dear's docility is great, and his ſoftneſs of heart admirable. (Then changing his tone) Is it poſſible, ſinner that I am! That the ſorry ſermon of this Signior Magiſtral can have made ſuch an impreſſion on thee, which, if it conſiſts only of what thou haſt told me, and I have been hearing thee with the greateſt patience, is one of the moſt futile and ridiculous that can be imagined! Tell me, thou noſe of wax, did thy uncle tell thee any thing which thou haſt not already heard fifty thouſand times? Did he make any important addition to the doatings of old Morocco Buſkins, alias the reverend father Prudencio? Is not the pitiful miſſion which the moſt circumſpect Signior Don Magiſtral has preached to thee as like as one egg is like another to that which the old Friar Former-times I juſt mentioned preached to me after my two famous

ſermons,

ſermons, on the Trinity and the Incarnation, the memory of which will laſt to all eternity, and of the utility of which will reliques be preſerved for ſome years in my trunk and in my drawer.

"Lord, Lord, what abſurdities! Lord, Lord, what madneſſes! This is what they ſay, but what they do not prove. If abſurdities and madneſſes gain ſo many applauſes, where is there in the world greater or better wiſdom? If abſurdities and madneſſes are ſo profitable, what can be a greater madneſs than to be wiſe? Or a greater abſurdity than to preach with judgment? At this price let who will be wiſe, for I look to my purſe. Let fortune come into the houſe, though ſhe come in at the garret-window. All this has been ſaid divinely by a Theatine, and before God and in conſcience it is a pity he ſhould be one:

Quod ſi hæc inſania dici
Debet, amabilior nulla eſt ſapientia: malo
Deſipere hoc pacto; fias utcumque beatus.

"Come, come, thou heart of wool, doſt thou not know the ſtrict friendſhip and great correſpondence the Magiſtral has with all our old Square-toes of the order? Art thou ignorant that they have infected him with their maxims of "*in illo tempore*," and that all his maxims are no more than the echo of their Reverences'? Now if they had no weight with you in their mouths, why ſhould they have weight in his? Can the difference of their coming from under a cowl or a cap make any material alteration?

"Beſides this, thou muſt know that this Signior uncle of thine has declared himſelf, by what I am informed, for a ſectary of certain preachers which have lately come into faſhion, as well at court

court as at other places, and are called *Modern Preachers* to diſtinguiſh them from the ancient, to whom the title of *Veteran Preachers* is given, and in my poor judgment, with great propriety: for as in war one veteran ſoldier is worth four raw recruits, ſo in the field of the pulpit one veteran preacher is worth, and believe me I ſpeak with modeſty when I ſay, *four* modern ones, for I ſhould not exaggerate much if I ſhould ſay *forty*.

"For, in ſhort, what is the ſum of the doctrine of this ſect? Before all things it is neceſſary that they believe, as the firſt and fundamental maxim, that every ſermon, be it panegyrical, be it moral, be it funeral, and even though it were an All-Soul's ſermon (how ridiculous!) ought to tend, primarily and principally, to the reformation of manners, making virtue amiable and vice deteſtable. With this difference only, that in thoſe of the laudatory kind, which comprehends the panegyrical and funeral ſermons, it is to be done by the way of exciting to imitation, in the moral ones by ſtrength of argument, and in thoſe for the ſouls they are to proceed by the way of terror and warning examples. Haſt thou ever in thy life heard any thing more extravagant! So that according to this thou ſeeſt that every ſermon is to be a bawling, canting miſſion, and the preacher who does not play the miſſionary may go learn ſome other trade. To be ſure, 'tis a choice piece of impertinence!

"This grand principle ſuppoſed, the other follows of courſe, namely, that the propoſition or ſubject of every ſermon, be it upon what day it will, muſt be ſo ſolid and maſſy that lead cannot be more ſo. For example, one is to preach a panegyric on the feſtival of All-Saints; then thou art to take this or ſomething equivalent

to

to it for thy ſubject, *Holineſs is true wiſdom, it dwells in the ſaints, and reigns throughout all their conduct.* The utmoſt that can be allowed thee is to be permitted to divide this thought, or other like it, into two propoſitions, ſtating them with a little air of antitheſis, as if we ſhould ſay, *The Saint, accounted ignorant, is the truly wiſe man*; firſt part; *the wiſe man without virtue, accounted learned, is truly ignorant*; ſecond part. Was there ever any thing more frigid?

" Thou art to preach a panegyric upon a ſaint; for example, upon St. Joſeph. Be well aware then of taking for your ſubject, that *St. Joſeph was more the father of Jeſus than even the Eternal Father*; *was more the ſon of the Eternal Father than even the Divine Word*; *was more the ſpouſe of the Virgin than even the Holy Spirit:* for this divine ſubject preached by a Portugueſe orator, a monſter of the pulpit (and it was not father Vieyra) though at the moſt it can be ſaid to conſiſt but of three *gallant hyperboles*, will be loudly abuſed by the ſectaries of the New Way, who will tell thee, with all the coolneſs imaginable, to thy face, that they are three audacious hereſies; ſince the utmoſt that is allowable to ſay would have been, that *St. Joſeph, as the putative father of Jeſus, was the man to whoſe orders God moſt ſubmitted*; *and was the man who moſt ſubmitted to the orders of God.* Now ſee, I beſeech thee, what futility!

" Thou art to preach upon ſome myſtery; ſuppoſe the Trinity. If thou ſhouldſt think to prove that the three divine perſons in one indiviſible eſſence, were, *The Geryon of Grace, or the Impoſſible of Oedipus, or the Gordian knot, mocker of the ſword of Alexander*, all theſe modern orators would bellow out that thou waſt an impious wretch, a blaſphemer, a madman, and thou

wouldſt

wouldſt not ſee thyſelf for duſt, though all the three (with three other wondrous thoughts which are publiſhed in a book that has all the neceſſary licences and approbations) deſerve to be eternized—I will not ſay in print but—in letters of diamonds. But thou muſt guard carefully againſt theſe great ſtrokes of genius; for theſe men who turn up their noſe at every thing that is delicate, beſides abuſing thee with foul names, will inform againſt thee to the inquiſition, or make thee ridiculous in all public and private meetings. Content thyſelf therefore with ſaying plainly and ſimply as any poor ruſtic would, the myſtery of the moſt Holy Trinity is, of all the myſteries (firſt) *the moſt obſcure to reaſon*, and (ſecondly) *the moſt evident to faith.* An inſipidity enough to make ſalt itſelf inſulſe.

"Then they ſay, adhering throughout to their own ſyſtem, that theſe ſolid propoſitions are to be proved by ſuitably-ſubſtantial arguments. And it is very eaſy to ſee that they may meet with them as plenty as rabbits in a warren, for as all theſe propoſitions are truths ſo peremptory that it ſeems as if natural reaſon herſelf was dictating them, at the firſt ſtroke of the ſpade they diſcover a quarry of proofs to build a ſermon with more ſolid than the edifice of the Eſcorial*. It is certain, that they toſs, and turn, and view, and conſider, and proportion theſe arguments a thouſand different ways, adorning them with tropes

* It is Eſcorial in the original, and therefore we may ſuppoſe that the learned Spaniards chuſe to write it in this manner, rather than in the more common one, Eſcurial, as the name was given from the *Eſcoria*, the droſs or refuſe, of the Iron Mines which were formerly near the ſpot where this famous palace ſtands.

tropes and figures and all the rhetorical apparatus, that it ſeems as if a man was hearing Cicero, Junius Brutus, Caius Gracchus, or Cornelius Cethegus. They have never out of their hands that eternal Prate-apace who has perked himſelf up the moſt iniquitouſly in the world with the title of *The Prince of all Orators*, when at the ſame time he would be much better fitted with that of *Superintendant of all the Parlatories*†.

Manibus Ciceruncculus hæret
Semper, et adtritus nocturno idemque diurno
Pollice.

Conceits, refinements, wit, equivoques, ſubtle objections, and delicate replies, all theſe things they baniſh from their ſermons; and if at any time they touch on mythology or profane literature, they do it ſo lightly, and with ſo much ſhame, that their modeſt countenance is filled with maidenly bluſhes.

"To ſacred and eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, and to the holy fathers, they give indeed ſome room; but how? Not as we do, who, if we quote any text, hiſtorical paſſage, piece of doctrine, or ſentence of an holy father, however large it be, we preſent it in its natural form, ſize, body, and being, that it may come to the knowledge of all the audience with all its moles, marks, and circumſtances. They do not go this way to work; all theſe things they weave in with, beat up with, or lay over, their own matter, ſo that the whole appears

† It has been already obſerved that theſe are the places where the nuns talk with their friends, and their friends talk with the nuns, and where of courſe there is no want of talk.

appears of a piece, without one's diſcovering any gaps, or ſlits, or packthread, or ſtitches, or varniſh. Sermons, like the modern buildings at Rome, which they call ſkinned over*, and which appear to be all porphyry, marble, jaſper, or alabaſter, when, in reality, they have no more of theſe ſtones than a thin ſuperficial leaf for the deception of the eye, but which is ſoon diſcovered by the application of the nail of one's finger.

Vana ſuperficies quam ſolus judicat unguis
Aut oculus.

And there is as much difference between the manners of quoting of the *veteran* preachers and the *modern*, as there is between the ancient and modern fabricks. In the former, in order to make an urn of jaſper, it was neceſſary to conſume a whole mountain,

Scilicet ut grandem mons integer iret in urnam;

and in the latter, they build a palace with the jaſper which was before expended on an urn.

"Now comes the way in which they cite other texts of ſcripture, which are not hiſtorical, but doctrinal, ſententious, or prophetical. Moſt of them bring them ready melted down, or digeſted with their own arguments; ſo that it ſeems as if the text, the gloſs, and the application, were all wine of the ſame caſk, citing them without citing them, like St. Bernard, who compoſes a whole clauſe half with his own words and half with the words of Scripture. Here and there ſome little text they may perhaps preſent to the audience with its natural, naked face, but

* Impellicciati.

but with as much parſimony as ſpices are uſed in made-diſhes, which, they ſay, if put in by wholeſale, inſtead of reliſhing, will diſreliſh them. Even the few which they take from the *Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ*, are for the moſt part literal ones; the allegorical ſenſe they have little taſte for, and leſs uſe of; of the tropological or accommodatitious, next to none; and they are within an ace of utterly condemning this divine book. They do not indeed do it by their words, but they do it ſufficiently by their actions, letting it lie unheeded in a corner, and caring not how diſgracefully it is covered with duſt and cob-webs.

"Of interpreters, expoſitors, and different verſions, the beautiful variety of which ſo much adorns our ſermons, and ſerves ſo excellently for the proving whatever we have a mind to prove, they make little account, or more properly none at all. In a whole volume of *modern* ſermons, one ſhall ſcarcely once find mention made of *the wiſe Cornelius*, or of *the purple of Hugo*, or of *the profound Baeza*, or of *Celada*, *from whom nothing was hidden**, or of *the acute Zuleta*, or, what is ſtill more, even of *the moſt learned Silveyra*; when by the help of this laſt inexhauſtible expoſitor alone, may a preacher, who ſhall know how to handle him, go from one end to the other of this good world of God, and prove even the exiſtence of impoſſibilities themſelves in a caſe of neceſſity; as it is a ſettled point, that there is no magazine like it to have recourſe to

* A pun upon the name, *Celada* (the feminine of *Celado*) being the participle paſt of the verb *celar*, to hide.

to on an hard puſh, and upon any ſubject whatever.

" It is a ſhame to hear how theſe modiſh preachers treat many of the expoſitors. They have not the hardineſs to attack the holy fathers; of them indeed they ſpeak with reſpect—for I would not damn my ſoul by raiſing a falſe teſtimony againſt them. They are likewiſe tolerably civil to ſome few interpreters who are not ſo high in fame, confeſſing that they were men of true wiſdom, judgment, penetration, and profound knowledge in the ſcriptures, which, they allow, they illuſtrated well by their learned commentaries: but of other expoſitors, thoſe whom they call *the below-ſtairs expoſitors*, *of the herd*, &c. it makes one mad to hear them talk. They ſay, that moſt of them did nothing more than put into bad Latin the ſermons they had preached in worſe Spaniſh; that, with the pompous title of Commentaries upon this or that part of Scripture, they had daubed an immenſe quantity of paper, filling it with airy conceits, *tympanitical* thoughts, puerile arguments, and fantaſtical diſſertations, charged up to the muzzle with whatever rubbiſh of profane learning came to hand; and, finally, that the greateſt part of them being totally ignorant of the Hebrew and Greek tongues, in which the Sacred Books were originally written, miſtook miſerably in their conſtruction of the text of the Vulgate, giving it ſometimes an interpretation contrary to the true ſenſe, many times a violent, and almoſt always an arbitrary interpretation. Wedded as they are to theſe maxims, it is enough to break one's heart to ſee the contempt with which they treat the beſt and moſt uſeful authors of which the choſen library of a preacher of the old, true, ſettled ſtamp is generally compoſed; and conſequently

quently thou wilt never ſee them cited in their ſermons, though thou wouldſt hang thyſelf, or give a double real of ſilver for every citation.

"As to the variety of verſions, they never trouble their heads about it; of their Vulgate they give a belly-full, and now and then, as an extraordinary diſh, a little bit of the Septuagint, and good night t' ye. The Syriac, the Chaldee, the verſion of Pagninus, that of Vatablus, or to know how Arias Montanus read the place in queſtion, gives them as much concern as to ſettle who was the hundredth grandfather of Thomas Kouli-Kan; whilſt, at the ſame time, we, the veteran preachers, with the variety of verſions, ſhift about and contrive marvellouſly to dreſs, prove, and garniſh whatever we will, ſeaſoning our thoughts with ſo much delicacy, that the eyes of the moſt ſleepy appetite are opened eagerly, and the moſt dainty palate is ready to gnaw its fingers after them. For, in reality, what can be more reliſhing, more ſavoury, more poignant, than for a preacher to ſay, where the Vulgate reads *a ſtone*, the Syriac reads *a ring*, the Chaldee *a circle*, the Septuagint *a cupola*; and where the Vulgate ſays *bread*, Vatablus has *a ſword*, Pagninos *mercy*, Arias Montanus *wiſdom*, and the Burgenſian *a pumpkin*, and making afterwards of theſe ideas, as many combinations as he pleaſes, to prove whatever he has a mind with ingenuity and ſubtilty? Beſides, when the audience hear a preacher citing languages thus pell-mell, Syriac, Chaldee, Greek, and Hebrew, they are perſuaded, beyond doubting, that he knows them all as well as his mother-tongue, eſteem him a monſter of erudition, and liſten to all he ſays, with a reſpect that is aſtoniſhing. The modern orators laugh at all this, calling it oſtentation, apparatus,

paratus, quackery, and ſelf-huzzaing; but, with their good leaves, I, in my turn, laugh at all their Reverences.

"Now here, Friend Gerund, thou ſeeſt the plan of the new ſect, of which, according to what I underſtand, thy uncle has declared himſelf a moſt blind partiſan, being one of thoſe who moſt furiouſly run into the French manner of preaching; for to this, in ſhort, is the new way upon the whole to be reduced, I will not hide from thee, that the critical gentry, as they are called, the pious toads, and the affectors of politeneſs, have likewiſe loudly declared themſelves on the ſame ſide. They run after a modern orator, as the boys run after the dancers, or the ſerpent Taraſca on the day of Corpus; and praiſe, and celebrate, and exalt him above the clouds, whilſt they depreſs and deſpiſe us, and make ſuch a joke and mockery of our manner of preaching, as if we were born only to be the May-game of their converſations and their clubs.

"But what does it ſignify? Why ſhould we be deterred by this handful of melancholy diſcontented ſouls, when we have in our favour by far the greateſt, the ſoundeſt, the diſcreeteſt part of our peninſula from eaſt to weſt, and from north to ſouth? Ours are all the fraternities which bear the wand, or diſplay the ſtandard from the Pyrenees to the bay of Cadiz, from Cape Finiſterre to Carthagena's port. Ours are all the Majordomos of theſe illuſtrious bodies, who harraſs themſelves to ſeek, and impoveriſh themſelves to pay us. Ours is the formidable phalanx of the taylors, with thoſe of the tanners, the fullers, the chandlers, the ſhoemakers, the notaries, and ſcriveners, and even in the reſpectable community of the advocates, have

we innumerable fautors. Ours is the fond Many of the cities, the council of towns, the totality of villages, the muſquetry of the univerſities, the youth of the cloiſters, and even in old age itſelf, may we reckon many friends, auxiliaries, and defenders.

"Declare it that valiant Champion and renowned Paladin, who, at more than the ſeventieth year of his age, and more than the twentieth of his being a veteran preacher (exerciſed, for many of theſe years, in the moſt auguſt theatres of Spain) went forth ſo courageouſly to our defence. In one of the moſt famous functions at court, had preached in the modern way, a certain orator, at that time a profeſſor in a celebrated univerſity, and though not much advanced in life, generally reputed for a great theologiſt, an illuſtrious preacher, a known genius, and, in ſhort, truly wiſe, and more than ordinarily informed in divine and polite letters. Let this opinion keep its currency, ſay I, for I am no friend to the taking from any one the Good or the Ill which God ſends him.

"Be it as it will, he preached a ſermon which gained him exquiſite applauſe from all the antiveterans; a ſolid ſubject, maſſy proofs, much of what they call Eloquence, few texts, citations but as if they had been dropped from the Alembic, moral reflections in abundance, ſome ſcripture melted down and incorporated, and That the goſpel of the day; no wit, and no circumſtances. This ſermon was printed and prefaced with the approbation of a certain Reverence of many ſounding titles, and much authority, who has put the fooliſh madneſs into the people's heads, of his being "the Cock * of Preachers," and qualified

* This preacher's name was *Gallo*.

qualified to crow throughout all Spain, as if we ſhould ſay, upon his own dunghill. And there are men of ſo vile a taſte, as not to heſitate at ſaying, that this Cock, in regard to our evangelical oratory, which they ſuppoſe buried in profoundeſt night, is the precurſor of the day, the awakener of the ſun, the diſſipator of the thick darkneſs which had inveſted our pulpit-pole, and the diſperſer of the ſquadrons of harlequin, mountebank, merry-andrew, preachers, who divert the people, inſtead of inſtructing them, and rather corrupt, than reform their manners. They apply to him, without any more ado, this ſtrophe from a certain hymn,

A nocte noctem ſegregans
Præco diei jam ſonat,
Jubarque ſolis evocat;
Hoc excitatus Lucifer
Solvit polum caligine;
Hoc omnis errata cohors
Viam nocendi deſerit.

And doſt thou think they are content with this! They do not ſtop here: they go on, and ſcruple not to apply to him another curious piece of the ſaid hymn, thinking to perſuade us, that it ſuits as if it were caſt in a mould for him.

Gallus jacentes excitat,
Et ſomnolentes increpat,
Gallus negantes arguit,
Gallo canente ſpes redit.

All this is in the approbation of that reverend Bugbear of preachers, that Coripheus of the new ſect.

"It was not to be endured by the veteran preacher I mentioned, whoſe moſt noble ſermons are as honourably old and grey as his hoary head. He graſped his feathered lance, and, from the very dedication, which is addreſſed to a great man, began throwing at this Cock.—But how? So as to diſplume him, ſo as to diſcreſt him, ſo, in ſhort, as to make minced-meat of him. He reprobates what the other praiſes, and praiſes what he reprobates, making ſo gallant a deſcription of the ſermons according to the New Mode that nothing can exceed it. I was ſo much pleaſed with it, that I got it by heart; and it ſays thus:

"My Lord, if your Excellency will give "your mind to it, as our chaſte idiom has it, "you will find in theſe ſermons which they call, "of the Mode, and which people are ſo crazy "after, ſaying, "Let us go, let us go, to hear "the Reverend Father A. B. or C. D. or Doc-"tor Such-an-one, who preaches in the Mode." "Your Excellency, I ſay, will find, if I am not "miſtaken, that a ſermon of the mode, is a "Picture without an Image, an Image without "a Temple, a Temple without an Altar, an "Altar without a Sacrifice, a Sacrifice without "a Prieſt, and a Prieſt without ſuitable Habili-"ments. This is an exact deſcription of a ſer-"mon of the Mode."

"What ſay'ſt thou to that, my friend? Didſt thou ever in thy life hear a compariſon more to an hair, a ſimile more adequate, or deſcription more exact of a ſermon of the Mode? For, in reality, if the thing be well and diſpaſſionately conſidered, the multitude of texts, the buſtle of citations, the apparatus of erudition, the variety of verſions, the rattling and clattering of the quibbles, the gallantry of the equivoques, the

ſubtilty

ſubtilty of the conceits, the delicacy of the objections, the evaſion of their ſolutions, and every now and then the zeſt of a good joke, are, with all preciſion and punctuality the very Image, Temple, Altar, Sacrifice, Prieſt, Amice, Albe, Circingle, Maniple, Stole, and Chaſuble of a ſermon, equipped as it ought to be; and he, who gives a ſermon without all this, gives a ſermon ſo ſtark naked, that it is at once both a ſhame and a pity.

"It is not my intention, nor is it to the purpoſe, now, to give thee a minute detail of all that the veteran preacher ſaid in the courſe of his ſermon (which he dedicated to the great man) to our immortal glory, and to the eternal confuſion of the moderns. This would be a long work, and would require the whole piece to be produced, which is ſingular in its kind, and which I preſerve in my cell, in a gilt-paper cover, as a pattern and example for my own ſermons (but underſtand me, this is always after the ſacred Florilegium) if my poor powers ſhould ever riſe to a faint imitation of it. I would not weary thy attention with relating to thee, how a certain Guiterrez Fernandez (a moſt ignorant and groſs wretch, if ever there was one in the world) let fly upon it a couple of inſolent letters, to a Don ſomebody of three oughts, which, though they were never publiſhed, went round from hand to hand, and houſe to houſe, and ſtudy to ſtudy, in the court and out of it, and cauſed a laughter like all the infernals. But in whom? Why in ſuch anti-orator Magiſtrals and their followers, who are but a parcel of poor creatures. For though theſe letters pretended to ſhew that in the ſermon of our illuſtrious defender were to be found three or four propoſitions which touched rather than not a little upon

on hereſy; ſome others, which carried but a bad ſound with them; here and there a feigned text of Scripture, many badly cited; and now and then an inſignificant falſe teſtimony raiſed againſt the holy fathers, and ſo on with other little niceties of this kind—what man of judgment makes any account of theſe trifles? Who does not know that theſe are "*gallant hyperboles, great ſtrokes of genius, noble darings, and feſtive openings of a fancy which is elevated, rapt, tranſported, and ſcorns to be grovelling in the duſt!*" If they come to objecting to, and cutting ſhort, theſe Icarian flights in our ſermons, in what will it end?

In ſhort this illuſtrious veteran, who then reckoned ſeventy-eight years of age, and twenty-four of miniſtry of the word, into which, according to this account, he did not enter till he was forty-four, an age ſo mature, that even the dulleſt preacher muſt, by that time, have attained to the uſe of his pulpitable reaſon; this veteran orator, I ſay, renowned, in age profound, and with hoary locks crowned, is a demonſtration that even in the Cloiſters we have a party, not only amongſt thoſe who are juſt putting forth the down of oratory, for all theſe we ſweep before us, as with a drag-net, but alſo amongſt thoſe of the longeſt and matureſt beards. And there is a particular happineſs in that what theſe men ſpeak is dictated by experience, in whoſe ſchool (the moſt infallible in the world) they have learned to be ſenſible of the advantage accruing from an adherence to the veteran method; ſince there is no better hundred of doublons, than thoſe which are laid up in their religious drawers, nor richer chocolate, nor more excellent tobacco, nor better handkerchiefs in texture or in colour, nor more fine nor more white linen,

linen, than what thou wilt meet with in their poor cupboards, trunks, and coffers.

"Then this being the caſe, *quis furor, quæ te dementia cæpit?* What madneſs is thine, what delirium has taken poſſeſſion of thy head, to ſuffer it to be turned topſy-turvy, and thyſelf laid ſprawling, by the three or four miſerable arguments of thy Buckram uncle! Forgive me, if I ſpeak uncivilly, for I own I loſe my patience at the idle prate of theſe blind, capricious, mule-headed abettors of abſurdity, though they may be otherwiſe men of authority and reſpect. I would not wiſh my arguments to have any weight with thee, unleſs they were all ſo convincing and triumphant, as not to admit reſiſtance or reply. Neither do I want thee to be influenced by the examples I have ſet before thy eyes, nor by ſo many thouſands of thouſands of veteran preachers, as have made their fortune in this road; nor by that demonſtration ſo palpable which thou haſt touched, and art touching with thy very hands in myſelf, who have ever followed this road, and ſhall depart from it only when I depart from life; for is it poſſible, my dear Gerund, friend of my ſoul, that thou muſt not be convinced by thy own experience? Has it gone ſo ill with thee, ſince thou haſt begun the function, entering on it by this broad, or to ſpeak with more propriety, by this broidered way? But a ſermon and a half haſt thou yet preached in public, and another within the walls of the convent; and what man is there more famous throughout all the country? Whoſe applauſes are re-echoed more repeatedly or more ſtrongly in the whole wide-extended circuit of the Deſert? Think'ſt thou thy fame has reached only to Campazas' Walls? O how much does thy modeſty and reſerve deceive thee! It is arrived at

Villaquixida, it has attained to Villamundos, it has ſpread to Villamañan, and even on the banks of the Orbigo, does the echo of thy name reſound with as much clearneſs, as in the concavities of Villaornate. I have ſaid but little; either my imagination much deceives me, or I feel here in my inmoſt ſoul, I know not what prophetic preſages, that in a ſhort time no other thing than Friar Gerund ſhall be talked of in all Spain; and my vaticinating ſpirit ſeems ſtill farther to deſcry, amidſt ſome remote lights, that thy renown will penetrate even to diſtant realms.

"In the mean while, this is certain, that in theſe ways, theſe fields, theſe lands, theſe vineyards, theſe threſhing-floors, theſe ſandy waſtes, and even in the neighbouring markets, men know not how to ſpeak but of thy ſermons, thy talents, thy wondrous endowments. In the mean while, this is indubitable, that there is no fraternity but will deſire thee, no majordomo but will ſeek thee, no ſermon of ſouls but will await thee, no beautification of an altar but will call thee, and no holy week but what to thee will extend its arms. Why then, Chicken-heart, art thou cowed? Soul of a Pitcher, why art thou broken! Puſillanimous Spirit, why art thou diſmayed? Deſpiſe, generouſly deſpiſe, this panic terror which occupies thy breaſt. Make no account of theſe falſe fears, with which the blindly-paſſionate ſectaries of novelty would frighten thee; and confirming thyſelf in the heroic determination of never departing a ſtraw's-breadth from the right, ſtrait, ſecure high-way, thou haſt ſo glorioufly begun; laugh to the fulleſt extention of thy jaws, at all thoſe who would terrify or entice thee from it, giving no other anſwer to their arguments, than that which I have now given thee,

thee, and likewiſe ſubminiſtered to thee on a ſimilar occaſion."

As when in the depth of winter, from the eaſt breaks the morn, covered with a thick cloud, which ſeems to be rarifying by degrees, as ſoon as the ſun gives it battle, beginning the action by a ſkirmiſh of his forerunning rays; yet the root of the gloomy ſquadrons is not ſo ſuddenly declared, but that they for a long time diſpute the field; now (victory doubtfully hovering, and as it were neutral) the ſun himſelf directs the charge, and opens the ranks of the ſwarthy troops; now theſe unite again more cloſely than before; many times again he breaks them, and as many do they rally, and regain their ground; now the army of the ſun penetrates the centre of the field of the duſky foe, and, with a fatigued light, rather ſilvers than gilds the ſummit of a neighbouring mountain; now the dark forces of the enemy unite once more, and, in a laſt effort, ſummoning all their valour, repulſe them with ſuch ardour, that it ſeems, during the flux and reflux of the doubtful conteſt, they will drive them to their very trenches; till the ſons of ſplendour, gaining the eminence of higheſt noon, and inflamed with all their father's fury, launch with ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway upon the ſable hoſt, that in all parts they break, pierce, penetrate, drive, diſſipate, and tread them under foot; and (the ſun at laſt complete maſter of the field of battle) the whole hemiſphere rejoices in a moſt clear, ſerene, and unembarraſſed day.

So, exactly ſo, neither more nor leſs, did the reaſoning of Friar Blas diſſipate the clouds, which had obſcured the underſtanding of Friar Gerund, who remained as unembarraſſed, as clear, and as ſerene, as the brighteſt January or February-day. He gave his friend a thouſand

embraces, for having thus conſoled, enlightened, and encouraged him, and inſtantly renewed the ſolemn oath of fealty he had before made, that he would never, all the days of his life, preach in any other manner———even though the very *Cock of the Paſſion* ſhould exhort him to the contrary. With this they returned home, where the next chapter will relate what happened; but before I write it, I muſt beg the reader to have a little patience, for I am going to take a pinch of ſnuff.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF

THE FAMOUS PREACHER

FRIAR GERUND.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

Friar Gerund is requeſted to preach a Funeral-Sermon, which he does not refuſe, with the reſt of what we ſhall ſay.

"BUT look ye, (ſaid Friar Blas on the way) if thy uncle ſhould touch upon this matter again, thou art to lie perdue or play the Dead Cat; I mean thou art to ſhew thyſelf docile to his inſtructions, convinced by his arguments, given up to his advice, hearing him exteriorly with great reſpect, reverence, and humility; but there, in the inſide of thy heart,—thou underſtand'ſt

derſtand'ſt me,—thou art to reſolve only to laugh at and turn into ridicule whatever he ſhall ſay. The reaſon of this moſt admirable and no leſs important counſel is very evident; for theſe Church-men who have been exalted to any dignity, and more particularly when they have a mitre in view, are wont to be mighty delicate gentry; they like that whatever *they* ſay, ſhould be received as coming from an oracle, and take it very ill to be anſwered. When to this is added the circumſtance of affinity, eſpecially ſo cloſe and ſuperior an one as that of an uncle, it gives them ſuch a weight of authority over the whole family, that they ſeem from their dogmatical deciſions to be very councils in their individual Reverences, and even the elder brothers, who have not been bred to the church, liſten to them with a frightful degree of veneration. It is true that what glitters is not always gold, ſince ſometimes they laugh at them in their own minds; but however they take care to humour them exteriorly in this aſſumed privilege they are ſo fond of, as well to be benefited by them whilſt they are living as to be the better for them when they are dead. To no one can it be of more importance than to thee to be well with thy uncle, as no one more wants him than thee, both on account of the little ſuccours he is wont to ſend thee from time to time, and of the great things he may do for thee by his authority, and that of his friends, to advance thee in the order and out of it. Therefore obſerve carefully this my capital advice, and endeavour to play thy part well: hold thy tongue, diſſemble, humble thyſelf, ſhew thyſelf convinced, promiſe him to amend, conſult him in every thing that may offer,—but do that which is right in thine own eyes."

Though this pretty little lecture of the father [redicador mayor was not one of thoſe which

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are moſt conformable to the Goſpel, or even to the Catechiſm, it highly pleaſed our moſt docile Friar Gerund, and fixed itſelf ſo deeply on his memory that he enver forgot it. When they got home they found the whole troop taking their afternoon-refreſhment of wine-lemonade and biſcuits, as is uſual at the great feaſts in Campos; and there were now added to the dinner-gueſts many of the neighbouring clergy who had been preſent at the function, and not a few of the moſt broad-ſhouldered farmers, all with the motive of congratulating Friar Gerund, his parents, and all his kindred.

Very pleaſant were the ways in which ſome of them expreſſed themſelves, eſpecially thoſe who moſt piqued themſelves upon being deciſive judges in the affair of ſermons. One of them who had ſerved all the majordomoſhips of his town, and was perſuaded that no one ever went beyond him in chuſing the beſt orators, ſaid with an impoſing tone, "The feyther Fliar Gerund has this day preached a ſarmunt that while Campazas be Campazas nobody at all won't never come up to." Another, who had been many years the lawyer of the place, and was a man of a large and ſolid head, thinking the firſt ſpeaker had fallen ſhort, added, as if to correct him, "Yes, to be ſure, you and your Campazas! In *Leon* have I heard many of the beſt cocks in Spain; but another Friar Gerund! —I ſay no more, for compariſons are hideous." Brother Bartolo, the lemonade having looſened his tongue, which he was not able to reſtrain, inſiſted ſtrongly that in all his born days he never had heard, nor ever ſhould hear, a ſarmunt more *mathematicul:* a word which he did not underſtand the meaning of, but it had always appeared to him to ſignify ſome great and unheard-of thing.

Then

Then came the eulogy of the clerk of Venafarzes, who happened to be at the function it is not known by what accident, and was eſteemed by thoſe who knew him to be one of the knowingeſt men who at that time quavered a ſtave: he called out for ſilence, holding in his hand a glaſs of lemonade running over the brim, and when they were all huſhed with expectation, he ſaid in a ſlow guttural voice, ramming down cloſe every word he ſpoke, "Gentlemen, let us do juſtice, for the ſermon from the beginning to the end, from the croſs to the date*, from the text to the Dolly Roxy, was all a pure conſtruction of *philoſophy*." Upon this they all kept looking wiſtfully at one another for ſome time, and though no one underſtood what the clerk would mean to ſay, yet it was the general opinion that it was impoſſible for any one to have ſaid more.

Very attentive and equally ſilent had ſat during this, a good prieſt of thoſe they call of the maſs and the pot†, who, upon his chapelry and a decent patrimony lived quietly and peaceably in his town, and better than an archdeacon. He had in truth but little learning, ſince he poſſeſſed no more than what was neceſſary for underſtanding the Breviary, and the Miſſal as it were. But for his good-natured peaceable diſpoſition, and becauſe he was charitable and a friend to good deeds, he was much eſteemed by his people. Scarcely did any die amongſt them but what left him their principal executor, charges which he willingly took upon him, as well to have ſomething

* Alluding to letters, at the top of which the Spaniards always mark a-croſs the firſt thing.

† A Secular, as has been obſerved before.

thing wherewith laudably to employ his time, as from a notion he had conceived that if he complied faithfully, legally, and punctually with this pious and charitable office, he might do much good to the defunct and be very useful to the living.

A few days before had died the ſcrivener * of his place, who, being a widower, not only named him for his executor, but likewiſe for tutor and guardian to his children, who were not to call him to any account, but to take what he ſhould give them, all in pure confidence of his great uprightneſs and integrity. He left a charge in his will, that there ſhould be a funeral and an anniverſary ſermon for him according to cuſtom, and appointed two hundred reals to be paid to the orator who ſhould preach them, "*in conſideration* (he ſaid) *of the trouble ſome poor preacher muſt have in finding any thing to praiſe me for* †; *becauſe, if he does not chuſe to lie, he muſt be driven to great extremity.*"

And ſo indeed he muſt have been; for there was a general report, that this ſame ſcrivener had been a man not very over-and-above ſcrupulous. When he came to that town, he was the firſt lawyer

* *Eſcribano* is a word of very diffuſive import, meaning many diſtinct offices, to none of which is there any thing in England which exactly tallies. Our *attorney* is perhaps the neareſt to the Eſcribano here meant, who manages law-ſuits, &c. but he differs from the attorney in being, beſides, a king's-officer, appointed for the drawing up the offences of criminals, keeping regiſters, &c. and therefore *ſcrivener*, as having more latitude of ſignification, as well as verbal conformity to the original, is preferred.

† So intirely are Funeral Sermons amongſt the Spaniards looked upon only as an eulogy of the deceaſed that they are called *Sermons of Honours*.

lawyer who had ever entered it; there was never any ſuit before his time, nor was there any memory or tradition of there ever having been one ſince its foundation; but in the year (and that not a complete one) of his reſidence in it, the whole place was on fire with quarelling and lawſuits; and when he died, he left pending, though the inhabitants in all did not amount to above two hundred perſons, ſix and thirty cauſes; ſo ſedulouſly had he thrown bones of contention to the poor ſimple hounds, hallooed them on, and wretchedly embroiled them. If the two oppoſite parties conſulted him upon the ſame affair, he would anſwer to each ſeparately, with his affected knaviſh modeſty, that he was no advocate, that he did not underſtand the niceties of the law, and that it was not for him to give an opinion; but that, as far as experience had inſtructed him in ſo many years practice, and ſo many cauſes as he had been concerned in, he muſt ſay, that he had all the juſtice in the world on his ſide; that the pretenſion of his adverſary was raſh and groundleſs, and that the beſt he could hope to come off with would be to be condemned in coſts; concluding, that if the thing did not turn out ſo, the profeſſion might go and be hanged for him, for he would forſwear it; that he ſaid this in confidence to him only, ſtrictly charging him to keep it ſecret. After having thus ſpurred on both ſides, he would add, with much affectation, that though what he had ſaid was certain, yet, why would they go to law? That it was better to compound the matter; for though no one was more intereſted than himſelf in every man's having juſtice done him, ſince he lived by it and had no other rents, but yet he preferred peace and good neighbourhood to all the intereſt in the world. With this artifice, after having irritated each party, he got

got out of the ſcrape, and gained the credit of a diſintereſted man.

When any little quarrel, however light, had happened in the place, eſpecially if there had been any blows, ſcratches, or bloodſhed, he immediately went to the Alcaldes, took them aſide, and in a tone of friendſhip and confidence perſuaded them to arreſt the parties, for that they ought to take care of themſelves, intimating to them that to-day or to-morrow a reſidence * might come; that every man had his enemies; that there might not be wanting thoſe who would accuſe them of remiſſneſs or partiality; and that it would be well if they came off without having a fine laid upon their back that would raiſe a confounded wale. After having cauſed the quarrellers to be arreſted, and having blotted a great quantity of paper in declarations, charges, and diſcharges, when there was no pretext left to ſqueeze any thing farther out of the poor devils, he himſelf ſolicited them privately to make the affair up, and loading each ſide pretty handſomely with coſts, which he never remitted to any mortal, he at the ſame time filled his purſe, and was applauded by the innocent creatures with the glorious renown of a pacificator.

He was very free of giving his teſtimony upon oath, even of what he had never ſeen; and by way of eaſing the ſcruples of thoſe who might remark upon his want of integrity, he would ſay, with a goodneſs that was enchanting, that one honeſt man ought to rely upon another honeſt man more than upon himſelf; that he ought to give more credit to the eyes of others than to his own,

* The coming of a judge to enquire into the conduct of inferior magiſtrates, and hear any complaints againſt them, is called a *reſidence*.

own, becauſe theſe might deceive him; but that there was neither reaſon, nor good manners, nor even conſcience, in preſuming ſo with regard to thoſe; and finally that this was a thing which ſhewed itſelf evidently at every turn in the uſe of ſpectacles, with which a man ſees more and better than with his own eyes, when at the ſame time the ſpectacles are not his eyes; in like manner he may and ought to give credit to what he ſees with the eyes of any honeſt man, when this man aſſures him that he has ſeen it, and that the affair paſſed juſt ſo, neither more nor leſs than as he relates it. And as to the reply they might make him, that he could not be ſure whether or no he who deſired him to give his teſtimony was an honeſt man, he came off with ſaying, that he had a thouſand times heard it laid down as a principle of juſtice by the advocates, That no one ought to be preſumed a bad man till it was proved he was ſo; and that, in caſe of doubt, we ought always to preſume the beſt.

The ſilly geeſe were aſtoniſhed at hearing this doctrine, which appeared to them clearer than the light at noon; and the ſimile of the ſpectacles bound them hand and foot. To put the finiſhing ſtroke to their amazement and intire conviction, he added another ſimile with which he left them ſtupified with admiration. "It is neceſſary perhaps (he ſaid) for a ſcrivener to verify the hand-writing of an alcalde or any other magiſtrate: the alcalde ſigns the paper, and afterwards the ſcrivener teſtifies below, *Signed before me A. B. ſcrivener, &c.* Now how often does it happen that the alcalde, at the time of ſigning, is not *before* the ſcrivener, but on one ſide, or at his back; for the ſcrivener, for example, is walking about the room? And who ſhall ſay for this, that the ſcrivener is perjured if he ſwears to the

the hand-writing of the alcalde, ſaying it was ſigned *before* him? Then, if this is no falſity, why ſhould it be one to give a teſtimony of a thing not ſeen or heard, in the good faith that he deals truly who aſſures me he has ſeen or heard it? Of thoſe of my profeſſion, who ſtumble at ſuch ſtraws as theſe, one may ſay, that they have the ſcruples of Friar Gargajo.*"

By virtue of this docility, he was not only very frank in giving teſtimonies of what he had never ſeen, but, from the bounty of his heart, he oftentimes could not refuſe to give them contrary to what he had ſeen with his eyes and handled with his hands, and even did not boggle much to give oppoſite teſtimonies for each of the contending parties, becauſe, as he ſaid, he was a great enemy to the withholding conſolation from any one. This practice indeed more than once occaſioned him ſome little embarraſſment at the ſuperior tribunals, but he never came off ſo ill as he might have reaſon to fear, for he had great dexterity in the management of every thing. He was backward in giving teſtimonies only when he ſuſpected they might be prejudicial to ſome object of his predilection; and in this caſe he would ſay, that he could not give any teſtimony, unleſs he was commanded by the chief officer of juſtice; and when they retorted, that he was obliged to do it by virtue of his office, inaſmuch as every faithful Chriſtian had a right to demand his teſtimony of what he had ſeen and heard; he would tell them frowningly, that to talk thus was ſhewing their ignorance of the new Pragmatic

* A *gargajo* is the quantity of ſaliva or phlegm which is ſpit out of the mouth at once: whence the ingenious reader may form his own idea of what the ſcruples of Friar Gargajo may be.

matic Sanctions, reſpecting the office of a ſcrivener, and the poor ruſtics ſhrunk at hearing the name of *Pragmatic Sanction*, thinking that, to be ſure, it muſt be ſome excommunication of the Holy Father of Rome upon any ſcrivener who ſhould do his duty without the leave of the alcalde.

Such had been the exemplary life of the man who had made the licentiate Flechilla (as the good prieſt was called, of whom we were juſt now ſpeaking) his executor, and ordered in his will that a funeral ſermon ſhould be preached for him, as was the uſual cuſtom of the country. This Licenciate then, as ſoon as he heard Friar Gerund's ſermon on the ſacrament, was truly aſtoniſhed, and directly ſaid in his heart, "This cock ſhall not eſcape me, and any other ſhall as much preach the funeral ſermon of the ſcrivener of my town as I am now an archbiſhop." And after having heard in profound ſilence the variety of expreſſions with which they all complimented Gerund, he ſtole calmly and gently off his ſeat, and going up to our Friar, who ſtood at a little diſtance from him, gave him a cloſe embrace, and, with tears beginning to appear in his eyes from pure joy, ſaid to him with the moſt tender goodneſs, "My dear father, works are love, and not fine words; I have the appointment of a funeral ſermon for the deceaſed ſcrivener of my town, which is worth two hundred reals, and were it worth two hundred thouſand, I ſhould lay it, with two hundred thouſand loves, at the diſpoſition of your paternity. The ſcrivener, now with God, certainly was not a canonizable man, but difficult ſubjects were made for rare geniuſes; and if that of your paternity be not a rare one, will I burn my Larraga and Piſcator de Salamanca, which is all my library."

There

There is no expreſſing the exultation which inſtantly filled the heart of Gerund, to ſee himſelf invited in that public manner and in thoſe circumſtances to a ſermon of ſuch weight and magnitude, as many a father Definer would have thought himſelf happy to obtain after the exertion of his beſt endeavours, and here did it drop into his hands without knowing, as they ſay commonly, how to write or read! From that very moment, as clean ſwept from his memory was all that had been ſaid to him by his uncle the Magiſtral as if he had never heard it, and he now looked upon the ſaid Magiſtral to be ſo much beneath him, that he only not pitied him; but notwithſtanding, he reſolved to ſhew him an outward reſpect in conformity to the important leſſon of his beloved friend.

He told the licentiate Flechilla in anſwer, that he was exceedingly obliged to him for his partial opinion and favourable preference, and that he gratefully accepted of the apointment on his part, provided, he ſhould have the beneplacito and benediction of his ſuperior, which he doubted not he would beſtow, with many acknowledgments to the licentiate for the honour he did the order in the perſon of its minuteſt individual. There are thoſe who ſay he anſwered thus, in theſe very words, though ſo foreign to his uſual ſtyle; but there are not wanting others who contradict it, reſting upon this very argument, and perſuaded that the expreſſions were more polite than what correſponded to his breeding, and to the idea of ſpeaking, which he had formed to himſelf as well in his private converſations as his public function. As for our parts we preſume not to take a ſide on this intricate point of criticiſm; however we are inclined to believe, that though

though the ſubſtance and meaning of the anſwer might be of Friar Gerund, yet that the dreſſing of it and the words were of the curious author who made the notes whence we draw theſe punctual informations.

Be it as it will, this is certain, that Friar Gerund did not forget to aſk the licentiate for ſome anecdotes of the life and miracles of the defunct ſcrivener, a diligence neceſſary for the diſpoſing his funeral panegyric, and at the ſame wiſhed to be informed of the day he had deſtined for the celebration of the pompous rite. "The ſooner, father preacher, (ſaid the good prieſt) the ſooner we give the aſſiſtances to the bleſſed ſouls in purgatory, even to thoſe who may not be in ſo much want of them as that of our ſcrivener, ſo much the better; for the place is not very commodious, and to be ſure the poor things cannot have much comfort to hope for in it. To delay it through idleneſs is cruel, and can be done only by him who makes little or no reflexion upon what thoſe indeed happy but yet tormented ſpirits ſuffer; and therefore the ſooner your paternity compoſes your ſermon, the ſooner will the poor things feel the comfort of it, the ſooner ſhall I fulfil my obligation to my goſſip the ſcrivener (God reſt his ſoul!) and the ſooner ſhall we your friends and admirers have the pleaſure to be your hearers."

They agreed that it ſhould be preached within a month: Friar Gerund proteſted that ſuch a ſpace of time at leaſt was neceſſary for the compoſition of it, eſpecially as this was a ſermon, according to his opinion, of the moſt difficult and intricate kind of any, and required that he ſhould ſeek for rules and directions for the going properly about it. He had never heard a funeral ſermon in his life, nor, as he then thought, had he

he ever read one; but in that his memory was unfaithful as will be ſeen preſently. In ſhort, not to loſe time, he directly diſpatched a meſſenger to his ſuperior, begging leave to be permitted to accept the offer of this ſermon in a letter to the following purport and tenour.

"Our reverend Father,

"I preached the ſermon of the ſacrament in my own town, at the feaſt of my worthy parents, in ſuch a manner as others will inform you of, for it does not become me to tell. I can only aſſure your Reverence, that no circumſtance whatever eſcaped me; even one which took me quite unawares, that of a Gallician bagpipe inſtead of an organ, I touched; and there are not wanting thoſe who ſay that not even the bagpipe-player himſelf touched his inſtrument more ſkilfully than I did the circumſtance. I hope your paternity will pardon this piece of ſelf-praiſe, which eſcaped me unwittingly, and of which I am aſhamed, for as the man ſaid, *laus in ore proprio vileſcit.* The embraces that were given me, upon finiſhing the ſermon, are countleſs; and the decimas, the octaves, and even the ſonnets which came out upon me at table, were ſo ſuperlatively aſtoniſhing that they were enough to have turned one's brain. In ſhort, to make an end of the matter, the licentiate Flechilla, chaplain of Pero Rubio, has deſired me to preach the funeral ſermon of the ſcrivener of his town, who died a few days ago, and has left two hundred reals for the preacher. I am much more allured by the honour than the profit, and likewiſe by the hope of bringing to the convent a good ſhare of the maſſes which the deceaſed has appointed to be diſtributed. I humbly beſeech your paternity's Benedicite for preaching this ſermon, which will

will be ſome time within a month, and I ſhall keep compoſing it the beſt I can at my leiſure hours. The bearer carries with him a ſheep and three gallons of wine, which my parents beg the holy communion to accept, and to excuſe the ſmallneſs of the gift, as their good inclination has not at preſent greater power. They deſire their beſt reſpects to your paternity, whoſe life may God preſerve many years! I moſt dutifully kiſs your Reverence's hands, and am the humbleſt of your ſons and ſervants,

Campazas,
Such a day, &c.

FRIAR GERUND,
The unworthy Preacher.

The Benedicite came directly, by the return of the meſſenger; for as the Superior knew nothing of the ſacrament-ſermon, but by Friar Gerund's own account of it, the good ſoul ſuppoſed, that he had acquitted himſelf with ſome decency, availing himſelf of one of the compoſitions of the remarker upon ſtyle which he had given him, or of ſome other perſon, and thought that he might do the ſame, with regard to the funeral diſcourſe. At the ſame time, the arguments he alledged had their weight with him; the maſſes which he would probably bring for the community, were not to be deſpiſed; the ſheep and the three gallons of wine, likewiſe, deſerved ſome acknowledgement; and, in ſhort, by the abſence of a Friar a whole month from the convent, there would be, for a whole month, a mouth leſs to feed. Upon theſe accounts, he not only very willingly gave his permiſſion, but conſidering that his father's houſe was not overſtocked with books which might help him in the compoſition of a ſermon, he ſent by the ſame meſſenger

meſſenger five or ſix volumes (which Friar Gerund had left upon the table in his cell) without examining what they were, thinking, prudently enough, that, as he kept them ſo at hand, they might be his moſt favourite authors, and what he himſelf would chuſe to conſult upon this occaſion.

CHAP. II.

Friar Gerund begs inſtructions for the making of a funeral-ſermon from his friend Friar Blas, who gives him moſt divine ones.

IT would have been highly proper to have premiſed in the preceding chapter, that neither in the affair of the meſſenger, or of the letter, or of its contents, or of the ſheep, or of the wine, had the good Gerund more act or part, than the doing what he was adviſed by his friend Friar Blas. The truth of the matter was, that as ſoon as the licentiate Flechilla had recommended the ſermon to him, he was full of joy to communicate the news of his good fortune to his confidant, the incomparable predicador mayor; and putting the caſe that the predicador could not help feeling a ſpice of envy, accompanied with a grain of jealouſy, beginning to fear leſt Friar Gerund might get the whip-hand of him in point of fame, and ſtop many emoluments that would drop into his mouth, which muſt needs water at hearing, as it were to his very face, an appointment to a ſermon, of no leſs than two hundred reals, given to a ſtripling of an orator, on whom the preaching down was but juſt ſhooting forth; but, yet, when he conſidered that Friar Gerund was his diſciple, that the glory of

the diſciple reflects upon the maſter, and that even in the profit he might be a partaker, he ſtifled the firſt emotions (if he felt them) of thoſe not very honourable paſſions, and teſtifying great joy (at leaſt teeth outwards) adviſed him ſoundly to the moſt prudent meaſures, and dictated the letter to the Superior, with all the other matters which it contained.

We ſaid, and we repeat it, that it would have been highly proper to have premiſed this in the preceding chapter, becauſe, by that means, we ſhould have ſpared ourſelves the trouble to relate it now. But, beſides, that very often a poor hiſtorian forgets, and, it ſometimes happens, that whilſt he takes a pinch of ſnuff, the thought which he had at the end of his pen is flown; who knows whether or not, upon this occaſion, we have done it purpoſely, not to interrupt the thread of the narration? For our parts we are determined firmly, not to declare how it was, that we may leave the pleaſure of gueſſing at it to the curious reader.

Three natural days was the meſſenger in going and returning, during which time the gueſts, by degrees, dropped off, each one repairing to his reſpective deſtiny; the Magiſtral and the Canon to their church, the Familiar to his houſe, the Father Vicar to his nuns, the Friar and the Donado to their convents, only that the latter went firſt to the market of Villalon, as he wanted to buy ſome onions. And let them go, bleſſed of God, and may the Virgin accompany them; for certainly they were as troubleſome to poor Zotes's houſe, as to the hiſtory, which did not know what to do with ſo many perſonages! Eſpecially the Signior Magiſtral incommoded us not a little, for his extraordinary ſerioufneſs was

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not at all reliſhed by Friar Gerund, and it will be well if he did not likewiſe tire many of our readers. And now remained our Friar Gerund with his Friar Blas, alone and at their eaſe, abſolute maſters of the ſpot; and having at their devotion the uncle Anthony, the aunt Catanla, and the licentiate Quixano, who were ſcarcely ever out of their ſight or hearing.

When, behold, at the gate of the court-yard enters the deſired meſſenger, loaded with a large wallet of books, and the Superior's letter, which was as if it had been chalked out by themſelves. As ſoon as they read it their delight was ſuch, that they gave many reciprocal embraces; and Friar Blas even added, with religious confidence, a frolickſome kick and a cuff to Gerund, out of the wantonneſs of his joy. But, above all, they were highly pleaſed with the providence of the Superior in ſending the books, not only as it was a mark of the complacency with which he gave his benediction, but becauſe, in reality, without books they would have been put greatly to their ſhifts, not having by heart erudition ſufficient for ſo arduous an undertaking; and to be obliged to retire to the convent to compoſe their ſermon would have made them laughed at.

After the firſt tumult of joy was over, Friar Gerund obſerved to Friar Blas, that it would be neceſſary for them two to retire to the fields, to hold a conference at liberty upon the ſubject. "With all my heart," ſaid the Predicador; and as ſoon as they were out of the town, (which might be at ſuch a thing as ten or a dozen ſteps, for Antony Zotes's houſe was in the centre of it) Friar Gerund began to ſpeak in the following manner: "Father Predicador Mayor, your Reverence knows"———Friar Blas cut

him ſhort directly with ſaying, " My dear Gerund,

Non bene conveniunt nec in una ſede morantur
Majeſtas et amor.

Friendſhip and compliments do not lye in one ſack. Hitherto I have ſuffered this behaviour in thee on account of ſome trifling difference in age, ſince, at the moſt, I am but two and twenty or three and twenty years older than thee; but I will not now ſuffer it, at leaſt when we two are talking hand to fiſt. A man who is appointed to a funeral-ſermon of two hundred reals may very well thou—I will not ſay a Predicador Mayor of a mother-convent, but—all the Predicadors of the king. Therefore, compliments aſide! and for the future, if thou wouldſt have me love thee, treat me as another thee." Friar Gerund was docile, and it coſt him no trouble to conform; beſides which, he felt at that moment a certain ſecret vanity and complacency in ſeeing that he was permitted to treat ſo familiarly, and be upon a footing with a Whole Predicador Mayor of ſo mighty a convent as that which he belonged to; and he had even a ſort of a notion, that he could not be much inferior to one who made him in his treatment ſo equal to himſelf. He leaped the difficult boundary then at once, and without any heſitation ſaid, " Well, well, Friend Predicador, I will endeavour to pleaſe thee, and begin already."

" Thou knoweſt, that in all my life I never heard a funeral-ſermon. At Campazas they are not uſual: no perſon of conſequence died whilſt I was at ſchool with the cripple at Villaornate: Domine Zancas-largas never ſpoke a ſingle word

to

to us upon this kind of orations; neither during my noviciate, nor my ſtudentſhip, did any thing offer upon this ſubject. I have read no ſermons but the Florilegium; and in that I don't remember to have met a funeral-ſermon, or any thing in the ſhape of one; ſo that if thou doſt not lend me the light of thy knowledge, I muſt be fain to grope my way in the dark."

"Sinner that I am! (anſwered Friar Blas) what a memory thou haſt got! Not remember to have read a funeral-ſermon in the Florilegium! And canſt thou not, ſimpleton, call to mind that moſt famous ſermon preached by the author in the city Rodrigo, at the funeral honours celebrated by the regiment of Toledo for their deceaſed comrades? I do not indeed remember all its contents, but I have a very lively idea, that in general it is one of the moſt divine pieces in all that truly celeſtial work. It is impoſſible, that a more finiſhed model for the compoſing a funeral-oration, with all the excellencies of which the art is capable, ſhould ever yet have ſprung from the human underſtanding." "Thou art right, man; how loſt was I! thou art right; I now remember to have read it; and I remember likewiſe that it amazed me; for though I did not underſtand what many of the things meant, yet that circumſtance itſelf filled me with ſtupour, ſtriking ſuch an inward echo as aſtoniſhed all the faculties of my ſoul." "When we return home, (ſaid Friar Blas) I will make thee ſee, admire, and penetrate, inch by inch, into his inimitable and recondite beauties, ſince amongſt the books the Superior ſent thee, I obſerved by the binding there was the Florilegium." "But, in the mean time, (ſaid Gerund) wilt thou not give me ſome little, clever, general rules for my direction?"

" Content (ſaid the Predicador); and before all things never forget that which I gave thee on another occaſion, when I read to thee the ſermon I preached on St. Benedict of the Hill, or rather that which thou thyſelf produceſt by the ſtrength of thy own genius without my giving it expreſly. This is that of recurring always to ſome Pagan or Mythological Regiſters of Feſtivals, Menologies, Almanacs, or Calendars, and ſeeing what feſtival, ceremony, or remarkable thing was celebrated on that ſame day as thou art to preach on, and applying it intrepidly to thy ſubject, be it what it will, for that thou wilt be able to do with a marvellous facility. This is a general rule, and agrees with all kinds of ſubjects, panegyric, gratulatory, exoratory or deprecatory, funeral, and moral, even tho' thou preacheſt the very ſermon of the Paſſion itſelf, thou may'ſt avail thyſelf of it with a ſuitableneſs that is enchanting.

" But to come particularly to a funeral-ſermon, or a funeral-oration—for it is all one—it is indiſpenſible that thou directly give vent to a copious and bubbling torrent of erudition, concerning the time when this kind of homage to the deceaſed began to be obſerved; upon what occaſion the firſt inſtance of it was given by the inventors, whether Greeks or Romans; what progreſs it made in the courſe of time; and in ſhort every thing of this ſort thou canſt ſcrape together will be ſo much gold, for thou wilt immediately captivate the admiration of the audience by thy portentous knowledge." " But, the deuce take the man! where am I to find ſuch ancient and ſuch abſtruſe knowledge? Doſt thou think that every body is like thee, who ſeemeſt to have at thy fingers' ends all that ever paſſed in the world from Adam to Antichriſt; and tho'

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one ſhould mention the moſt contemptible and ridiculous things, as if one ſhould ſay *polaynas* * and *alpargatas* †, canſt immediately tell the inventor of them, with the preciſe year, month, and day, when they began to be uſed?"

"Good God, Friar Gerund, thou art as ignorant as a Donado! Haſt thou not Beyerlink, who will help thee to as much ſudden erudition as thou haſt need of, for whatever thou haſt a mind? Beſides Beyerlink, are there not the Paſſeraciuſes, the Ambroſios, Calepinos, and the Univerſal Dictionaries now in uſe in all languages, which will give thee ſuch hiſtorical and critical information upon each word, that thy memory will ſcarce contain it? It is true, the critics call this a make-ſhift learning, alluding to the water ſo called with which infants are baptiſed, when the urgency of the caſe will not admit of waiting for water that has been duly conſecrated in the church. But what is that to the purpoſe? Are not thoſe who are ſo baptiſed as ſubſtantially baptized as the Emperor Conſtantine himſelf was by Pope Silveſter:—if it is true that he was baptiſed by him, for at preſent it is altogether doubted? Then, why ſhall not the make-ſhift ſcholars be as much ſcholars as thoſe who are ſo with all the ceremonies of the order? Let them refute this parity, if they can; and as long as they refute it not, which aſſuredly they never will, laugh at all their malignant and envious expreſſions."

"Now I have it: but after having ſucked in this ſtream of erudition, which, without doubt, would do credit to any one, how am I to apply

* Stockings without feet.

† A ſort of buſkins, made of packthread or ruſhes, worn by the poor mountaineers.

it to the particular intent of my funeral-ſermon? how am I to turn it to the purpoſe of celebrating the memory of my good ſcrivener? "In a little water doſt thou drown thyſelf. I am ſurpriſed, that a man who applied whatever he had a mind ſo well to the circumſtances in the ſermon on the Sacrament and the Diſciplinant-Exhortation, ſhould be now embarraſſed by a trifle. Look ye, there are two opinions, as well as I remember, concerning the things called funeral-orations, or panegyrics on the dead. Some will have it, that the firſt inventors of this kind of eulogy were the Greeks, and even go ſo far as to name him who pronounced the firſt, who, they ſay, was Theeus, on occaſion of the interment of the bodies of the Argives. Others attribute the glory of this gracious invention to the Romans, affirming, that the firſt funeral-oration that was ever heard, was that which Lucius Junius Brutus pronounced on occaſion of the death of the chaſte Lucretia, with which he ſo inflamed the minds of the Romans againſt the Proud Tarquin, that they caſt him from his throne, and founded the republic, five hundred and nine years before the birth of Chriſt. Others again undertake to reconcile theſe two opinions, ſaying, that the Greeks were, in a rigorous ſenſe, the firſt inventors of theſe funeral eulogies, but limited them preciſely to thoſe who had been ſlain in war in defence of their country; and that the Romans were the firſt who extended them to all renowned perſonages, eminent for their virtues, though they might not be military ones, or who had done conſiderable ſervice to their country or the ſtate.

"Thou haſt no need to detain thyſelf with this uſeleſs queſtion, tho' it will be proper that thou note it by the way, that they may underſtand

ſtand thou knoweſt much more than what thou ſayeſt; and then with a gay and eaſy confidence thou ſhouldeſt add—Whether poſthumous panegyrics were conſecrated to Arms, whether they were dedicated to Letters, whether they were deſtined to whatever other virtues exalted illuſtrious men, with the higheſt juſtice are thoſe poſthumous, funeral, and cypreſſian eulogies always due to our *Domingo Conéjo* *: (that was the name of the ſcrivener deceaſed, whom God receive!) if to Arms,—behold him continually with his penknife in his hand, cutting off the heads of quills as he might have done of Moors, Turks, Jews, and Infidels! If to Letters,—who formed more or better letters, or with more airy flouriſhes in all the country! Let him that doubts examine the immenſe volumes of thoſe deeds and regiſters! If to the other heroic virtues which ſwell the trump of Fame to burſting in its broadeſt part,—let me be ſhewn in which the *non plus ultra* might not have been ſaid to be our moſt plangible Conejo!"

"Son of Satan, how clever thou art! That of Arms and of Letters is applied *ſo*—that it could not be exceeded even by the florilegiſt himſelf! But that of the virtues—how can it be applied without the devil's and the hearers' laughing at the lie? Seeſt thou not, ſinner that I am! that in the notes of the licentiate Flechilla it is ſaid plainly that the ſcrivener was a wicked man; a perjured tricking raſcal, a ſower of diſcord, a thief with a ſtrong tincture of hypocriſy?" "And doſt thou boggle at that? (ſaid Friar Blas, making faces at him behind his back.) Why, Gerund, thou ſeemeſt to me to be every day growing ſuch a cautious thing, that I am afraid thou wilt turn

* Conejo ſignifies a rabbit.

out ſcrupulous. What is there more than to chriſten his vices with the name of virtues, and thy buſineſs is done? Say that no one exceeded him in *condeſcenſion*, that few equalled him in *ingenuity*, that he was out-done by nobody in *penetration*, that he was ſingularly great in *perſuaſion*, and that in regard to *defending his right*, he was not only matchleſs, but even reached the line of nimiety. There thou haſt his vices metamorphoſed at once, and faſhionably cloathed in the garb of moral virtues, againſt which no one can have a word to ſay, and 'tis great odds but that at the end of the ſermon ſome good old woman will devoutly recommend her ſoul to the care of *the Holy Saint Scrivener Conejo*.

" And in ſhort, tho' it all run muddy, what does it coſt thee to feign in the deceaſed the virtues which may appear moſt ſuitable according to the materials thou haſt at hand; for if he had not theſe virtues, at leaſt he ought to have had them? Doſt thou think that thou wilt be the firſt who has done ſo? Many famous men have I ſeen who practiſe it at every turn, without ſpoiling their fortune by it, or loſing any of their due reſpect. There is in a certain part of the world a ſociety worthy of all veneration in which it is the cuſtom to pronounce a funeral oration for every individual of it, though he die on the other ſide of Cape Comorin. Now to think that all the members of this reſpectable body are canonizable would be an opinion ſo charitable as to exceed pure piety itſelf; yet ſcarce is there a funeral oration on any of them heard or read (for moſt of them are printed), but the hearer or reader is almoſt tempted to dedicate a *Novena* * with private

* The ſpace of nine days dedicated to the devotion and worſhip of a ſaint, in order to procure ſome particular grace or favour by his interceſſion.

vate worſhip to the holy ſubject of it, when at the ſame time their ſubjects are often ſuch, as, by whatever we could learn of them before their deaths, never wrought any miracles. And how is this done? Moſt elegantly: the orator unfurniſhes his own houſe to ſupply what was wanting in that of the deceaſed; and let him thank him for his kindneſs.

"O Lord! But this would be deceiving the public, thou wilt ſay, and a deception very prejudicial. Mere ſcruples of Friar Gargajo! Does not all the world know that the principal qualification in every good orator muſt be what is called *invention?* And what does this mean? What can it mean but that every good orator muſt *invent* that which he praiſes; for it is plain that if any thing praiſe-worthy was to be found in the ſubject of his eulogy, he who relates it does not *invent* it."

This did not ſound well to Gerund, ſeeming to have great abſurdity in it, and therefore he could not refrain from interrupting him by ſaying, "Friar Blas, I think that thou art rather miſtaken, and that thou confoundeſt *invention* with *fiction*, things in themſelves very diſtinct and diſtant. I remember that when the Domine Zancas-largas explained to us the affair of Invention he did not give it the ſenſe which thou giveſt it, but told us that Invention was that virtue or grace of the underſtanding by which the orator, wanting to magnify any circumſtance, ſought with art, ſuitable ways and means for it, which ways and means he called the *fountains of invention* (by the ſame token I ſhall ever remember theſe ſaid fountains, for they coſt me two flogging-bouts to learn them); and he ſaid that they were, firſt, *hiſtory*; ſecondly, *apologues and parables*; thirdly,

thirdly, *adages* or *proverbs*; fourthly, *hieroglyphics*; fifthly, *emblems*; ſixthly, *teſtimonies of the ancients*; ſeventhly, *grave and ſententious ſayings*; eighthly, *laws*; ninthly, *Holy Scripture*; tenthly, *the uſe and diſcreet choice of common places:* thus he explained the matter of Invention; but he never told us that the Invention of an orator conſiſted in inventing or feigning that which he was to praiſe; he rather taught us, if I don't greatly miſtake, that Fiction was the property only of the poets."

Friar Blas did not much reliſh this reply; whether it was that he was in truth inwardly convinced of the abſurdity of what he had ſaid, or whether becauſe he was bent upon maintaining his argument, and therefore ſaid to him very indignantly, "The devil take thee, and thy Domine Zancas-largas, for thou haſt Zancas-largaſſed my patience out. If this Domine Zany taught thee, that to feign was the property of the poets, it muſt likewiſe be that of the orators, inaſmuch as there cannot be a good orator who is not a poet: ſo ſays Cicero, though I don't remember where, but it is ſufficient that I ſay it; for a man is not to go with his ſleeve full of citations when he goes out to take a walk."

Friar Gerund was ſilent when he ſaw the choler raiſing in his friend, who proceeded, ſaying, "What is ſaid, is ſaid; the praiſing the deceaſed, whether in funeral orations, or poetical epicedia ſung to their honour, and the feigning the virtues, endowments, and graces which they had not, is not a thing of yeſterday or an invention of the moderns. One of the many Senecas which one meets with up and down in the libraries, I believe it was the *Tragic*, who muſt have been called ſo from his father's having been

been called the *Tragon* *, I ſay there is this Seneca who introduces the poets of his time bewailing the death of the emperor Claudius Druſus, and telling a million of exploits of him which never ſo much as entered the poor emperor's head. And however thou mayeſt fret and fume, and whether thou wilt or no, thou ſhalt hear the hymn which he pretends they made in his praiſe, and which, only becauſe I liked the rattling run of it, ſeeming to me like that of *Iſte confeſſor Domine colentis*, I got it by heart.

Fundite fletus, edite planctus,
Fingite luctus, reſonet triſti
Clamore forum.
Cecidit pulchre cordatus homo,
Quo non alius fuit in toto
Fortior orbe.
Ille citato vincere curſu
Poterat celeres; ille rebelles
Fundere Parthos:
Levibuſque ſequi Perſida telis
Certaque manu
Tendere nervum.
Qui præcipites vulnere parvo
Figeret hoſtes; pictaque Medi
Terra fugacis.
Ille Brittannos, ultraque noti
Littora ponti, et ceruleos
Scuta Brigantes
Dare Romuleis colla catenis
Juſſit, et ipſum nova Romanæ
Jura ſecuris tremere Oceanum, &c.

" I am a ſincere man, and do not like a burdened conſcience, and therefore confeſs to thee that

* A glutton.

that this was too much Latin for my grammar, and that I underſtood it only much in the lump, and as they ſay but at half-ſpeed. But God ſent me a Lecturer of our order, who, for more than three years, had been Captain of the head-form at Villagarcia, and he declared to me the contents; and, it ſeems, in this hymn the Emperor Claudius is praiſed as having been a very wiſe man, of great ſtrength, extreme celerity, and of ſo much valour, that he ſubdued the Perſians, Medes, Britons, &c. and made even the ocean obey his laws. This is what the hymn ſays; but what was there of all this? In ſhort, nothing: for I have read in an old book, without beginning or end, but of great authority, that the Emperor Claudius was a ſtupid fellow, ſo much ſo that his own mother Antonia, when ſhe would ſtrongly expreſs the ſimplicity of any one, ſaid, "He is as great a fool as my ſon Claudius." In all his reign he did nothing of utility, but eat and drank, and aſſociated with the vileſt and moſt deſpicable creatures. To be ſure his ſon Britannicus triumphed over the Britons, becauſe he took them at unawares, and there was an end of his exploits. He married four times, and would have married four hundred times, if his couſin and fourth wife Agrippina had not had a vocation to become a widow before her time, and ſent him off by a doſe of poiſon. He adopted his ſon-in-law Nero, without taking any notice of his own ſon; and here thou ſeeſt the ſum of his atchievements. Nevertheleſs the poet did beautifully well in feigning all thoſe endowments which appeared ſuitable to a great emperor and in celebrating him for them, however deſtitute of them he might have been, for this was no fault of the panegyriſt, as neither he nor any body elſe prevented him from having them. Then what reaſon

ſhall

ſhall there be divine or human why thou may'ſt not do the ſame by the Scrivener Conejo?"

"Thy arguments are ſuch (anſwered Friar Gerund) that a whole entire univerſity with every individual body and ſoul in it would not be able to take them off. They admit not of reply, and therefore I ſhall incontinently conform myſelf to thy opinion; and hence a very eaſy way occurs to me of preaching a thouſand funeral ſermons for a thouſand dead Scriveners, that may fall into my hands." "How ſo?" aſked Friar Blas.

CHAP. III.

The converſation is interrupted by the ſudden appearance of an unexpected gueſt: they join the thread of their diſcourſe again, with the reſt which will be ſeen.

FRIAR Gerund was about to anſwer him when upon turning the corner of a vineyard-hedge, they ſaw in the path which led from the famous ſpot of the mountain of Valderas a young man, about five-and-twenty years of age with all the appointments of a gay ſportſman: a little green net, with a taſſel in the middle, from under which appeared ſomewhat of his fore-top and the ſide-curls; an hat, with the flaps on the fore-part horizontal, gold and ſilver band with its roſe-knot wriggling as it were up to the top of the crown; ſhort ſcarlet jacket, with faſhed ſleeves reaching down to the waiſt; green waiſtcoat with long flaps; fine buff-leather breeches, fitting to the greateſt nicety, and as if glued to his ſkin; a gold ribbon, dangling from the fob a conſiderable way down the thigh, with a ſeal and a watch-key

a watch-key at the end; white linen ſpatter-daſhes with blue ſtripes beautiful to behold, and white ſhoes; a gun, powder-horn, and ſhot-bag, two pointers, and four partridges juſt killed, which he had in a thread-net, neatly woven, hanging from a ſilk cord, which croſſed him like a ſaſh, from the right ſhoulder to the left hip, and which he carried very gracefully, and in a ſportſman-like manner.

He was a trilinguiſt Collegian of the univerſity of Salamanca, a youth as we have ſaid about five-and-twenty, well made, ſprightly, clever, of a feſtive humour and given to be wanton, though ſomewhat quick, bold, and petulant; more than moderately imbued with polite literature, and above all with rhetoric, for the profeſſorſhip of which he was a candidate, and already had performed one exerciſe for it. He was called Don Caſimire, and was come for a few days recreation to Valderas where he had a married ſiſter whom he was very fond of, and his brother-in-law had been within an ace of being Corregidor of Villalobos. That afternoon he had come out a-ſhooting, and being fatigued and thirſty was going (for the neareſt ſuccour) to get a draught of cellar-water [wine] at Campazas, when at the corner of the hedge he met with our two Friars. He knew Friar Blas, who had gone through his courſes, well or ill, at Salamanca, though Don Caſimire was but a boy in the grammar-ſchool, and the other already a collegiate father, as the ſtrings of Theologiſts who flock to the greater and ſmaller ſchools are called.

They immediately recognized each other, for Friar Blas was not in the leaſt changed, as he was well booted with beard, and his head as well ſettled when a collegiate, as now when predicador mayor of his convent, having been rather

paſſed

paſſed his youth when he took the ſacred habit. As to Don Caſimire, it is true, he was much grown, become a man, and was very nice in his dreſs and perſon, but yet he retained the ſame features, and air of countenance, and certain vivacity of the eyes which greatly became him, as when a boy. They embraced heartily; and after the uſual effects of joy and of that croud of former remembrances which ruſh upon two old acquaintances on a caſual meeting, after having croſſed themſelves half a dozen times for wonder, with, "God bleſs me!—What a lucky chance!—who could have told me this!—Who would have thought it!" Friar Blas not omitting, "Jeſus! and how he is grown! How he is ſhot up! What a man! What a clever fellow! Let me embrace thee again!" &c. The two Friars put him between them, and the Predicador in a few words informed Don Caſimire of who Friar Gerund was, his endowments, his talents, his ſermon lately preached, the applauſes it had gained, the funeral ſermon to which he was appointed, and, in ſhort, of all the converſation they had held from the time of their ſetting out from home to the very moment of the happy meeting incluſively.

Don Caſimire paid his compliments very courteouſly to Friar Gerund, who, having anſwered to them with ſuch words as his good-nature, his breeding, and his attainments would ſupply, proceeded without delay, "Now, Signior Don Ramire"——"Caſimire (interrupted the Collegian) at your Reverence's ſervice." "I beg your pardon, Sir, (continued Gerund) but when my friend the Predicador Mayor mentioned your name I was ſomewhat diſtracted, and could only obſerve that it ended in *ire*. Now, Signior Don Caſimire, what I was ſaying to Friar Blas when we

we were favoured by our good fortune with lighting upon you, was, that a moſt ſtupendous way had occurred to me to preach though it might be a thouſand funeral ſermons for all the Scriveners whom the earth is ſwallowing. That is to go running in my ſermon through all and through each of what the rhetoricians call the Ten Fountains of Invention."

"Why this is meat and drink to me (interrupted the Collegian) and your Reverence has touched upon a ſubject on which perhaps I may ſay ſomething not quite beſide the purpoſe, for, in ſhort, this is my faculty. Whether the fountains of invention be preciſely ten, or more, or leſs, is a very queſtionable point, and your Reverence is not ignorant how much it is controverted by authors. Cicero in his *de Inventione* marks ſomewhat more; our Quintilian in his Oratorical Inſtitutions reduces them to fewer; and Longinus in his treatiſe on the Sublime, which I read tranſlated from the Greek into French by Monſieur Boileau, ſays, in my opinion with more judgment, that theſe fountains of invention cannot be fixed to a determinate number, as they will be more or leſs according to the greater or leſs degree of fecundity or power of imagination in the Orator. But there is no need to detain ourſelves about what is not clear; it ſignifies little whether the fountains be ten or ten thouſand; what is certain, is, that from ten fountains only one may derive an oratorical ſtream ſufficiently copious to form a navigable river of eloquence. And what are theſe ten fountains whence your Reverence thinks to take in your water for an happy voyage over the procellous ocean of your funeral parentation?

"With your leave, Sir, (anſwered Friar Gerund) the Scrivener for whom I am to preach a funeral

See Purſuits of Literature. p. 402.

funeral ſermon was no parent of mine." "Why, did I ſay he was?" aſked the Collegian. "You ſaid ſomething of *Parentage* (proceeded Gerund) and I thought you meant that I was deſcended from him." Without further examination Don Caſimire ſaw how weak a brother he had to deal with, but diſſembled it as much as he could; and now, with ſome more knowledge of his ground, anſwered, "Your Reverence laboured under a miſtake, occaſioned without doubt by ſome involuntary diſtraction: I did not ſay *Parentage* but *Parentation*." "Ay, well, one or t'other, there's no difference;" ſaid Friar Gerund. "Your Reverence (anſwered the bantering Collegian) ſeems diſpoſed to be jocular, and have a mind to divert yourſelf this afternoon at my expence: a man like your Reverence, who is acquainted with invention and its fountains, cannot be ignorant that Cicero calls *mortuis parentare* the performing the obſequies of the deceaſed, and that hence all that is conſecrated to their memory, whether offerings, eulogies, orations, or ſermons, is called *Parentation*." As Friar Gerund ſaw himſelf treated with ſo much reſpect, which, as it was in reality the firſt time he had ever received it, he admitted with no little pride and pleaſure, though he was ſomewhat out of countenance at being thus caught tripping, he endeavouaed to hide it, that he might not be leſſened in Don Caſimire's eſtimation; and therefore ſaid to him, with an attempt at a ſmile, "Yes, yes, I knew it well enough; but I had a mind to play the ſimpleton only for the pleaſure of hearing what you would ſay." "Then I ſay, (replied the arch wag) another time don't let your Reverence play it ſo much to the life, for you almoſt made me believe it to be real. But, to return to the queſtion, what is the firſt fountain

of

of invention remarked by your Reverence's author?"

"Hiſtory," anſwered Gerund. "Quintilian, likewiſe (ſaid Don Caſimire) fixes this as the firſt fountain: I don't know if I can remember his exact words, as it is ſome years ſince I committed them to memory, but I will try; *In primis vero*, I think he would ſay, *abundare debet orator exemplorum copia, cum veterum, tum etiam novorum; adeo ut non ea modo quæ conſcripta ſunt hiſtoriis, aut ſermonibus veluti per manus tradita, quæque quotidie aguntur debeat noſcere; verum ne ea quidem quæ a clarioribus poetis ficta ſunt, negligere.* So that Quintilian requires in every perfect orator, not only a comprehenſive knowledge of hiſtory, tradition, and even of the particular events which happen in his time, but that he ought not to deſpiſe the fictions and the fables of the more illuſtrious poets, becauſe it all ſerves to adorn what he ſays with ancient and modern examples."

"Doſt thou ſee, Friar Gerund, doſt thou ſee! (here interrupted Friar Blas, full of joy and giving him a ſlap upon the left ſhoulder) See how Quintilian approves of fables in ſermons and orations, according to the literal and deciſive text which the Signior Don Caſimire has ſo punctually repeated! And doſt thou think that the Signior Don Caſimire is a man of ſtraw? Know then that he will very ſoon be as much a profeſſor of Rhetoric in the univerſity of Salamanca as thou art Sabatine Preacher of the houſe. Now tell all the Magiſtrals of the world, and as many father maſter Prudentios as all the communities, mendicant, monaſtic, and clerical can hold, to come and argue againſt Quintilian!"

"Fair and ſoftly, fair and ſoftly, moſt reverend Friar Blas (ſaid Don Caſimire); Quintilian is inſtructing

inſtructing a profane not a ſacred orator; he gives rules for thoſe who were to ſpeak in academies, harangue the magiſtracy, make repreſentations to princes, adviſe in councils, and defend or accuſe before tribunals; he has nothing to do with thoſe who are to inſtruct, perſuade, and convince the people from the pulpit. It is true both the one and the other may and ought to avail themſelves of hiſtory with ſuitableneſs and moderation, but fiction and fable are to be uſed, with great parſimony and caution, by the former only. Thus Quintilian himſelf gives it to be underſtood, for let your Reverence obſerve the circumſpection with which he expreſſes himſelf, *ne ea quidem quæ a clarioribus poetis ficta ſunt negligere.* He does not ſay that they ſhould make a ſtudy of the fictions and fables, but that they ſhould not deſpiſe or forget them altogether. If Quintilian thinks ſo much caution requiſite in the uſe of fable even in profane orations, how highly would he condemn a profuſion of it in ſacred orations, which indeed he knew not and therefore could not ſpeak about, as he had the unhappineſs to die a pagan? But, leaving this on one ſide, for it does not belong to my profeſſion, let your Reverence tell me, father Friar Gerund, how your paternity is to make uſe of Hiſtory for the ſermon of the Scrivener."

"How? moſt elegantly! (anſwered Friar Gerund.) In the firſt place I trip me neatly to the Concordances to find the word *Scribe*, and then reading all that is ſaid in the Bible upon the *Scribes*, I fit it nicely to my Scrivener. Afterwards I go me to conſult ſome Theſaurus for the Latin for *Scrivener*, for on the faith of an honeſt man I do not know it, for no one is obliged, though he be the greateſt Latiniſt in the univerſe,

verſe, to know how all the things in the world are called in Latin." "Don't trouble yourſelf to ſeek for that (ſaid the collegian), for I will tell your Reverence: Scrivener and Notary is in Latin called *Tabularius*, and likewiſe as others have it *Tabellio*." "Excellent! (continued Gerund) I look then for the words *Tabellio* and *Tabellarius*, in the *Theatrum vitæ humanæ* of Beyerlink, and there I ſhall find every thing I can deſire about the time, and the origin, and the progreſs, and the variety of fortunes, and a thouſand other curioſities touching the office of Scrivener, from its foundation to the time at which his Theatre was written by the devout and pious Beyerlink, archdeacon of Antwerp. If I find not this word there, which is very poſſible, I ſhall have it infallibly in the Calepino of Ambroſio, augmented by Paſſeraſio."

"Stop, Sir (interrupted the Collegian); give me leave to aſk you what your Reverence means by the *Calepino of Ambroſio*, for it ſtrikes me as if one ſhould talk of the *Carabina de Ambroſio**?" "To be ſure, Signior Collegian, (replied Gerund not without an air of diſdain) the queſtion is a very deep one! Why any child at the grammar-ſchool can anſwer it, ſince even thoſe who are but in their Accidence know that *Calepino* is a Greek, Hebrew, or Muſcóvy word (I don't trouble my head which) that ſignifies the ſame as *Dictionary* or *Vocabulary*, in which, following the alphabet,

* *Carabina de Ambroſio*, (Ambroſe's gun) a proverbial phraſe, applied to thoſe things which ſerve not to the uſe for which they were deſtined. Taken probably from ſome one of that name who boaſted of keeping a gun to defend himſelf, but which was hung up uncharged and ruſty.

alphabet, one goes running through all the Latin words and is told what they ſignify in Spaniſh." "This is the anſwer I was looking for, moſt reverend Father; (ſaid the Collegian in a ſcornful tone) it is no wonder the children at the grammar-ſchool are ignorant of the ſignification of *Calepino* when the moſt reverend Fathers, the Sabatine Preachers, know it not. Calepino is not a Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, or Hungarian word, but purely Italian: neither is it the title of a work, but a patronymic of the country of the author; who was Friar Ambroſio Calepino of the order of St. Auguſtine, called ſo becauſe he was a native of Calepio in Italy, juſt as St. Nicholas de Tolentino and St. Thomas de Villanueva, Religious of the ſame order were called thus, becauſe one, though he was a native of the town of St. Angel near Termo in the marquiſate of Ancona, lived thirty years in Tolentino an epiſcopal city of the ſame marquiſate, where he died, and from his long reſidence in it took his name; the other took his from Villanueva de los Infantes where he was educated, though he was born in Fuentillana a little place diſtant three quarters of a league from that town. Now then if one ſhould mention the ſermons of St. Thomas de Villanueva, ſaying thus, we find it in *the Villanueva of St. Thomas*, would it not be ridiculous? Full as ridiculous is it, if not much more ſo, to ſay, without any motive in the world, the Calepino of Ambroſio, as if the author had put to his Dictionary the title of *Calepino*. And now your Reverence ſees, that the queſtion had more depth than you imagined. But I beg your paternity will go on, for this is only a ſhort digreſſion."

In

In this *Calepinal* rencounter did poor Gerund get a bit of a broken head; but, binding it up as well as he could, he proceeded with ſaying, "Once informed in all that the Calepino, or Dictionary of Paſſeracio, (for we won't ſtand remarking upon theſe tickliſh points) contains concerning Scriveners, I have got a notable proviſion of ancient learning to adorn my ſermon. I am well aware that a little modern erudition is wanting; but where ſhall I find it? or who could ever dream of ſuch a thing as writing the hiſtory of the Scriveners?" "Make yourſelf eaſy, reverend Father, (ſaid the Collegian) for this may not be ſo impoſſible as it ſeems. If there is a complete hiſtory, and not badly written, by John Baptiſt Thierres, of *Perukes and Peruke-makers*, why ſhould there not be one of the Scriveners? and if the Bookſellers, Binders, Copiers, and Amanuenſes have their hiſtory ſufficiently laboured by Chriſtian Schoettgen, what reaſon divine or human ſhall forbid the Scriveners to have theirs? In truth John Michael Enecius was not a great way off writing it in his work in folio, which he intitled, *De veteribus Germanorum & aliarum Nationum Signis*, Of the Signs or Marks which the ancient Germans uſed to authenticate their letters and public Inſtruments. Nor could the Father Reinerio Carſughio, who in didactic verſe taught The Art of Writing well, or the Beauty of Penmanſhip, have failed to ſuffer ſome temptation to ſing the hiſtory of Scriveners. In ſhort, moſt reverend Father, I cannot give your Paternity any certain knowledge of any hiſtory of theſe worthy gentlemen, for I have it not; but ſuch a thing as *The Hiſtory of Secretaries of State*, with their eulogies,

eulogies, arms, and genealogies, there is, by the Signior Fauvelet du Toc, which is well received."

"Son of all the devils, 'tis a treaſure! (exclaimed Friar Blas) *The Hiſtory of Secretaries of State!* oh, the ſweet book! 'tis the quinteſſence of quinteſſences! a thing more exactly to the purpoſe it was impoſſible to find; for the Scrivener Conejo was it all completely; ſince in the firſt place he was a *Secretary*, and in the ſecond *of State*, "the holy *ſtate* of matrimony," which he entered into *in facie eccleſiæ*, with the Signiora Maria Beltrana Pichon, otherwiſe called *Flat-noſe*, who is now his widow, and may ſhe be ſo many years!"*

"Moſt reverend Father, moſt reverend Father (ſaid Don Caſimire, laying hold of Friar Blas's arm) take care, for God's ſake, that you do not fall headlong: your Paternity made ſuch a ſtumble, that I wonder how you come off without a broken noſe. To be a Secretary of State is not this, nor ever dreamed of being it; and to confound Secretaries of State with Scriveners, whether King's Scriveners, or Scriveners of the

* Juſt now Conejo was expreſsly ſaid to have been a widower. Friar Gerund had never heard or ſeen any funeral-ſermon but that in the Florilegium; he ſhews preſently that he had ſeen others. In theſe and ſimilar examples the author perhaps meant to imitate Cervantes, who is ſuppoſed to have made ſeeming ſlips on purpoſe for a bait to tempt the minor critics! if, indeed, the preſent inſtance be not deſigned as a ſtroke of character in the flippant Predicador.

Society, or of the Council, &c. &c. is very abſurd, and if it was not for the innocence of the meaning, would be highly diſreſpectful. Secretaries of State are thoſe ſuperior officers who tranſact immediately with kings, form decrees, authoriſe treaties, and expedite orders in the royal name. They are called of *State*, becauſe they are concerned only, immediately with the prince, in thoſe matters which pertain to it. They are not Scriveners, an office immenſely inferior to their elevated employ; and to give them this name would be an inſolence deſerving the greateſt puniſhment, if it was not exculpated by ignonorance. Public Scriveners, authoriſed by the council for the ſervice of the community, though it is a creditable office, and exerciſed by many honeſt men, are infinitely lower, and I do not ſee how the hiſtory of Secretaries of State can ſerve to the funeral ſermon of a Scrivener."

"Signior Don Caſimire, (replied Blas, with great ſerenity) as in our community we do not read the Gazettes we are not very expert in matters ſo high as theſe. It was not my intention to offend any body: having all my life heard Secretaries called Scriveners, and Scriveners Secretaries, I thought they were one and the ſame thing; and it will be well if I did not make a miſtake the other day, when I had occaſion to write a letter to the Secretary of a certain Biſhop, and directed it, To Don Such-an-one, Scrivener to the Lord Biſhop of Such-a-place; but the letter is ſcarcely delivered yet; and if I find the Secretary laughs at this pleaſantry, he ſhall have more of it. After all, the audience before whom the Father Friar Gerund is to preach, know as much about Secretaries of State as I do;

ſo

ſo that if he talks to them about Secretaries, of whatever kind, they will have it all at the ſame price; and, I warrant him, never go to examine whether it be to the purpoſe.

"That's another ſtory (ſaid Don Caſimire,) which I have nothing to do with, who am never for putting my ſickle into my neighbour's corn. And therefore, to go on with our ſubject, pray tell me, father Friar Gerund, what is the ſecond fountain of invention noted by your Reverence's author!"

"Apologues and parables," anſwered Gerund. "But what does your Reverence underſtand by apologues and parables?" "As to apologues, I confeſs that I have not yet been able to form a clear conception of what they are; but as to parables, though of them neither can I give a preciſe definition, yet I can conceive of them with clearneſs from the parables we find in the goſpel of the vine, the fig-tree, the talents, and others."

Why look ye, reverend father, (ſaid Don Caſimire) an apologue and a parable, and a parable and an apologue, are the ſame thing; as they each mean a ſimilitude or compariſon founded in ſomewhat feigned, probable or improbable, from whence to draw a ſentence or moral maxim true and certain. As when Menemius Agrippa availed himſelf of the parable or apologue of the human body and its members, to appeaſe the Roman people, who, mutinying againſt the ſenate, had retired to the Mons Aventinus, and Menemius by his apologue reduced them again to their obedience to the conſcript fathers. The uſe of parables, even in the moſt ſerious and ſacred ſubjects is canonized for our veneration in the ex-

ample of Chriſt himſelf. Many holy fathers practiſed it with ſucceſs; and we know that St. Gregory Nazianzen ſubdued the vanity of the preſident Celuſius with the pleaſant apologue of the ſwallows and the ſwans. But, in my opinion, the judicious rule which is given by the father Nicholas Cauſino, in his very learned work of ſacred and profane eloquence, ſhould always be remembered. *Obſervandum autem erit in his apologis ne nimis ſint crebri, ne dictione nimis faceta, & quæ ad ſcurrilitatem, accedant, prætexantur; denique ut perſonam, ut locum, ut rem deceant.* The frequent uſe of parables is not to be juſtified by the example of Chriſt, who was wont to ſtring them upon one another in his diſcourſes; for we are to conſider, that in this the divine preacher, ſpeaking to an Eaſtern people, only accommodated himſelf to the taſte of thoſe who heard him. But though, under the reſtrictions ſpecified, parables may be very uſeful in doctrinal and moral ſubjects, I do not ſee how your Reverence can accommodate them to the funeral ſermon of a ſcrivener."

"Yes, (cried Friar Blas) if Friar Gerund does but know how to chip it and fit it in, I have one juſt popped into my head, that will ſuit his ſermon as if it had been cut out of the quarry on purpoſe for it, no leſs than one of the great Demoſthenes himſelf." "And what is it, reverend Father?" Aſked the collegian. "What! that of the traveller who hired an aſs at two reals a day for a certain journey in the intemperate heat of Auguſt, and every day at noon, not able to endure the power of the ſun, laid himſelf down in the ſhade of the aſs. The maſter of the beaſt, who accompanied him, held his peace;

and

and when they came to ſettle accounts, the traveller paid him twelve reals for ſix days' journey. I muſt have twelve more, ſaid the maſter. How ſo? ſaid the traveller: ſix days at two reals each make twelve complete. Very true, ſaid the maſter, but I muſt have twelve more for the ſhade of the aſs; for the agreement was only for the aſs, and not for the ſhade too."

"The apologue is a pleaſant one (ſaid the collegian) and I remember to have read it in Plutarch, attributed to Demoſthenes, who by this joke rouzed the attention of the audience which was rather flagging; but I do not ſee how the father Friar Gerund can apply it to his Scrivener." "Heavenly powers! No! Why what is there more to do than to extol the diſintereſtedneſs and integrity of the Scrivener Conejo, and ſay, that he always remitted ſomewhat of his right; for though he charged, as it was highly reaſonable he ſhould, the coſt of paper, quills, ink, and ſand, without forgetting to give his client a broad hint of leaving upon the table a couple of double reals of ſilver for his clerk, yet, notwithſtanding he mended his pen very often, that he never charged a marevedi for the knife. And here comes in the apologue of the aſs and the ſhade, which, even had it been caſt in a mould, could not have fitted better."

Don Caſimire ſmiled, and continuing his queſtions, aſked Friar Gerund, "According to your Reverence's author which is the third fountain of invention?" "*Adages.*" "'Tis a very copious fountain; but what does your Reverence underſtand by adages?" "What ſhould I underſtand? That which every old woman in the town underſtands. Adages and proverbs are the

ſame thing." "What! (ſaid Don Caſimire) can proverbs find a place in ſermons even of any kind!"

"O that's fine indeed! (cried Gerund) can they find a place! Ay, and a great place, an honourable place. Why there is nothing which more adorns, more graces them, or which is more inchanting. I have made notes of various adages which I have heard and read in ſermons, which truly amazed me, and which I think to avail myſelf of when occaſion ſerves. Where, for example, can there be a more magnificent introduction to a funeral ſermon than that in one of a grave religious, preached at the interment of a maſter of his order, who was called Friar Cuchillada and Grande, when he began with, *al Maeſtro Cuchillada y Grande*!* A proverb and equivoque which immediately ſtruck all the audience not only with admiration but aſtoniſhment. And to this day have I not recovered from the ſtupefaction with which I myſelf was ſtruck at ſo beautiful an introduction. Then what ſhall we ſay to that divine ſubject on which a moſt famous orator preached at the exequies of Don Antonio Campillo, who had been parochial prieſt of a certain church, on the belfry of which he erected a beautiful *Aguja* or ſpire at his own expence! This ſubject was, *el ſaſtre del Campillo que puſo la Aguja y el hilo*†. This is true ingenuity

* "The ſcholar gives his fencing-maſter an hit and a great one." Applied to him who preſuming to be very wiſe in any thing is corrected by one generally ſuppoſed to be greatly his inferior.

† "The taylor of Campillo (or the little field) who

nuity and every thing elſe prittle-prattle. And the other, who, preaching the ſermon of the Dumb Devil in Lent before the officers of the Holy Tribunal, began with this moſt ſuitable proverb, "*About the king and the Inquiſition, mum!* Adding, that upon this account the Devil that was ſpoken of in the Goſpel was dumb, becauſe he was before the inquiſition. And don't you think, Sir, that this might be preached tho' it ſhould be before even the Pope himſelf? Theſe examples are ſufficient (but I am ready to give you an hundred of them) to ſhew you, Sir, that proverbs may find a place in ſermons."

"I, reverend father, (replied the collegian) have not age and experience enough to meddle with theſe deep matters, eſpecially as they are not of my profeſſion, which conſiſts ſolely of what I think they call polite letters. Nevertheleſs, as in Salamanca one muſt neceſſarily have intercourſe with many great men, I aſſure your Reverence I have more than once heard various learned father maſters of all orders ſeverely cenſure thoſe preachers who in their ſermons, are given to the frequent uſe of popular and vulgar proverbs. The moſt temperate would ſay that it was an inſipid puerility; others went ſo far as to intitle it extravagant folly and ignorance; and there were not wanting even thoſe who called it frenzy, madneſs, profanation of the pulpit, and other things to this tenour. I only relate, and do not preſume to judge. What belongs to

who ſewed for nothing and found his own needle and thread." To give one's labour and be at charges beſides to ſerve others. *Aguja* ſignifies either a ſpire or a needle.

me, with reſpect to my profeſſion, is, to aſſure your Reverence that I never heard, read, or underſtood that Adages, as a fountain of invention, were ever before taken in the ſenſe in which they are received by your Paternity, that of popular proverbs." "Why then, what is to be underſtood by Adages?" "I will tell your Reverence.

"An Adage or Proverb (which are the ſame thing, as Syrecius ſays) is a ſentence, grave, worthy, beautiful, comprehended in few words, and as it were, a jewel drawn from the treaſury of moral philoſophy. On this account Ariſtotle called proverbs. "Precious reliques of venerable "antiquity, reſcued from the ruins of true "philoſophy, and preſerved in the minds of men "by their brevity, worth, and elegance." This, if I am not much miſtaken, will comprehend the Proverbs of Solomon, which differ infinitely from what we popularly call proverbs, being a collection of inſpired ſentences, truly divine, directed to the government of our actions by the rules of a moſt perfect, rational, political, and chriſtian conduct. This, reverend father, is what I have underſtood till now by Adages; which appear to me very ſuitable for the adorning an oration when parſimoniouſly employed. But as your Paternity is pleaſed to underſtand them otherwiſe, let us proceed."

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Don Caſimire forgets his thirſt: they arrive at Campazas without knowing how: the collegian remains there all night; and the point is exhauſted which was touched upon, and not promiſed, in the preceding chapter.

AS they were proceeding to the fourth fountain of invention they found themſelves arrived to their aſtoniſhment at the gate of Anthony Zotes's back-yard, having come, diverted by their converſation, by ſlow degrees, and, as they ſay, without thinking, a good half league, with their ſtops and all. The beſt of it was that when they got to the town Don Caſimire never remembered that he had a great deſire to drink, and as the ſun was now down, without making mention of either wine or water, he would return directly to Valderas. But as he had a very long league to go, as night was coming on, and as he was a man of ſuch pleaſant converſation, notwithſtanding the back-ſtrokes and fore-ſtrokes which he laid with ſo much urbanity and archneſs from time to time upon the two friars, they both urged him with ſuch preſſing inſtances to ſtay all night that at length they overcame him, under the expreſs condition that a ſervant ſhould be diſpatched immediately to Valderas that his ſiſter and his brother-in-law, the almoſt corregidor of Villalabos, might not be under any uneaſineſs upon his account.

Nevertheleſs it appears from an authentic and curious manuſcript that the finiſhing hand to determining him was put by the aunt Catanla, who

opened the gate to let the hogs in preciſely at the time that they were altercating the point of his return. When ſhe ſaw ſuch a well-looking gallant young man who came with her ſon and was treating him apparently with great civility and friendſhip; as ſhe was a good ſoul, ſhe directly took a liking to him, and, approaching nearer to them, aſked Friar Gerund in the ſimplicity of her heart, "Who is that handſome gentleman? God bleſs him!" "Signora, (ſaid the Collegian, before Gerund could reply) I am one of your moſt humble ſervants;" and in a few words told her who he was, of his accidental meeting with their Reverences, of the neceſſity of his return, and of the happineſs he had, in not having made it before he had paid his reſpects to ſo amiable a lady. But this would not do for the good Catanla, for ſhe was a ſteady woman; and therefore, bending her knees to make him a low country court'ſy, ſhe gave vent to a ſtream of ſuch ſtuff as was moſt current in Campazas:—"May your wusſhip live a thouſand years,—much at your ſarvice,—I eſteem it much,—a thouſand years, and all good ones, à greace of God,—but as for returning to-night, you muſſunt think on't,—ſon of my bowels! who could bear for to think for to let you go at the edge of night,—mayhap the wolves may eat you, choak 'um,—they eat me four good ſheep the night my ſon Gerund preach'd, and be hang'd to 'um,—no, Signior; now I am ſo lucky as to have the good fortin as to ſee you at our poor houſe you muſt ſtay this night and do penitunce wi' us,—you ſha'n't want for freſh eggs, laid this bleſſed day,—for elſe for what do I keep my hens, if it be'n't for ſich occaſhuns,—and pigeons we have always

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in the houſe,—thanks be to God for the ſame,—for my Tony has a pigeon-houſe well-ſtock'd,—if it wa'n't for the toady gardunias*, cuſs'd and excommunicated as they are—and a ſalpicon of beef, onions, and hard eggs, do I know how to make, that the king's majeſty himſelf might eat,—there's a nice bed, and nice white ſheets, like any gold, à God's mercy,—it i'n't ſo good as you deſarves indeed, but when all's ſaid and done, it ſarv'd for my couſin the Magiſtral of Leon, who will be a biſhop to-morrow—or next day." And ſaying and doing, up ſhe goes to him, and takes away his gun with ſuch gentle, winning violence, and ſuch heartineſs of intention, that the Collegian was inchanted by it, and, in ſhort, determined to ſleep that night at Campazas, taking care of the meſſage to Valderas.

Anthony Zotes received him in the ſame manner as his wife had done, having the ſame diſpoſition to be a friendly entertainer; and after the uſual compliments, made by Don Caſimire, with the free and eaſy air of an univerſity, and returned by thoſe of the houſe, with the beſt that God gave them, according to country ceremony: Anthony went to look after his men, and give them orders what they were to do the next day, Catanla to prepare the ſupper, the wenches to make the beds, and the three ſcholars, poor or rich, remained in the parlour by themſelves. "Let us now proceed with our converſation (ſaid the collegian), and I beg your Reverence will tell me what is the fourth fountain of invention which your maſter taught you.

"*Hieroglyphics*

* A ſort of ſmall fox, which deſtroys hen-roofts and pigeon-houſes.

"*Hieroglyphics and emblems*," anſwered Gerund. "Of this fountain (obſerved the collegian) ſome are for making two, on account of the difference there is between Emblems and Hieroglyphics; but it is ſo ſmall, that I am inclined to think they are in the right who reduce them to one only. Your Reverence muſt know better than I the difference there is between hieroglyphics and emblems." "I never knew it, nor have I ſtopped to examine it, (ſaid Gerund); for my part, I think the Emblems of Alciatus, and the Hieroglyphics of Picenelus, which are the only ones I have any knowledge of, are diſtinguiſhed only by the one's being a leſs and the other a larger book." "It is plain, (replied the collegian) that your Reverence, through modeſty, would hide what you know, and thence take occaſion to examine me concerning the little I have ſtudied. I will obey your Paternity's pleaſure.

"Hieroglyphics are a figurative, mute and myſterious explication of what would be given to be underſtood by means of painted or carved images, or offered to the imagination by a lively, expreſſive, energetick, verbal deſcription, to imprint on it an idea of what would be repreſented. No motto, inſcription, or word is added to the painting, or deſcription, to explain it, the curious trouble of divining its true ſignification being left entirely to the judgment and penetration of him who ſees, reads, or hears it. In an emblem there is added to the hieroglyphic, a motto or inſcription, in few words, declaring what is intended to be meant by it.

"I will give you an example—not by way of illuſtrating it to your Reverence, that would be preſuming to be a maſter where I am not worthy

to

to be a ſcholar; but that your Reverence may judge of the manner in which I conceive what I ſay, and in caſe I miſtake, you will have the goodneſs to correct my errors. The twelve ſigns of the Zodiac, or the twelve houſes which divide in equal parts that ſpace of the heavens which the ſun runs through in the courſe of the year, are ſo many hieroglyphics or ſymbols, which repreſent what commonly paſſes upon earth in each of the twelve months correſponding to the twelve houſes. The firſt is *Aquarius*, ſymbolized by a boy who is pouring water from an urn, to ſignify the great quantity of rain which uſually falls in January. The ſecond is *Piſces*, repreſented by two fiſhes, to denote that in February the greateſt part of the different kinds of fiſhes are in ſeaſon. The third is *Aries*, repreſented by a ram, and means, that March is the time that ſheep bring forth. The fourth is *Taurus*, figured by a bull, ſignifying, that in April calves are born. Next comes *Gemini*, at preſent repreſented by the twin brothers Caſtor and Pollux, and anciently by two kids, as Herodotus affirms, ſignifying, that goats generally produce twins, on which account nature has provided them with ſo great an abundance of milk.

"Theſe examples are ſufficient to ſhow the idea which I form of hieroglyphics, the origin of which is commonly attributed to the Egyptians; but I have a notion that their origin was much more ancient, inclining greatly to the opinion of thoſe who place it in the tower of Babel; though it was the Egyptians who afterwards preſerved, promoted, and extended the uſe of them, of which there can be no rational doubt. But this is not to the purpoſe.

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To ſymbols or hieroglyphics the Greeks afterwards added a ſhort motto or inſcription, to explain its ſignification, and this together they called an Emblem. They made uſe of them particularly in their armour or ſhields, as Eſchylus, Homer, and Virgil ſay; exerting all their ſkill in the brevity and pithineſs of the ſentence, which was as it were the ſpirit of the device of each. The Athenians were above all remarkable; on whom Lycon cuts a pleaſant joke, feigning, that on all their ſhields they had engraved a very ſmall fly, with this inſcription, *Till I may be ſeen:* implying, that all the Athenians were ſo valorous as to approach ſo near the enemy, that they might ſee the fly; in which caſe they muſt neceſſarily die or conquer.

"There is no doubt but that in all times, both profane and ſacred, orators have occaſionally made uſe of hieroglyphics, ſymbols, and emblems. Horus Niliacus wrote a little book upon this ſubject, in which he brings examples of it from every kind of orations. The prophets availed themſelves much of this myſterious and emphatic method of perſuaſion. The Apocalypſe is a continued ſeries of ſymbolical figures and repreſentations. St. Auguſtin, in epiſtle 119, ſays, that as the gauze and glaſs give a very particular and pleaſing appearance to the images which are viewed through them: ſo truth itſelf appears more delightful, when it ſhines from under figures, ſymbols, and hieroglyphics; of which he gives this example: "If to ſet forth the advantages which reſult from union, and the ill effects of the contrary, one ſhould ſay ſimply, *By Concord ſmall things encreaſe, by Diſcord the greateſt leſſen*;

leſſen; the naked truth would not be ſtriking, would perſuade but ſlowly; but if one ſhould add, *This is what the ancient ſages would inculcate, when they painted, with a caduceus over it, an Ant which grew to the ſize of an Elephant; and an Elephant with a drawn ſword over it, which ſhrunk to the minuteneſs of an Ant*; the ſubtilty of the invention together with the lively repreſentation of the image, makes a particularly pleaſing impreſſion on the ſoul and ſenſes, and at the ſame time that it moſt ſweetly delights, moſt efficaciouſly perſuades."

"O let me embrace you, Signior Don Caſimire, (exclaimed Friar Blas) you have ſpoke divinely! I am moſt paſſionately fond of emblems and hieroglyphics. A ſermon which ſhall begin with, *The ancient Macedonians painted, &c.* or another which ſhall ſet off with, *The learned Picenelus*, has need of nothing more to make me ready to gnaw my fingers after it. But then, what if afterwards there ſhould be added ten or a dozen citations from the Symbolical World, as many more from Lillius Giraldus, ſome from Pierius, and half a dozen choice ones ſhould be picked from Brixianus! There is not in the world gold enough to pay a ſermon ſo erudite and ingenious. I confeſs to you, Sir, that, after the Mythologiſts, my heroes are the Symboliſts and Emblematiſts. This doctrine I have always taught to my diſciple in the predicative, Friar Gerund; with theſe arms have I armed him a knight of the pulpit; theſe authors have I recommended to him,—and there are no others; all the reſt are fit only to explain the catechiſm to old women, and that is all."

"Moſt reverend father, I have already ſaid, that I am but ill qualified to give my vote in regard

gard to ſermons, and therefore I do not preſume to judge whether thoſe which are well charged with ſymbols, emblems, and hieroglyphics are good or bad. I only know that the father Nicholas Cauſino adviſes they be uſed with the ſame prudence and moderation as ſhould be obſerved with regard to Fable, Adages, *&c.* for otherwiſe the ſweetneſs itſelf will cloy, as it is certain that the moſt ingenious thoughts, if too much loaded with them, will become tireſome and diſguſting. I muſt likewiſe add, that for my part, I am highly pleaſed with what a certain duke ſaid to an orator whom he had heard preach a ſermon made up of hieroglyphics; My good Father, I would not change the ſet of prints of Don Quixote which I have in my gallery, for all the pictures in your ſermon. Such a difference there is in taſtes! Now I am ſo ſtrangely made, that whenever I hear them in their ſermons touch upon hieroglyphics, *aut dormitabo aut ridebo*, I either fall aſleep or fall a-laughing. But don't let us detain ourſelves. I ſhould be glad to know what is the fifth fountain of invention which the father Friar Gerund has ſtudied.

"*The teſtimonies of the ancients*, (replied he directly) for the confirmation of what the preacher ſays." "A great fountain, and very neceſſary (remarked Don Caſimire) eſpecially the teſtimonies and authorities of the holy fathers, as well with regard to the right underſtanding of ſcripture, as to the treating properly on manners, whether virtuous or vicious. As to the explanation of the ſacred text, I have heard very learned men ſay, that it is always neceſſary to ſupport it by the authority of ſome father or claſſic, and approved expoſitor, it being inſufferable in any preacher to

to arrogate to himſelf the authority of underſtanding or expounding ſcripture at his own caprice. And alſo I remember to have read, I don't know where, that this was one of the errors of Luther, who pretended that every one had as much authority to underſtand and interpret ſcripture, as St. Jerom and St. Auguſtin; ſupporting this arrogant, proud, and preſumptuous madneſs, by this text of St. Paul, *Unuſquiſque ſuo ſenſu abundet.* In regard to Manners, it is well known what weight is given to what is ſaid by any authority or teſtimony of the holy fathers; and alſo when any hiſtorical or philological matter is touched on, eſpecially if it be ſomething ſingular and little known, an ornament and recommendation is given to the diſcourſe by the citation of it, and even by the words of the author who relates it."

"I have a reaſon (ſaid Friar Gerund) for being ſo delighted as I am with the ſermons, whoſe bodies are well charged with Latin, and their margins crammed full of references and citations: for by only looking upon a ſermon printed in this form, without reading a word of it, I am firmly perſuaded that it is a moſt learned and profound one. But on the contrary, now-a-days there is a faſhion of uſing and even printing ſermons from one end to the other, of which one ſhall ſcarcely ſee four lines of Italics, and their margins as clean and unconſcious of a letter, as an eunuch's chin is of an hair, that it makes one ſick to ſee them. What is to be hoped for from ſuch ſermons? I never had the patience to read one of them."

"But I have, (ſaid Friar Blas); for my ſins did one of them fall into my hands the other day, the

the funeral-ſermon preached by the licentiate Don Franciſco Alexandro de Bocanegra, upon the Queen of Portugal, on occaſion of the honours conſecrated to her memory by the city of Almeria, and I ſummoned phlegm enough to perſevere in reading it *de verbo ad verbum*; but God knows what it coſt me! In the whole firſt ſix pages there is no more Latin than the words of the ſubject, *Omnis gloria ejus filiæ Regis ab intus*, repeated twice or three times; in the ſix and an half remaining pages, there are only ſeven texts of ſcripture cited, and of two of them the words are not given; thoſe of the other five which are expreſſed make in all but ſix lines and an half. Now go ſtuff yourſelves, ye gluttons of erudition! The holy fathers he leaves at their eaſe; once only cites St. Franciſco de Sales, St. Gregory, and St. Ambroſe. Expoſitors are not to be mentioned; he does indeed once cite Tirino; and in the ſame manner does he behave to the profane authors quoting no more of them than Seneca, and that but once. Then what ſhall I ſay to the ſubject? It may be all reduced to this, That the Queen loved God and her neighbour, and there is an end of the affair. The reſt is all prate, nothing but prate. And ſuch ſermons are printed! and ſuch ſermons are celebrated!"

"Stop, Friar Blas! You go too far, (ſaid the collegian, rather quickly, and not able entirely to hide his indignation, in the warmth of which he forgot his title of Reverence); I have alſo read this ſermon, for there were many copies of it came to Salamanca, where in all the communities of ſo many learned, polite, diſcreet, wiſe, and religious men, as it is notorious there are, it was

was much talked of, and, except here and there an ignorant and preſumptuous blockhead, which for our ſins there are in all ſocieties and bodies, there was not one who did not look upon this ſermon as one of the moſt ſolid, grave, eloquent, nervous, and even moſt ingenious pieces which our Spaniſh oratory has ever yet produced. It was the public opinion that it might vie with the moſt precious which the Gallos, the Radas, the Arabacas, the Rubios, the Ordenianas, and the Guerras have produced, and are ſtill producing in this our age, and this our Spaniſh hemiſphere. And there were not wanting thoſe who aſſerted it might ſtand in competition with many excellent funeral orations with which the Reverend Father Salvador Oſorio, of the company of Jeſus, majeſtically and aſtoniſhingly filled the pulpit and chapel of St. Jerom in the univerſity of Salamanca. Orations, of which if a collection were to be made, they would compoſe a body of eloquence to which nothing equal could be found in what we have yet of that kind, either in or out of Spain.

"As to the oration of the licentiate Bocanegra's having but few texts, that can be ſaid only by thoſe who are utter ſtrangers to the ſacred books. Scarce is there a ſentence, or even a word which alludes not to ſome place, event, or paſſage of ſcripture; and if the texts are not regularly cited, they are incorporated after St. Bernard's manner, with the ſubſtance of the diſcourſe. The teſtimonies and authorities of fathers, expoſitors, and profane authors, I grant, are but few, but thoſe which are brought are very pertinent.

"And who has told your Paternity that ſermons are to be crammed at random with all ſorts of teſtimonies,

teſtimonies, authorities, and citations? Is your Paternity ignorant of what a moſt eloquent orator hath ſaid, ſpeaking of authorities in ſermons: "If they are too many, if they are vulgar, if "without weight or ſpirit, they ſhow rather the "genius of a boy, who will take every thing "that offers, green and ripe, than of a learned "and judicious man."

"This ſenſible author ſays very well: "In order to fill, I will not ſay a ſermon, but an hundred folio volumes, with citations, authorities, teſtimonies, ſentences, verſes, hiſtories, examples, ſimiles, parables, ſymbols, emblems, and hieroglyphics, there is need of no more than to get together ſo many ſentence-mongers, ſo many books of apophthegms, ſo many *Polyanthea*, ſo many *Theatra*, ſo many *Theſauri*, ſo many dictionaries, hiſtorical, critical, geographical, nautical, ſo many *Bibliotheques*, and ſo many expoſitors, who run through all the common places, and taking from each what you pleaſe, the work is done." In ſhort, ſuch a wood of allegories and ſayings as are every day ſpringing in this nation, make ſuddenly erudite him who has the thickeſt ſcull, him who has the wildeſt head, him who does not know who reigned in Spain before Charles the Second. A ſermon ſtuffed with this traſh, tranſports the ſilly geeſe, amongſt whom I count many who do not think themſelves included in the number, whilſt the real learned groan inwardly, or are filled with ſhame, or with indignation, or with laughter, according to the predominant humour. More than once have I heard a man of great judgment ſay, that theſe public magazines of tumultuary erudition ought to be entirely baniſhed from the literary

literary world, ſince they ſerve only to feed drones, whilſt the truly induſtrious are periſhing with hunger. It is a problematical point which might admit of a middle term. But thus much I will ſay, that one may apply to theſe promptuaries of cheap erudition, what Ageſilaus ſaid to the inventor of a warlike machine, which any cowardly ſoldier might move, and do much miſchief with, *Papæ! Virtutem ſubtuliſti*,—O brave! with this machine you have taken away valour.

"As to what your paternity adds concerning the ſubject which the Signior Bocanegra choſe for his oration, pardon me, Sir, but there is no cauſe to cenſure it. What is beſt and moſt precious in this ſubject, is, that it is ſo ſimple, ſo natural, and ſo ſolid. Subjects rumbling, rattling, ringing; ſubjects delicate, allegorical, metaphorical, ſmybolical; and ſtill more, titles of comedies for ſubjects; old women's proverbs for ſubjects; ſuch as, *The true Phenix of Arabia*, for St. Auguſtin; *The Lion in his den*, for St. Jerom; *The Onyx*, for St. Thomas Aquinas; *The Canonized Encyclopedia*, for the ſame; *The Maximus Minimus*, for St. Franciſca de Paula; *Woman weep, and thou ſhalt conquer*, for the tears of the Magdalen; *The Knight of Alcantara*, for St. Peter of that name; *The Dead and the Abſent have no friends*, for the funeral of a biſhop; I ſay that theſe and other ſimilar ſubjects, may God have forgiven them! now ſtink, and are fallen to ſome preacherlings of the very loweſt ſort, who make a noiſe only amongſt thoſe who run after the giants and the drum. The world is now recovering from its prejudices; at leaſt the men who know any thing, never take other ſubjects

jects than ſolid, maſſy, characteriſtic, and conſequently natural ones. Such is that of the Signor Bocanegra, reſting on the two axles on which turn all the law and the virtues. The wiſe man gives no other eulogy to the beſt men, nor can there be greater, than *Dilectus Deo & hominibus, cujus memoria in benedictione eſt.* Did ſhe love God, and love man? Then ſhall ſhe be beloved of God and man, and whenever her name is repeated it ſhall be accompanied with many bleſſings;—this ſaid the orator of that moſt exemplary princeſs, and this he preſſed upon his hearers, moving the hardeſt hearts, at leaſt to a deſire of imitating her royal virtues."

As Friar Blas ſaw the collegian was ſomewhat warmed, and as he had already had ſome experience of his quick and tickliſh temper, he did not venture to reply, but contenting himſelf with hinting in general, that in theſe matters every one had his taſte, beſeeched him to proceed in examining Friar Gerund upon the fountains of invention, as he was highly pleaſed at ſeeing his friend ſo ready with his anſwers. Don Caſimire was ſoon calm, and continuing his interrogatories, begged Friar Gerund would be pleaſed to tell him what was his ſeventh fountain of invention.

"*The grave and ſententious ſayings of the ancients,*" anſwered he without delay: and the collegian proceeded, "It is a very beautiful and very copious fountain, comprehending what we call ſentences and apophthegms, which differ only in that ſentences admit a greater extenſion of words, but apophthegms ought to be confined to as few as poſſible. Sentences may be taken out of any author in which they are to be met with;

with; but apophthegms receive the greater recommendation from having been the ſayings of great perſonages, ſuch as popes, emperors, kings, cardinals, biſhops, *&c.* This diſtinction is made on the credit of Budeus, who has noted it; but I ſhall not venture to defend it in this age of ours, which is as it were infected with a rage for books of apophthegms. Such are the books which are called of *Ana*; as the *Menagiana*, the *Perroniana*, the *Scaligeriana*, the *St. Evremoniana*, the *Furetieriana*, and innumerable others, of which a pleaſant joke is made in the firſt volume of the Menagiana, in ſome ſatirical lines, all rhiming to *ana*, which I remember concludes with,

All theſe ſickening books in ana,
Deſerve a place with ipecacuanha.

" It is certain that the apophthegms collected in the books of *Ana*, are not all of them the ſayings of great perſonages, ſince there are ſome of ſuch as are very much upon the below-ſtairs order, if their wit and literature be not to be taken into the account.

" However it is not to be doubted but that the ſayings, ſentences, and apophthegms both of the ancients and moderns, are a moſt precious ornament to eloquence, when uſed with the three precautions which Quintilian recommends: firſt, that they be moſt choſen ones; ſecondly, that they be rare; and, thirdly, that they be correſpondent to the age, character, and other circumſtances of the orator. If they are trivial, they are heard with contempt; if too frequent, they weary and cloy the attention; if they are not

not accommodated to the apparent and implied circumſtances of the orator, they are laughed at: and I ſhould think there might be added a fourth quality, which is, that they be ſuitable to the circumſtances of the audience. In a village or country town, that juſtly celebrated ſentence or apophthegm which is attributed to Afrus Domicius, would be ridiculous; *The Prince who would know every thing, will have much to forgive.* What prince could avail himſelf of this remark in a ſmall town? In a ruſtic and groſs audience, that diſcreet ſaying of Plutarch would be impertinent, *God's mill grinds late, but it grinds ſmall.* How many would there be in ſuch an audience who would underſtand the metaphor? Let us go to the eighth fountain."

"That (ſaid Gerund, meaning to be witty) is to my thinking the dryeſt of all: for my author ſays, that the eighth fountain is *Laws*; and I confeſs that I have never ſtudied, and do not underſtand a word of law." "Neither have I ſtudied Laws, (ſaid the collegian) it not being my profeſſion; but it is not neceſſary to ſtudy them in order to know ſome of the moſt ancient and primitive laws, which were inſtituted in the world for the government of men, and which ſerve as a beautiful ornament on any ſacred occaſion, particularly a moral or doctrinal one. It is certain that the laws of man can never add weight or authority to the holy law of God; but it is as certain, that the underſtanding finds a particular ſatisfaction in ſeeing the divine law ſo conformable to human laws, promulgated by legiſlators, who had no knowledge of the true God.

"I recollect

" I recollect ſome, which, as to what relates to the directive, are very conformable to many precepts of the Decalogue, though they are erroneous and heathen in the doctrinal part. The firſt commandment is, to love God above all things; conformable to this is the law of Numa Pompilius, *Deos patrios colunto, exteras ſuperſtitiones aut fabulas ne admiſcento.* The ſecond * commandment is, Not to take the name of the Lord in vain; to this is very conformable the law of the Egyptians, *Perjuri capite mulctentur.* The fourth, To honour father and mother; the ſame was commanded by the law mentioned by Herodotus, *Magiſtratibus parento,* and that of the Lacedemonians, cited by Plato in his Republic, *Majorum imperio libenter omnes parati aſſuefiant.* The ſixth, againſt fornication and adultery, which were prohibited by many laws: that which Joſephus cites, *Adulterii et lecti genialis injurias vendicanto*; that of Numa, *Pellex aram Junonis ne tangito*; and the celebrated one of the Athenians, which interdicted any impure perſon from haranguing in public. The ſeventh, not to ſteal; to this alluded that law of the Egyptians,

* The firſt commandment in the Decalogue, according to the Romiſh Church, comprehends the firſt and ſecond of the Proteſtant Decalogue, expreſſing the whole affair of what the proteſtants ſo ſpin out in the ſecond commandment by this conciſe ſentence, added to that of having but one God, *Non facies tibi ſculptile ut adores illud,* Thou ſhalt not make to thyſelf a ſculpture to adore it. On the contrary, the tenth commandment in the Proteſtant Decalogue comprehends the ninth and tenth in that of the Romiſh Church, which for the ninth, ſays, *Thou ſhalt not covet thy neighbour's wife*; and for the tenth, *Thou ſhalt not covet his houſe,* &c.

" Singulis annis apud provinciarum præſides omnes " unde vivant demonſtranto, ſi quis ſecus faxit aut " unde vivat non demonſtrarit, capitale eſto."

" The uſe of theſe ancient laws, as well as of others more modern, patrician and municipal, provided it be wiſe, prudent, and ſuitable, has its grace, and likewiſe its efficacy in any ſacred oration. But to compoſe a ſermon, ſtudiouſly filled with citations of laws, canons, and conſtitutions, like one I heard from a certain profeſſor, beſides being the higheſt impertinence, is a puerile oſtentation, with a view to get the vain credit of being ſkilled in a foreign faculty. But, to have done with this, pray what is the ninth fountain of invention, according to your Reverence's author?"

" *Sacræ literæ*, (anſwered Friar Gerund very ſmartly)——Holy Scripture;" and directly added, " On this point, Sir, you have no occaſion to detain yourſelf, for I know quite ſufficient for my direction: I have taken my determination, and ſhall not alter my courſe for all that can be ſaid." " Your Reverence might have ſpared your caution, (ſaid Don Caſimire) ſince I know very well that this is a point on which it does not become me to dictate, and have not forgotten what I read a few days ago, in a certain author of my profeſſion, who, ſpeaking of holy ſcripture, ſays, " As to " what reſpects the uſe of it, this belongs to the " theologiſts, this is their inheritance, their field, " their courſe." By the ſame token, I remember, (in confirmation of what we were juſt now talking of) he laments greatly that divines ſhould take upon them the lawyer, and lawyers the divine; the one improperly citing laws, and the other gloſſing upon texts. He does not abſolutely exclude either from borrowing of the other, on account of the union

union and good correſpondence there is between the faculties, he only abominates the exceſs, the itch, and the oſtentation of it."

"Nevertheleſs your Reverence will permit me, without preſuming to give directions for the application of this fountain, which in reality exceeds the limits of my ſtudies, to make a reflection concerning it, which may be within my juriſdiction. It is certain that the holy ſcriptures were ſo highly thought of even by gentile philoſophers, that Emilius of Apamea was aſtoniſhed, at reading the firſt ſentence in the Goſpel of St. John, that a barbarian, as he called the evangeliſt, ſhould have philoſophiſed with ſo much propriety. We know likewiſe that Longinus, making a parallel between Moſes and Homer, gave the legiſlator of the Jews the title of No Vulgar Man, as he could not be ſo who had ſo high an idea of God as was evident from that expreſſion of his in the hiſtory of the creation of the world, *Dixit Deus, Fiat lux, et facta eſt*, which he propoſes as a thought truly ſublime. It is no leſs certain, that in holy ſcripture is to be found not only what *is* to be ſeen in other books, but likewiſe what is *not* to be found in any others. This being ſo, it appeared to me (according to my groſs way of judging) that holy ſcripture ought to have been the only, or at leaſt the firſt fountain of invention, to a ſacred orator; for what reaſon then does your Reverence, or your author, not only not give it the firſt place, but bring it in ſo at the tail of your account, that it is well it was not the very laſt of all?"

Friar Gerund found himſelf embarraſſed with this queſtion, which he did not expect; but his watchful and dear friend ſuccoured him at the in-

ſtant, ſaying with great ſatisfaction, " The reaſon of this is plain; becauſe the ſcriprure is a fountain at which all drink, and is ever at hand for every thirſty labourer to ſwill himſelf with, whenever he has a mind to it. A preacher who would gain reputation drinks not of the common ciſtern, unleſs it be by way of rinſing his mouth. Symbols, emblems, hieroglyphics, ſtories, ſentences, verſions, fable, theſe are to be his food, his feaſt; and at the moſt a little ſcripture, away yonder juſt at the end, may be brought in like a glaſs of water after dinner to waſh his teeth. This is the reaſon of putting ſcripture at the end of the fountains of invention, and there it muſt be put for my money.

Notwithſtanding the young collegian was not, either from his years or his diſpoſition, of the moſt ſerious caſt, nor one of thoſe who were dying for ſermons of fire and brimſtone; it is not to be told how he was irritated by a propoſition ſo abſurd, ſo mad, ſo ſcandalous. But conſidering with himſelf that he was a gueſt, and that it would not be right to diſconcert the good people of the houſe, he diſſembled his indignation as well as he could, and contented himſelf with ſaying to Friar Blas, " If I did not know that your Paternity meant to be jocular, and to ridicule thoſe preachers, who, if not by their words, yet by their works appear to think thus, I would inform the holy tribunal of this opinion." Friar Blas was about to anſwer him ſomewhat angrily, when moſt opportunely, and at the beſt time in the world, the ſupper was laid upon the table.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Friar Gerund compoſes his funeral-ſermon; and goes to preach it.

THEY ſupped, they ſlept, they roſe, breakfaſted, and took leave of Don Caſimire, who would return early to his ſport at Valderas, but would not accept of a briſk, big-bellied, cheſnut mare, which had already brought Anthony four colts and two mules, and which he offered him for the journey with all the good will in the world. The ſame morning likewiſe Friar Blas departed to look after his feigned ſick widow, taking leave of Friar Gerund till he ſhould come to hear his ſermon on the Scrivener, which he faithfully promiſed, and as punctually fulfilled at the time.

He had in reality got his foot in the ſtirrup, when Friar Gerund remembered that he had not read, gloſſed, and admired the celebrated funeral ſermon for the ſoldiers of the regiment of Toledo, by the author of the Florilegium, as he had offered to do the preceding evening, but which the meeting with Don Caſimire, and the long-continued converſation with him had blotted from their memories. And as Gerund was reſolved at all events to take the ſaid ſermon as a model for his own, but would not give himſelf up to the arduous taſk till his friend had pointed out the beauties of it; he pulled him at the inſtant by his Barragan-cloak, and calling him aſide, reminded him of this circumſtance, and conjured him by their cloſe friendſhip that he would not think of going till after dinner, and that ſhutting

themſelves up that morning, they might run over the Florilegium-ſermon together, and with one accord draw from it what appeared moſt adaptable to his own.

Friar Blas did not want entreaty, for on theſe occaſions he was of a moſt docile diſpoſition, and deſirous of obliging all the world. Friar Gerund ordered his horſe to be taken to the ſtable till the afternoon, ſaying, that they two had ſomething to conſult about that morning. They went into the parlour and locked themſelves in; Friar Blas took the Florilegium in his hand, wiped off the duſt, turned to the twenty-ſixth ſermon, and read the title as follows: "A ſacred Parentation and panegyrical Epicedium, at the ſolemn Honours with which the Regiment of Toledo endeavoured to relieve the Souls of their military Dead: an Epiſode." The title alone is ſufficient to give credit to the author: *A ſacred Parentation*; thou heardeſt from the collegian, what Parentation ſignified; ſee how ſuitable it is here! *Panegyrical Epicedium*; I have not a clear idea of what Epicedium ſignifies, I have only a confuſed notion, that it means a kind of eulogy upon the dead." "Then what more is requiſite than to look for it in Calepino? ſaid Gerund; and turning to the word, found that, *Epicedium* was *a poem upon a dead perſon before ſepulture*; at which diſcovery he was ſomewhat alarmed, and aſked Friar Blas, "Were the dead bodies then of the ſoldiers of the regiment of Toledo preſent when this ſermon was preached? Were they not yet buried?" "Go to, man; (replied the Predicador) theſe are remarks of miniature; if every thing was to be thus ſcrupulouſly ſifted, there would be no man who would venture to ſpeak in public

public with elegance. Beſides its being a proverbial phraſe, when we are ſpeaking of a dead man, whether to his advantage or diſadvantage, to ſay that we *unbury his bones*, how is the propriety in the preſent caſe affected either by the unburying of them, or their having not been buried ?"

This argument was very powerful with Friar Gerund; and his friend proceeding, added, "I do not underſtand what *Epiſode* is, but I am convinced it is ſome other beauty, like that of Epicedium. Let us ſee, what ſays the Dictionary? "Epiſodes "(Friar Gerund read) were thoſe acts, in tragedy "or comedy, recited between chorus and chorus, to "alternate muſic with repreſentation. At preſent "an Epiſode means an incident or digreſſion artful-"ly introduced into the body of a poem or other "compoſition, from which it is ſeparable." "I confeſs (added Friar Gerund) I am much confuſed. Could this ſermon be to be ſung or to be preached by the choirs, that there might be Epiſodes? Or could the ſubject be an incident or digreſſion of the ſermon, that he ſhould call it an Epiſode."

"Thou art a poor creature (ſaid Friar Blas) and very backward at what we call refinement and penetration. Perhaps in all the Florilegium there is not a more delicate or more ſuitable thought. Look ye, Funeral Sermons are preached commonly after the Maſs for the dead, and before the laſt Reſponſe, which is uſually the moſt ſolemn of all, therefore the funeral oration is properly placed between the chorus of the Maſs, and the chorus of the Reſponſe, the one ſung, the other repreſented or acted. Moreover, the intention or principal ſubject of the funeral honours is nothing, ſpeaking in a ſtrict ſenſe, but the Nocturn, the Maſs, and the Reſponſe, which are, in propriety and rigour, the only aſſiſt-

ances to the departed ſouls; but ſermons and funeral orations in themſelves are not ſo. Then what are they? They are certain digreſſions, certain incidents, which are artfully introduced into the main ſubject, and may be ſeparated from it without any detriment. Now ſee with what propriety they are called *Epiſodes.*"

"I own myſelf a poor creature, (ſaid Friar Gerund) and vow henceforth to venerate profoundly whatever I read in the Florilegium, however unintelligible it may be to me, and though it ſhould appear at firſt ſight contrary to all reaſon. But let us ſee how this ſermon of military honours is introduced." "There are two introductions, (replied Friar Blas) one is called Epiſode, and the other Introduction. The Epiſode is confined to the giving an account of the devotion and fervour with which the ancient Gentiles celebrated funeral honours, particularly military ones; to relate the origin of them; to ſet forth the apparatus and ceremonies with which they were obſerved; to determine the preciſe beginning of funeral orations; to call to mind the election of orators that was made; and finally to adapt all this with happy application to the funeral honours of the ſoldiers of the regiment of Toledo, invoking, inſtead of the muſe Euterpe, the interceſſion of the Virgin, in order to bring in the *Panegyrical Epicedium:* for the properly ſupporting each of theſe informations, authors are of courſe to be cited by cartloads, ſince in only the Epiſode, which is comprehended in little more than one page, (This is to be underſtood a folio one) there are citations from Polybius, Pauſanias, Alexander, Elian, Plutarch, Celius, Suetonius, Beyerlink, Sparcian, Macrinus, Novarinus, Appian,

in, Diodorus Siculus, and Herodotus, and from ſome of them three or four times over. This is what is properly called ſpeaking learnedly and eruditely, not to pronounce a word, or, if it were poſſible, not even a ſyllable, without its author before you, and without its Latin at the foot of the work. Every thing elſe ſeems to be the converſation of nuns, or viſits of tittle-tattle women, in which one might paſs ſix hours without hearing the name of a ſingle author.

" Thou ſeeſt plainly that all this funeral eruditi-on exactly fits any ſermon of honours, as we call them; and that thou mayeſt avail thyſelf of it for thine with the greateſt propriety, eſpecially if thou doſt not forget the hint which I gave thee yeſterday afternoon, for accommodating to Scriveners all that can be ſaid of military men. Likewiſe thou mayeſt, and in my opinion thou ſhouldeſt, make uſe of ſome of the moſt noble phraſes of the Epiſode. When thou ſhalt ſet forth the piety of the heirs of the Scrivener, who are at the expence of theſe honours, ſay, that they are as *lugubriouſly generous as colluctuouſly compaſſionate.*" " Why, man, (ſaid Friar Gerund) the licentiate Flechilla told me that the heirs are not at the expence of them, but that the deceaſed had by will expreſsly appointed a ſum to be thus expended, and therefore it is no generoſity in the heirs and executors, but a neceſſary obligation." Doſt thou heſitate at this, ſimpleton? (ſaid Friar Blas.) In ſuch times as we live in, does it appear no generoſity to thee in heirs and executors to make good the legacies and comply with the laſt will of the deceaſed? Thou art very ignorant of the world. Let us proceed:

" It is known that at a function of honours, there will be a temporary tomb* covered with black baize or ſerge, with lighted candles and branches of torches round about it. For this will come much to the purpoſe for thee, that moſt elegant ſentence, " They erected ſumptuous tombs, " grand funereal obeliſks, irradiated with lights; " and luctuated with baize, a lucid tenebrious co- " herence, which in the midſt of cold cadaverous " aſhes, vitalized the memories of the military " dead." " The firſt part of the ſentence, (ſaid Gerund) I half comprehend, but I cannot dive into the meaning of the latter." " Nor I neither, (ſaid Friar Blas) but what does that ſignify? It ſounds well, and that's enough. What follows is more clear, and thou mayeſt adapt it marvellouſly to the offering, and eſpecially if there be in it a ſheep, bread, wine, and wax, as it is the cuſtom in ſome parts to make an offering of upon theſe occaſions.

" On bloody altars they ſlaughtered innocent " victims, intended to mitigate the rigour of the " gods, they ſcattered fragrant roſes, confederating " lively colours with verdures, to ſhow the unfad- " ing memories and florid hopes of eternal felicity " to the military dead." The ſlaughtered innocent victims is as if caſt in a mould for the ſheep; the confederating the florid with the *verde*, or green, may

* A frame of wood about the ſize of an ordinary tomb, covered with black, hung round with eſcutcheons, *&c.* and placed in the moſt conſpicuous part of the church. In this the dead body is to be ſuppoſed, for the funeral-ſermons are generally preached after interment.

may be appropriated to the bread and wine; ſince bread is made of flower, and wine frequently makes a *verde* *. But the moſt brilliant clauſe in the whole Epiſode, to my taſte, is that in which, to ſet forth the piety of the regiment of Toledo to their departed brethren, he ſays, that "Sobbing "nenias ſenſibly eloquent, dirges piouſly elegant, "they ſhow in ſacrifices, prayers, and orations, the "ſuſpirated eternal comfort to their military dead." A clauſe which if thou applieſt it to the piety of the executors and heirs, will leave all the congregation ſhrinking with aſtoniſhment.

"I am ſo already with only hearing it, (ſaid Friar Gerund) and though at firſt ſight it ſeemed to me, that it would not ſuit well, becauſe I remember to have heard my beloved Domine Zancaslargas ſay, that Nenia, Neniæ, ſignified thoſe old women's tales which are feigned for the entertainment of children, or lulling them to ſleep, yet, as experience has ſhewn me that this moſt profound man ſpeaks not a word but with the greateſt propriety, even when he ſeems to be moſt wild, I would lay a wager that theſe ſame nenias have ſome other ſignification very ſuitable to the ſubject; for to tell me that he threw it in at random, is what I can never believe as long as I live. Let us ſee what the Dictionary ſays, for curioſity's ſake: "Nenia, "Neniæ, a ſorrowful air or tune, a mournful ſong "ſung in praiſe of the deceaſed." Did not I ſay ſo? What a cuckoldy fool muſt he be who condemns the author of the Florilegium without examining things well, believing that he ſays any thing which comes uppermoſt? He is a matchleſs man."

"Now

* A jolly bout, or merry-making, is called a *verde*.

" Now here he begins; (ſaid Friar Blas, overflowing with joy.) To the Epiſode follows the introduction, and though it is very ſhort, ſince it conſiſts only of a compariſon of the honours commanded by Judas Macchabeus in the temple of Jeruſalem, for the ſoldiers ſlain in battle againſt Gorgias, with thoſe which the regiment of Toledo were celebrating for theirs in the city Rodrigo, yet it does not fail to preſent us with ſome ſtrokes worthy obſervation.

" He ſays, " That the general Macchabeus, " having gained many victories, overcome his ene- " mies, and taken their ſtrong-holds, went into " the fortreſs and city of Odolla, to garriſon it; " *collecto exercitu venit in Odollam.*" Note well the word *garriſon*, which is not to be taken in the ſtrict ſenſe, in which thoſe who know little would have it; and though it was not in this ſenſe that Macchabeus came into the city of Odolla, yet as the diſcreet orator wanted a compariſon of ſoldiers that were in garriſon in a city, he deſpiſed this trifle; and he did very well, for in having ſoldiers and a city, it mattered not a ruſh to the ſubject whether they were in garriſon or in quarters of refreſhment; and that Odolla ſhould have an admirable conformity to the city Rodrigo, he met in Haye with an excellent expoſition, for this gloſſer ſays, that Odolla ſignifies, *Teſtimonium ſive ornamentum*, and what can be more ſimilar, adds the ingenious orator, to the city of Rodrigo, which the regiment of Toledo came to garriſon; " Venit in " civitatem, where waved the many-coloured mili- " tary creſts, with pious generous demonſtrations: " Odolla, teſtimonium, ſive ornamentum.

" What I do not underſtand, (proceeded Friar Blas) is, the ſignification of a text which he repeats twice

twice within the diſtance of a few lines, *Facta collectione duodecim millia drachmas argenti.* This *Collectione* ſeems to me an intricate ſort of a word: does it mean that Judas, before celebrating the honours of the deceaſed made a collation which coſt 2000 drachmas of ſilver?" Friar Gerund laughed at his friend's want of Latin, and ſaid, "Never ſtand upon that, man, for it is plain it muſt have been an error of the preſs; the author to be ſure wrote *collectione* inſtead of *collatione*, which ſignifies a contribution, which Judas muſt have required of his ſoldiers that all might bear ſome ſhare in the expence of the honours." "Ay ſo it is; (anſwered Friar Blas, and proceeded, ſaying) now comes the diſcourſe which is divided into four *Scenes*.

"*Scene the firſt.*"——"Stop a moment, Friar Blas, ſtop a moment, (exclaimed Friar Gerund) *Scene the firſt!* Never in my life have I heard, read, or ſeen any thing like it. Scene the firſt! what can Scene ſignify? I cannot tell; but I would venture a wager that under this word is hidden ſome recondite and elevated myſtery, ſome one of ſuch myſteries as are only to be attained to by this incomparable man. Let us conſult Calepine. *Scena, boughs of trees cut off to make a ſhade.* Did not I ſay ſo? The ſermon is a tree; the heads or arguments of it are boughs; boughs are the ſcenes, or the heads, or the arguments of a ſermon. Farther, Scenes were boughs cut off to make a ſhade: at celebrating the honours of the deceaſed, all is ſhades, or all is black, which in this caſe is the ſame thing; the tomb, the ornaments, the cloth hung before the altar, that of the book-ſtand and the pulpit, and the long cloaks of the mourners; then muſt not a funeral oration be *Shades?* And therefore to divide

vide it into *Scenes* is the ſame as to divide it into *Shades:* as if one ſhould ſay, *Shade* the firſt, *Shade* the ſecond, &c."

Friar Blas was aſtoniſhed at hearing Gerund argue with ſo much refinement, ſaying, "Why, man, what legion of cunning devils haſt thou got within thee? I beg thy pardon for having ſaid that thou hadſt no genius at refinement, for I may now ſay that when thou ſetteſt thyſelf about it, not a ſpinſter in Leon can draw a finer thread." When Friar Gerund ſaw his acuteneſs praiſed, he viſibly plumed himſelf upon it, and now with greater ſatisfaction added, "But hold, the beſt is yet to come: Calepine gives another ſignification to *Scena*, (and ſays it is the moſt general ſenſe in which it is taken) which, if I am not miſtaken, does no leſs credit to this monſter of a genius.

"*Scena*," he ſays, "ſignifies ſometimes the "theatre on which a comedy or tragedy is repre-"ſented; and at others, that part of the repreſenta-"tion which paſſes between the ſame perſons in the "ſame place." Now, may I be hanged, if there is not ſomewhat, nay a great deal, of this in theſe Scenes: read them elſe." Friar Blas read the firſt; and Friar Gerund directly cried out, "Doſt thou not ſee it? Is not the thing plain? Before this firſt ſcene, as if by way of prologue; *Parentation*, *Epicedium*, *Epiſode*, *Introduction*, and other *colluctuated lucid-tenebrious* perſonages had ſpoken; and now come on to talk *Gilbertus*, *Abraham*, *Mary Magdalen*, and *Lazarus*; and towards the end of the ſcene appear *Areſius*, *Alciatus*, and *a Poet*."

"Thou judgeſt right, (ſaid Friar Blas) but what is more to the purpoſe with regard to thee, is, that thou mayeſt apply all that is ſaid in this

firſt

firſt ſcene to the ſermon of honours thou haſt in hand, or any other on the ſubject that may offer, juſt as it was applied to the function of the regiment of Toledo. For in ſhort, in this ſcene there is only ſet forth the common-place on true friendſhip, which conſiſts in the true friend's being found to be the ſame in all varieties of fortune, in proſperity and adverſity, in life and death. And as in every ſermon of honours the living friends remember their dead friends, to every ſermon of honours come moſt willingly Abraham, Mary Magdalen, Lazarus, and the reſt who did the ſame, or to whom the ſame was done. Let us go to the ſecond ſcene, which in my opinion ought to be ſet in gold."

"In gold! (ſaid Gerund, when he had heard it) this ſcene ought to be ſet in rubies, in diamonds! The meeting with that circumſtance of the Calcea, which the Athenians conſecrated to Vulcan on the twenty-ſecond day of October, to induce him to mitigate the *rigorous voracity* of his flames, and with that of the *Pyrithea* which the Perſians offered to the ſun on the ſame day, "incending pyres and "tumulcating aſhes, the circuit of which was ho-"noured by the prieſts endeavouring the relief and "comfort of the deceaſed," is one of thoſe moſt happy hits which offer only to this preacher of all preachers. I apprehend that the *calcea ſacra* might be ſome iron ſhoe, ſince it was conſecrated to Vulcan and Mulciber, the tutelary gods of forges and all iron work; iron ſhoes are uſed only by beaſts of burthen, therefore it is natural to ſuppoſe that the *calcea ſacra* might be an horſe-ſhoe. On the other hand, the *pyrithea* might be ſomething derived from *pyrites*, or the fire-ſtone, which muſt mean a flint for a tinder-box or gun. Now where in the whole world could be

be found any thing more ſuitable for the honours of the deceaſed ſoldiers of a regiment? For a regiment is either of calvary or infantry; if of cavalry, there's the horſe-ſhoe; if of infantry, the gun-flint; how to an hair!"

"And does it appear to thee (ſaid Friar Blas) that the eagle which "antiquity fixed for a device "on the tombs of Ariſtomenes and Plato," was more divinely appropriated than the "imperial "eagle fixed as a royal device on the tombs of "their comrades by the regiment of Toledo?" "This comes ſo natural, (ſaid Friar Gerund) that it ſeems as if Beyerlink had written it for the very purpoſe. I intend likewiſe to accommodate it to my ſermon; for the arms of a Scrivener are a pen and an inkhorn in a white field; ſuch excellent pens there are not again in the world as thoſe made from the quills of eagles; and moreover, the eagle is *a bird of prey*, which admirably facilitates an occaſion for a joke, ever of great propriety and beauty in a ſermon."

"But for God's ſake do not forget (ſaid Friar Blas) to bring in one moſt particularly brilliant ſentence amongſt others in this ſcene. The orator, in order to introduce the eulogy of the regiment of Toledo, writes theſe two periods worthy of braſs and marble. "Gladly would the diſcourſe now "elegantify in the heroic military exploits of this "illuſtrious regiment. I will not deny to my de-"ſire the panegyrical flattery from a ſuſpicion of "any corrubeſcence in its noble captains; for the "eagles are not ſuſceptible of ſurprize from the "whole force of the ſolar ſplendours: aſſuetis "dilector," ſays the ſymbolical. I think thou mayeſt avail thyſelf of this when thou praiſeſt the children and family of the Scrivener, as it is but reaſonable

able thou ſhouldſt do, and then will come in like a pearl the *panegyrical flattery without ſuſpicion of any corrubeſcence*, from the concluſive reaſon of the eagle's being accuſtomed to *the whole force of the ſolar ſplendours*."

"I ſhall do it without any difficulty (anſwered Gerund); for though I have a kind of a notion of ſome incongruity in the panegyriſt himſelf's calling his praiſes panegyrical flattery, and this, face to face, and as we ſay, in the very teeth of thoſe whom he praiſes, yet on the other hand I know that ſince it was ſaid by the author of the Florilegium, it cannot be without its myſtery, though I cannot fathom it. For the ſame reaſon it is of no concern to me that I do not underſtand the meaning of the word *dilector*, for I never remember to have read or heard it in my life; but whether it be an invention of the ſymbolical, or a correction of the Epicedium, I ought to venerate it with ſilent and profound reſpect. In ſhort ſuch trifles ought to be deſpiſed, if it were only not to let *the elegantifying of the diſcourſe*, *corrubeſcence*, and *panegyrical flattery*, fall to the ground. Let us go to the third ſcene."

After having read it, Friar Blas ſaid, "Here we are put to ſomewhat of a ſtand, for I do not ſee in this ſcene any thing which will ſerve for thy ſermon. That the Greeks, on the twenty-ſecond day of October, celebrated the *ſacra pambeocia*, in memory of the taking the city of Troy, or that on the twenty-firſt they offered ſacrifice to the goddeſs Pallas for the ſoldiers who had been ſlain in the long-protracted ſiege of that place, cannot I think be eaſily accommodated to the honours of the Scrivener Conejo.

"Do not decide too ſoon, (replied Gerund) but let us examine what ſort of thing this *ſacra pambeocia*

beocia may be, for perhaps we ſhall find ſomething that will ſuit us." They conſulted Calepine, and not having found *Pambeocia*, they tried for *Beocia*, and found that " Beotia was a province of Greece, " of which Thebes was the capital; called Beotia " from a word ſignifying an Ox, as an ox had " ſerved as a guide to Cadmus, and ſhewn him the " way to the ſpot where he founded the city of " Thebes." " Hold, hold, man, (exclaimed Gerund) for a thouſand ideas are crowding into my imagination which may be of more ſervice than thou thinkeſt. *Pambeocia* is without doubt ſomething of an ox; an ox has horns, and of theſe are made inkhorns; ſee how the *ſecretary* begins by degrees to be diſcovered. Farther; Cadmus, as I have read ſomewhere, I don't know where, was the inventor of letters; letters are ſo neceſſary to Scriveners, that there cannot be a Scrivener without them. Farther; Scriveners, or clerks to Scriveners, are in Latin called *Boeti Boetorum*, as is ſaid a little lower in this Dictionary; ſee then if Pambeocia, ox, Cadmus, inkhorn, letters, and clerks, are deſpicable materials for a ſermon upon a Scrivener. Nor do I think to paſs over in ſilence the ſacrifice to Pallas; for as dexterity is a virtue or endowment that is very laudable, it opens me a way to ſay that our Scrivener with great dexterity put the *Pala chriſtiana* upon litigants.*"

" A divine thought! an heavenly equivoque! (exclaimed Friar Blas) and it would be a pity that thou

* *Meter Pala*, is to circumvent by fraud and artifice, metaphorically from the dexterous management of the *Pala* or racket at tennis; and is brought in here by Gerund for a miſerable pun, like Friar Blas's *verde* juſt now.

thou ſhouldeſt forget it. But what I charge thee above all, is, that thou wouldeſt find ſome way of imitating one of the metaphors or allegories, or what-d'ye-call'ems, the moſt gallant and the beſt purſued that I ever expect to hear in all the days of my life. I don't know whether thou haſt obſerved it, but it is here in this ſcene, and is as follows.

" The regiment of Toledo urged by ſighs and " lamentations for their military dead ;—*aperite* " *portas !*—cloſe the blockade to the myſtic for- " treſs of glory, ſtraiten the circle reverently round " the ſacred triumphant Jeruſalem, *regnum cælorum* " *vim patitur* ;——open ſacred attacks in their " compaſſionate and generous breaſts, make breaches " in the diamantine celeſtial walls with the battery " of maſſes, prayers, and orations, *miſit Hieroſo-* " *lyman offerri pro peccatis mortuorum.* To the ſo- " vereign council of war comes the notice of the " diſtreſs of the celeſtial citadel, *exaudivit de monte* " *ſancto ſuo* ; *regnum cælorum vim patitur !* Sove- " reign Juſtice defends the entrance ; Mercy de- " claims in favour of ſurrendering up the imperial " fortreſs, *venit hora, et nunc eſt quando audient* " *mortui vocem filii Dei.* Clemency ſounds to a " capitulation ; St. John ſays, that divine juſtice " has been ſatisfied for their crimes, and ſigns " the warrant of delivery from puniſhment. This " happy and advantageous treaty in favour of the " ſouls of the regiment of Toledo is publiſhed in " the gloomy quarters of purgatory ; *mortui audi-* " *ent vocem filii Dei,* and freed from their horrible " pains, they enter triumphantly to be crowned " with glory, *et qui audierint vivent.*"

" With this moſt brilliant metaphor he ends the third ſcene, and 'faith he did wrong in not ending the ſermon with it ; and eſpecially as there wanted

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but little of the concluſion, ſince the fourth ſcene, beſides being very ſhort, has nothing in it that is ſtriking. It were a pity that there ſhould be added to this allegory ſo much as a comma or a dot. Methinks I ſee the officers of the regiment of Toledo tranſported, and, as it were, beſide themſelves, thinking of nothing ſo little as that they were hearing a funeral ſermon, but rather that they were beholding with their very eyes the ſiege of ſome city, the blockade, the attacks, the batteries, the breaches in the diamantine walls, and the call of the garriſon to capitulation, with the waving of the white flag. Only I apprehend that the moſt fearful, or thoſe who were not accuſtomed to have to do with ſouls of purgatory, might be ſomewhat ſurprized when they ſhould ſee, that inſtead of the beſiegers entering the city, the bleſſed ſouls come out of their gloomy quarters and enter it, cloathed in white, and their candles in their hands, as it is natural to ſuppoſe. Then by and by they would come to themſelves, would know the illuſion, and would find that they were not before any beſieged town, but in a church, in ſight of a tomb, offering ſacrifices for their deceaſed brethren, and hearing an orator who enchanted them."

" But, (ſays Friar Gerund) it is plain that an allegory in terms of war cannot well be accommodated to the honours of a Scrivener; however there is one even now offering itſelf to my imagination in properer terms, and which I think will not appear ill. I will ſay then ſomething to this purpoſe, elevating the ſtyle when I come to dreſs it.

" By virtue of an information *ex officio* of the Attorney-general, a warrant was granted by the chief juſtice, commanding our deceaſed Scrivener to be apprehended and impriſoned. He was ſent to the

the priſon of purgatory, leaving full power to Filial Love, as his attorney, to manage his cauſe and make his defence by an appeal from the court of Juſtice to the court of Mercy. A writ of inhibition was iſſued to ſtop all proceedings in a lower court, in a cauſe now remitted to an higher tribunal, and a copy of it given to our miſerable priſoner's attorney, who made in this ſuperior court a powerful allegation of maſſes, prayers, and orations; and, the cauſe being concluded, Mercy found that ſhe ought to command, and ſhe accordingly did command, that the Scrivener Domingo Conejo ſhould come out free, and without coſts, from the tenebrious confinement, declaring him to have ſufficiently atoned for all his treſpaſſes by the pain of impriſonment.

"What doſt thou think of the Metaphor? Will it fall ſhort of that of the Florilegium? eſpecially when I have decked it with ſuitable texts, of which I may pick and chuſe; for all the world knows that every thing that paſſes at the beginning of the other life is expreſſed in terms of law; trial, tribunal, bar, judgment, ſentence, abſolution, condemnation, purgatory being called a priſon, and hell eternal death?" "Hands to their work then, friend Gerund, (ſaid Friar Blas) and ſince we have now gone through the ſermon, and thou haſt formed thy idea, let us take a mouthful, give me an embrace, and farewell till we meet."

As ſoon as the father Predicador Mayor, Friar Blas Cebollion de la Remolach, (theſe were his names, paternal and maternal) had taken his leave, and our inextollible Friar Gerund remained alone, he thought of nothing but labouring his ſermon, availing himſelf of all the obſervations, notes, ſcholia, phraſes, and erudition they had made and admired in the ſermon of the Florilegium, keeping in view

view the rules which Friar Blas had given him, and not entirely forgetting the two long conferences they had held with Don Caſimire upon the Fountains of Invention. From all this confuſed heap of ſtuff, which was toſſed about in his fancy as by a whirlwind, he brought out at the end of a fortnight or three weeks (for on this point authors are not agreed) 'A ſacred Parentation, tragical Epicedium, lugu-'brious Epiſode, ſcenatical Panegyric,' (thus he titled his ſermon) which, in the opinion of ſome who were preſent at all the functions, far out-ſtripped the Sermon on the Sacrament, or the Diſciplinant-exhortation. He got it all, as he was wont, very well by heart; it being a maxim with him, that the principal qualification in an orator was Memory, in which he was ſo to imprint his ſermon before preaching it, that it might flow from him in an eaſy and uninterrupted ſtream, to the end that in the pulpit his attention might not be diverted from the movement of the hands in cadence, the accordant geſture of the body, the guttural management of the voice, and the concert of all the other actions, which ought to be regulated by meaſure, and as it were by a certain kind of harmonious ſymmetry.

CHAP. VI.

Friar Gerund preaches the funeral ſermon with incredible applauſe; and is appointed to preach the Holy Week at Pero-Rubio.

THE day appointed for the famous honours of the Scrivener was drawing near, and it now wanted only three days of it, when Friar Gerund, having courteouſly taken leave of all the place, and

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even of that aunt who had not come to welcome him on account of the affair of the hen, (but who was ſo pleaſed with this action of his, that ſhe immediately made friends with the good Catanla) having preſented his mother and ſiſter with each two ſcapularies ornamented with tinſel raiſed-work, and quills of white wire which looked like ſilver, with the addition to each of a St. Thereſa of clay, in a little paſteboard urn adorned with floſs ſilk; and having given a double real of ſilver to be divided between the two ſervant-maids, his wallet being well provided, and his portmanteau encreaſed by two changes of white linen, departed for Pero-Rubio in company with his father, honeſt Anthony Zotes, who wanted to ſee, as he ſaid himſelf, if his ſon was as deadly a good hand at a funeral-ſarmunt as he was at a ſacramunt-ſarmunt. His godfather, the licentiate Quixano, had been very deſirous to be of the party, and for that end had ſent for his couſin, the chaplain of Gordoncillo, (who was lately come from Leon, and brought with him a licence to hear confeſſions for ſix months) that he might ſay maſs to the people, and take care of the adminiſtration of the ſacraments during his abſence; but there is a tradition that when the ſhe-aſs was ſaddled and bridled, ready for his mounting, the piles, a diſorder to which he was ſubject, came down ſo furiouſly that it was not poſſible for him to ride, and therefore he contented himſelf with bleſſing and embracing his godſon, and ſlily ſlipping into his hand a couple of broad pieces.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, when in good peace and company the father and ſon ſallied forth from Campazas, intending to ſleep that night at their relation the Familiar's, whoſe place was not diſtant above three ſhort leagues, and was about halfway

halfway the journey. Here is found a deplorable hiatus in the hiſtory, which, after having mocked our moſt diligent and exquiſite indagation, muſt neceſſarily be left to be lamented by the curioſity of our readers; ſince, it being impoſſible but that the converſation between the father and ſon on the way muſt have been as pleaſant as it was entertaining, there is not the leaſt veſtige of it to be diſcovered in any of the archives, libraries, cupboards, bundles, or notes. We, indeed, might feign ſuch a converſation as might appear natural from the genius, character, and other circumſtances of our travellers, in imitation of thoſe hiſtorians who make no ſcruple of relating the probable for the certain, and without heſitation roundly aſſert what *might* have been, for that which *was*.

Nor could we have reaſonably been blamed for coming out with *our conjectures* in an age in which all the world come out with theirs; this term having become ſo much the faſhion, eſpecially in the books, pamphlets, and diſcourſes, publiſhed by the antiquaries, chronologiſts, inveſtigators, and experimental philoſophers, that they ſcarcely know how to make uſe properly of any other. It is not our intention to condemn this cuſtom, particularly in thoſe few in whom that is known to be true modeſty, which in others is *conjectured* to be cloaked oſtentation, ſince we are well aware that there are ſome matters which will not admit of evidence, or other proofs than ſuch as are merely *conjectural*. But our ſincerity, eſpecially in an hiſtory ſo true, well-founded, and exact as this we have in hand, will not accommodate itſelf to ſuch a practice: and, moreover, when the real materials which we have by us are ſo many, ſo well confirmed, and ſo inſtructive, it would be idle to hunt for idea ones.

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In ſhort, our travellers arrived at Freguenal del Palo, a town nor ſo large as Seville, nor ſo populous as Cadiz, where reſided the Familiar, by whom they were received in a very friendly, hearty, hoſpitable manner; for, void of all artifice and affectation, he was as frank in all his actions as ſincere in the open avowal of every ſentiment of his good underſtanding.

While ſupper was getting ready, which was not delicate or oſtentatious, but ſubſtantial and abundant, the Familiar ſaid to his couſin, with a good-natured plainneſs, "Hearkee, young Fliar, what, haſt thou bottled up as many flouriſhes to carry to Pero-Rubio, as thoũ ſpirtedſt out of that mouth of thine at Campazas?" "Pray, uncle, what would you mean to ſay by thoſe flouriſhes?" aſked Friar Gerund. "God preſerve us! man, and what did not I expleſs myſelf crear enough? Flouriſhes are thoſe intrickſies, and tanglements, and wildfires, and deviltries, and trade, with which thou overwhelmedſt us all that were hearing thee like a pack of poor ignorant lay-brothers." "I underſtand you now, Sir, leſs than before." "Then let God underſtand us who made us, and forgive us our ſins. It ſeams to me that thou mak'ſt believe to be dull for the nonce, or elſe 'teant poſſibul for God, but that thou muſt underſtand me; ſenſe as for the gift of crearneſs that his Majeſty has gin me, bleſſed be his mercy: as to the tearms, I knows well enough they be'nt ſounding and trim ones, ſich as they uſe in cities; but to tell me that they ben't untelligibul,——doant let us talk of that, for 'tis breaking our heads to no porpoſe, and thou underſtandſt um too as well as the ſon of my mother."

"If, Sir, you mean by flouriſhes, erudition, ſubtle thoughts, equivoques, acuteneſs, wit, and ele-

vated and harmonious ſtyle, there is a ſufficient ſtock of this in the ſermon I have prepared, and always will be, as long as God does not take away my ſenſes, in every ſermon I ſhall preach." "Now, doſt ſee? If I was as thee, I ſhould beg God to take away my ſenſes directly, that thou mighteſt never preach in the like way again. Thou haſt no need to talk of taking away of ſenſes: thou hadſt better talk of ha'ing them gin thee." "Sir, you are not obliged to underſtand theſe things." "But preachers are obliged in conſhunce and reaſon to preach ſoa as we all may underſtand um." "It is ſufficient that the diſcreet and cultivated underſtand them." "Then let the ſecreet and cultitated only go to hear um. But tell me, cuzzun, doſt think that there are many of theaſe ſecreet or whats-its-name men at Pero-Rubio?" "There are always ſome at every place, at however wretched a village, either of thoſe belonging to it, or of the invited gueſts, or caſual hearers. On this account ſome preachers have come badly off, who truſting they were to preach at an inconſiderable place, contented themſelves with taking the firſt thing that came to hand, and found themſelves afterwards before ſuch an audience as they little expected; and I heard a grave father of my ſacred community ſay, that every preacher of diſtinction ought to prepare himſelf to preach, even at ſuch a place as Caramanchel, as if he had to preach at Madrid."

"I doant paſſing half reliſh this doctrun, if ſo be that the revrunt feyther doant mean that a preacher ought for to be as arneſt in convarting the ſouls at Caramanchel as at Madrid; and that ſo he ought for to expleſs himſelf in ſich a way that they may both underſtand un, one as well as tother. For as to

to any thing elſe, for a preacher to go to Caramanchel, and I ſuppoaſe 'tis the ſame if he goes to Ciſterniga, (for that is a cumpariſon too) with his frowery trinkums and trickſies, becauſe ſome folks from the city might come to hear him; 'tis nothing but ſmoak, and nonſenſe, and *lauſt de Chriſte* *.

" But, leaving one thing for another, ſhan't we know, what were the vartues of this Scrivener thou goeſt to preach upon?" " There is no need to preach his virtues in order to preach his honours, or funeral-ſermon." " Noa! why when they preach upon the dead, in't it undiſpenſabul to ſay in what they were good, that the living may emitate their examples?" " No, Sir, nothing of that is neceſſary; for if it were they could preach the honours only of thoſe who had been very virtuous, had and held for ſuch by all who had any communication with them; but in ſome parts we ſee they preach the honours of all who leave wherewith to pay for it, without exception, and without its being at all neceſſary for this end, that they ſhould firſt have any information *de moribus et vita*, as we ſay."

" Why, 'tis unpoſſibul but that either I muſt be turned fool, or thou haſt a mind to put thy fingers in my eyes and blind me. Pray now, cuzzun, muſt not the preacher praiſe the dead man? 'Tis crear. If he praiſe him, muſſunt he praiſe him for ſome vartue? That he muſt, if he don't praiſe him for his wickedneſs and ſins. Now, ſuppoaſing that the dead man had noa vartue, then what will the poor Fliar have to ſay?"

* For, *laus tibi Chriſte*. The laſt words of a Reſponſe at a maſs; meant here, for, there's an end of the matter.

" Firſt of all, one may preach a ſermon of honours that will aſtoniſh the audience, without ſo much as naming the deceaſed for whom the function is performed. And that you may ſee it clearly, Sir, I will explain how this may be done. Before all things he begins ſetting forth the antiquity of the cuſtom of celebrating funeral honours to the deceaſed. Here he goes on diſcourſing about the Hebrews, about the Babylonians, about the Perſians, about the Medes, about the Greeks, about the Romans, about the Egyptians, about the Chaldeans, and in ſhort about all the nations of the world. Afterwards are examined very minutely the various methods they had of celebrating theſe honours, according to the different genius, uſages, and cuſtoms of the different countries, whether with ſacrifices, whether with bonfires, whether with pyramids, whether with obeliſks, whether with offerings, whether with entertainments, and in ſome places even with feaſts and dancing. To this follows the ſettling of when, at what time, with what motive, and in what nation a beginning was given to funeral orations or panegyrics upon the dead; and the ſails of eloquence are diſplayed upon the epicediums, upon the epitaphs, upon the dirges, upon the cenotaphs, and upon the nenias; the erudition being extended, if it is thought proper, to the tables or inſcriptions upon the ſarcophagi. The changes being well rung upon all this, ſome of the many ancient calendars are looked into to ſee what feſtival, function, ſacrifice, or other ſuch thing was celebrated on the day which is appointed for preaching the honours, and ſomething is always met with, which either this way or that, or one way or other, comes pat to the purpoſe. Finally, all theſe moſt important informations are applied with the greateſt propriety

propriety to the ſubject of the function. The bonfires to the candles and branches of torches; the pyramids and obeliſks to the tomb; the ſacrifices to the maſſes; the offerings to thoſe which are commonly made; the entertainments to thoſe which there generally are in almoſt all places; the epicediums, nenias, &c. to the ſermon or funeral oration; and it being demonſtrated in this manner by the preacher, that the piety of the preſent race of men is not a whit inferior to that of the paſt, and that the honours to the deceaſed celebrated by the moderns, are in all reſpects ſimilar to thoſe celebrated by the ancients: I ſay, by all this you ſee, Sir, how without ever naming the man, he may in due form be honoured with a *Requieſcat in pace*, meriting great applauſe and acclamations."

"To be ſure I can't deny but that thou art a well of ſcience, for thou haſt juſt now pumped up ſo many things as have quite bothered my poor brain, about the Gabylonians and the reſt o'um. But yet I muſt tell thee one thing, and that is, that all this has juſt as much to do with preaching a funeral-ſarmunt as it now rains cowcummers; and if thou thinkſt not, hear my compariſon.

"I am this year Alcalde of Freguenal. Tomorrow I ſummunſes the council of the town * to meet, to know if we ſhall watch the common meadows or not watch um. I begins wi'ſaying as how

* The office of the Alcalde here reſembles that of a church warden, and the council he calls, a veſtry, as it is open to all and proclaimed by the ringing of a bell. The common meadows (or pariſh-land) are at the direction of this council; and a watch is ſometimes ſet over them by general conſent, and at general charge, to prevent any cattle but thoſe of the pariſhoners from grazing in them.

this thing of having councils in repubrics is a very ancient thing, for that the Gabilonians, the Calderans, and the Mamalukes, had um ever ſince the time that the birds and the beaſtes talked. Then I goes an to explain myſelf upon the different ways there were of calling a council together, and I ſays for example, that in ſome parts the miniſter of juſtice went from door to door ringing a ſheep-bell; that in others it was the duty of the hog-driver to go ſounding about the ſtreets that ſame horn with which he got the pigs together; that at another place it belonged to the common-cryer to proclaim a council through the town; that in another an aſs was taught from a child to bray in ſich and ſich a manner; and that this aſs, after a deal of pains had been taken wi'un, and he was come as they ſay to the uſe of reaſon, was delivered up to the notary with the charge and the obrigation, that upon council-days he was to go braying about the place that all the neighbours might know of it, and no one ſhould plead ignorance in excuſe for not attending. Then I ſets myſelf to expraining the emportance of councils, and the great othority they have always had not only in all Europe, but throughout all Spain. Then I ſays at laſt of all, that all royal councils, if they ſhould be put upon ſhowing their nobility of lineage, muſt prove their deſcent to have been from pariſh-councils, and that as theſe royal councils are ſuperior to the audiences and the chanceries, ſince we ſee there may be an appeal from theſe to thoſe; ſo likewiſe, if the world were well governed, ought there to lie an appeal from the ſentence of the royal councils to the deciſion of the pariſh-councils. Then I concludes wi' aſking, if by vartue of all that has been ſaid we ſhould or ſhould not watch the meadows. Now tell me, Gerund, as God

God may love thee, would all this come at all to the purpoſe for reſolving of this point?"

"You are pleaſed to be very jocular, Sir; and ſo you would make a compariſon between what an Alcalde propoſes in council, and what a preacher is to ſay in the pulpit! Uncle, in councils they go directly to the ſubſtance of the matter in queſtion, and"——"And what! Do they go then in pulpits only to whoile away the time!" As Friar Gerund found himſelf rather nonpluſſed, he endeavoured to get his horſe out on the other ſide, as we ſay, and to divert the argument, replied, "Likewiſe a deceaſed perſon may be praiſed, though he has never done any miracles, or been favoured with extraordinary revelations and illuminations, or even led the moſt exemplary life. How many funeral orations have been preached in the church of God upon great captains, great conquerors, great politicians, and many men truly wiſe, but whoſe canonization was never, and probably never will be, thought of? Yet they are praiſed for their valour, their intrepidity, their preſence of mind, their military ſkill, their zeal for the glory of their princes; and, in ſhort, many other virtues which are not to be found amongſt the cardinal or the theological ones, and which are nothing to the purpoſe of a chriſtian life, ſince we know that they have ſhone forth eminently in many Pagans, Moors, and Heretics. Then why might not I in like manner praiſe my Scrivener? praiſe him at leaſt for his Sagacity, his Cunning, his Ingenuity, his Penetration, and even for the Velocity with which he wrote, the handſome letters he formed, the airineſs of his ſtrokes, and finally for the peculiar method he had of ſigning his name with a flouriſh at the bottom, at once ſo beautiful and ſo difficult that it ſeemed impoſſible not only

to forget it, but to make a tolerable imitation of it?"

"I am but a poor unlarned layman, who can only read by ſpelling, and ſlowly ſign my name in pot-hooks and hangers, leaning hard upon the pen, and cant enter into the queſtion whether it be well or ill permitted that in the church of God they ſhould publickly praiſe, and propoſe as examples to chriſtian folk, all theaſe vartues that thou talkſt of, and with which a chriſtian may ſo neatly go to hell. This is a deep point, and not for my head to fathom; and ſince thou ſayſt ſich is the cuſtum (for I ha never ſin it, as I never happened to light on ſich preachmunts) there ought to be very emportant reaſons for the permitting of it to be ſo. All that I ſays, is, that at leaſt here in the villages, where they can't preach theaſe great ſounding vartues, and where the folk are ſimple, if I was the buſhop no one ſhould have a funeral-ſarmunt preached but what had been a truly vartuous and exemprary chriſtian, I means in ſich a way as we perceive here under the doublet that a man is vartuous and exemplary. But for thee to ſay that the Scrivener was wiſe, and cunning, and engenious, and knew people's thoughts before they ſpoke, and wrote a running hand, and ſigned his name ſo as the king himſelf might ſee it; all this may be very good, but what is all this to the bleſſed ſowls in purgatory?"

Juſt at this time they came in to lay the cloth for ſupper; at which our Friar Gerund did not a little rejoice, for his uncle was driving him to extremity. Anthony Zotes had remained without; firſt, in order to ſee that their beaſts were taken care of, and afterwards in holding a converſation in the kitchen with the Familiar's wife and his little couſins, male and female, who were in all ſix, and the

the eldeſt not above twelve years old; dividing amongſt them ſome turron, comfits, filberds, and pine-nuts, which he had brought for that purpoſe, and entertaining himſelf with them all, whilſt a leg of mutton was roaſting, a large pancake with raſhers of bacon was frying, and ſome ſtewed beef was getting ready, which with ſome caveeched ſardinas, and a ſlice of cheeſe for deſſert, beginning with a *gazpacho* * with hard eggs, compoſed in all a ſubſtantial and ſolid ſupper; a plate of ſmall onions with a ſalt-cellar by their ſide, being ſet upon the table when the cloth was taken off, by way of reliſhing a bumper.

They all came into the parlour where the uncle and couſin were, and ſat themſelves down and ſupped with as much peace and joy as appetite. The Familiar and Anthony engroſſed almoſt the whole converſation during ſupper, upon ſuch ſubjects as as are uſual with farmers. The farmer aſked how harveſt was like to turn out, and what ſort of crops he had, and was anſwered by the latter, that he had had but little barley for want of rain, and that if it had not been for the three fields by the river ſide he ſhould ſcarcely have had enough for his own uſe, and next year's ſeed; that as to oats, he was pretty well off, and of wheat hoped to have a middling harveſt, for that beſides having ten loads already in the granary, there remained at the threſhing-place three loads in ſheaf, and two heaps not yet winnowed, and that there might be ſtill in the field ſuch a thing as would make a dozen or two of brown loaves."

* A *gazpacho* is a kind of poor ſoup made with bits of bread, oil, vinegar, garlick; and other ingredients; but a gazpacho with hard eggs is better than ordinary.

'Here in our country, my friend, (ſaid the Familiar) we have nothing to boaſt of, and ſome poor farmers will be almoſt at *per oſtiam ſantam unſhonen* *. Nay, there are ſome who woan't gather ſo much as they ſowed. I, bleſſed be God's mercy, am not ſo infortinate; for as the fallow I touched this year, is that which lies yonder towards Valladolid, and as that land is ſo ſpungy, it cellared up the rains of autumn, and thoſe which fell afterwards at Shrove-tide, ſo that it yielded pretty well; and about an hundred and fifty loads in all of one kind or other, I hope to have, which will encourage me to ſend Bartolo to Villagarcia, that he may begin to learn the glammar with thoſe bleſſed Fliars of God they call the Theatine feythers."

"Yes to be ſure! (ſmartly put in the aunt Cecilia Cebollona, as the Familiar's wife was called) that thoſe naſty fliars may flea him alive!" "So much the better; (ſaid the Familiar drily) for this reaſon he was born on St. Bartholomew's day, and it was my pleaſure he ſhould be called Bartolo on purpoſe that they might ſkin me him alive; for beant a fool, Cecilia, remember our proverb, Learning enters wi' blood." "Then I tell thee, (ſaid the wife) for all the rout thou mayſt make, I will never ſend my ſon to Villagarcia." "In this thou wilt do well; (ſaid the Familiar) and upon this very account, becauſe thou wilt not ſend him, I will take care to ſend him myſelf." "He ſhall go where I pleaſe, (ſaid Cebollona) for he is as much my ſon as thine." "And more too, if thou examinſt

* *Per iſtam ſanctam unctionem*, words uſed in the extreme unction; meaning here, to be at the laſt gaſp, or almoſt ruined.

examinſt the thing, (replied the Familiar placidly) ſince in ſhort, without entering into deep matters now, thou broughtſt him forth and I did not. Come, come, Cecilia, lets have a quiet meal, and no ſplitting of ſculls. I have already told thee a thouſand times that thou ſhalt have the care of the girls, and thou mayſt teach um what thou pleaſeſt, but I am determined the boys ſhall be radicated according to my fancy."

"I likewiſe had a ſtrong deſire, (ſaid Anthony Zotes who now interfered) to ſend my young Fliar here to ſtudy at Villagarcia, where I had ſtudied myſelf; but for the ſake of a quiet life with my Catanla, I ſent un to Villaornate, and I don't repent of it, for he haint indeed come from thence bald, as we ſay."

"In all parts (ſaid the Familiar) there are both good and bad, only in ſome the good are more than the bad, and in others the bad more than the good. What I obſerve, is, that they who ſtudy with the Theatines don't frighten the people out of their wits, nor throw ſtones at the ſaints, nor whiſtle the roſary, nor impudently abuſe the fliars who ſtudy by other books. There, indeed, in their arguments and ſputations, they bawl, and bellow, and roar till they are hoarſe; but afterwards, when this is over, not an angry word, they are each other's humble ſarvunts down to the ground, and as good friends as ever. This looks well in the ſight of God, and all the world; and the contrary is the very worſt of breeding. One may know thoſe who have been radicated by the one and the other at firſt ſight."

With ſuch converſation the evening paſſed away and the hour of reſt arrived, when they all retired; the gueſts taking leave overnight, as they intended

ſetting

ſetting out very early in the morning, to avoid the heat. Thus they did, leaving Freguenal at three o'clock, and getting to Pero-Rubio between ſeven and eight, before the ſun had begun, as they ſay, to warm the graſshopper and ſet its tongue a going.

It is not to be conceived with what joy they were received by the licentiate Flechilla, at whoſe houſe they immediately alighted, as it had been concerted they ſhould do when they parted at Campazas. It was the eve of the day on which the honours were to be celebrated, and in the afternoon ſeveral of the relations and friends of the deceaſed arrived, not only from about the neighbourhood, but ſome of them from conſiderable diſtances. Amongſt theſe came a reverend Benedictine Abbot, a couſin of the Scrivener Conejo, a man truly reſpectable; for, beſides being a very regular, ſerious, and devout Monk, he was a man of heroic ſtature, of a venerable preſence, of a majeſtic, and, at the ſame time mild phyſiognomy, and not only much verſed in all the ſerious and ſacred learning proper to his profeſſion, but admirably informed alſo in all kinds of polite literature; all which, joined to a moſt humane and courteous demeanour, made his converſation in the higheſt degree agreeable, and conſtituted him a complete man, gentleman, and ſcholar.

He brought with him, as a companion, a preacher of his houſe of the ſecond claſs, a young man about thirty, and the Monk for whom he had the moſt eſpecial favour; for though he was of an open, feſtive, and eaſy diſpoſition, he kept himſelf always within the bounds of religious modeſty, without ever letting the wit and pleaſing raillery with which he abounded degenerate into ſarcaſm, or ſuch ſatire as could in the ſlighteſt manner hurt even thoſe who

who were the objects of them. On this account, and for his being a young man of the niceſt honour, punctual in the performance of all duties, and docile and obſervant to every admonition, he had gained the particular eſtimation and love of the Abbot, who hoped to form him a Monk to his hand, and to his own way, that might by and by turn out an honour, not only to their own community, but to the whole Benedictine order.

Soon after the two Monks alighted there came in to viſit them, and likewiſe the preacher Friar Gerund, the parſon of Pero-Rubio. He was Archprieſt of that diſtrict, Commiſſary of the Holy Office *, and a man of ſingular corporeal and intellectual ſtructure. Of ſomewhat leſs than the ordinary height; a bulky and rather oblong head with an hoarineſs of orange mixed with grey; an epiſcopal circle, broad-ſhouldered, big-bellied, freſh-coloured, and wrinkled; ſheep-eyed, and in the circumference of them, marks or furrows imprinted by his ever-during ſpectacles, for he took them off only to read or write, or when he was alone, but in his viſits, in his walkings-out, in his public functions, he never failed to mount them. He was full-faced, though as it was plainly ſeen not with ſound fat, for at times his cheeks would fluctuate, riſing and falling like a pair of bellows. Neither was his colour conſtant; ſometimes it ſhone forth flamingly, and was at others malignantly jaſpered, or variegated with green and whitiſh clouds.

* A Commiſſary of the Inquiſition (always a prieſt) is a miniſter which that holy tribunal has in almoſt all parts, of which it avails itſelf for ſecret enquiries, informations, apprehenſions, and other charges.

clouds. His tongue was too big for his mouth, and his manner of ſpeaking, hollow, guttural, and authoritative, puffing frequently for the greater gravity. His literature was as groſs as his perſon; (but he had indeed turned over ſome books of morality; for that large head of his was well filled with the moſt ridiculous and apocryphal informations that are to be found in books; ſuch being his humour, that let them be but once printed and he took them all at a price, pouring them out in converſation with the ruſtics, as well clerical as laical, with ſuch a ſatisfaction, with ſuch a *coram vobis*, and with ſuch puffings of his cheeks, as left not the leaſt doubt of their truth and authenticity. He read gazettes and mercuries, whenever he could filch the reading of them, without coſting him a maravedi; for in matters of expence he was *ſtrictioris obſervantiæ*; and was wont to ſay, in his witty manner, that his *potra* * was ſufficient for *relaxation*. (He was very burſten.) He talked much of *Luſatia*, of *Pomerania*, of *Carinthia*, and of *Livonia*, ſaying that theſe provinces compoſed the grand *Margravate* of *Weſtphalia*, and was liſtened to with great wonder and admiration by all the clergy of the country. And as at the ſame time he was infinitely curious and inquiſitive after every thing which paſſed in every chimney-corner, a whiſperer, and a myſtery-monger, he was beheld by all in an equivocal light, ſomething between reſpect and banter, between contempt and fear.

The firſt compliments of this Signor Commiſſary were ſtill a paying when into the parlour bounced the Predicador Mayor, Friar Blas, in his riding trim, and without ſaluting any one, gallop-

ed

* *Potra* ſignifies either a mare-colt or a rupture.

ed up directly to his dear friend, and gave him as close an embrace as if he had not seen him these twenty years; and there is a tradition that whilst he was now untucking and composing his habit, the magistracy of the town were announced, and there entered the two Alcaldes, the two Regidors, the Proctor, and the Notary, for the office of Scrivener had not yet been filled up. On this day no considerable event could have taken place; or at least all our solicitude and diligence has been frustrated in the indagation of it, since in all the materials we have been able to collect, there is found only an account of what happened on the day following, the day of the function, which deserves a chapter of itself, and shall accordingly be presented to our readers in

CHAP. VII.

The same with the preceding.

SUCH a day of such a month arrived in the happy course of the year one thousand six hundred and so many; (we speak thus on account of the chronology's being somewhat confused, and it is a matter in which we would not deceive any one, even were we to be paid in gold for every uncertain information;) in Spain reigned it's most glorious monarch; the church of God was governed by the sovereign pontiff; a grave and respectable personage, canonically elected by the chapter, was general of the order, when the sun-dial of Pero-Rubio marked the hour of ten in the forenoon. This dial was made by the shade of the end of a beam which jutted out of the wall over the door of the butcher's

butcher's houſe, the only edifice in the town whoſe principal front looked directly to the ſouth. From the moment of day-break had the whole ſet of bells been ringing a dumb and funeral peal. This ſet was compoſed of two tolerably ſized hand-bells and a ſheep-bell, hung in the belfry, and ſerving to call the inhabitants to maſs: and though the hand-bells in their primitive foundation, according to a tradition from father to ſon, had been two of the moſt famous in all the country, yet by time, which conſumes all things, one had loſt its clapper, and this fault was ſupplied by an iron weight of two pounds wanting an ounce, which for this deficiency had been taken from the butcher by a judge upon his reſidence. A piece of thick packthread ſerved to hang this weight to the little ring on the inſide of the clapperleſs bell; and as the pack thread could not ſuſtain the weight whenever the bell was raiſed, but coiled itſelf at the bottom, letting the weight, after running a round or two againſt the ſides of the bell, fall upon it, it cauſed the bell to ſound much like an apothecary's mortar, when his journeyman rubs round the end of the peſtle to take off the powder adhering to its ſides. The other hand bell had relaxed a little on a certain function, when it was more than ordinarily exerted, and the ſound of its voice through this relaxation was as if it had a great cold.

But, after all, this ſignified not a ruſh to the funeral ſermon preached by our incomparable Friar Gerund; who, the hour arrived, the tomb lighted up, the Maſs concluded, the mourning cloak put on by the prieſt, and the audience compoſed, mounted the pulpit and preached his ſermon. But what ſermon? We ſpare the repetition of it as we have

have already given an exact and punctual analyſis, which may be looked upon as the anatomy of it, in the fifth chapter of this fifth book, to which we refer our readers; for our illuſtrious orator departed not a jot from that plan, nor from that ſubject, nor from that diviſion, nor from thoſe proofs. But as it is not impoſſible but that there may be here and there a reader found ſo lazy that he will not take the ſlight trouble of running over that chapter again, in no other manner (for a ſuitable ſimile is a a great ornament to diſcourſe) than as an idle prieſt gives himſelf to all the devils, whenever he meets in the Breviary with a reference to another place for any part of a particular ſervice, and rather than be at the pains to find it takes up with the firſt thing of common ſervice that ſtrikes his eye: we to obviate a like inconvenience, have thought fit to give here a brief ſummary of what we there ſaid in favour of our weak, miſerable, paltron neighbours.

Friar Gerund, then entered upon his famous oration with this clauſe which filled his groſs auditory with aſtoniſhment. "This Sacro-lugubrious "Parentation, this Tragi-ſacred Epicedium, this "Colluctuous Epiſode, and this Scenatico-Panegyric is directed to the Immortalization of him "who ſo many made immortal by the Cadmean "ſtrokes which he painted, by the impulſe of "Aquiliferous pencil, on the triturated linen's "whiteneſs, availing himſelf for colours of the black "ſweat of the warty gall ſucked into an Aerial "concave vaſe of light Pambeocian timber; *Calamus Scribæ velociter Scribentis.*" The ſatisfaction with which he delivered this firſt clauſe, and the congratulations he gave himſelf in his own heart upon this happy ſelection of words, as ſuitable as ſignificant,

ſignificant, for the vehicle of his thought, are inconceivable. " Let them come, let them come, (ſaid he within himſelf) not only to object to, but even to alter a tittle of the clauſe! Let the moſt poliſhed orator change the poſition of the words, or ſhew me any more elevated, more erudite! To call letters, the Cadmean ſtrokes; the pen, an aquiliferous pencil; paper, the triturated linen's whiteneſs; ink, the black ſweat of the warty gall; an inkhorn, an aerial concave vaſe, adding, for greater plainneſs, of light Pambeocian timber, alluding to the ox which ſhewed Cadmus the way 'till he came to the ſpot on which he founded the city of Thebes; would this I ſay be thought of by any other Sabatine preacher far or near! And ſhall there not be found more than four greater preachers, and more than two general preachers, who have not acumen for ſo much!"

He then directly plunged into the midſt of the thicket of antique origin, of immemorial cuſtom, and of the different rites and ceremonies with which in all times and in all nations the honours of the deceaſed have been celebrated. He did not forget repeated citations from Polybius, Pauſanias, Alexander ab Alexandro, Elian, Plutarch, Celius, Suetonius, Beyerlink, Sparcian, Marianes, Novarinus, Appian, Diodorus Siculus, and Herodotus, all in the ſame manner, and in the ſame order as they are cited by the Florilegium. He brought in as opportunely the moſt brilliant clauſes, as he thought them, of the never-ſufficiently-to-be-applauded ſermon of honours for the military dead of the regiment of Toledo, The " as lugubrioufly generous " as colluctuouſly compaſſionate;" the " erecting " ſumptuous tombs, pompous funereal obeliſks, ir-

" radiated

" radiated with lights, and luctuated with baize;" the " lucido-tenebrious coherence, which amidſt " cold cadaverous aſhes, vitalized the memory of " the military dead:"———only in the place of *military dead* he ſaid *Scriveners defunct*: and in that which follows; " on bloody altars they ſlaughter-" ed innocent victims, intented to mitigate the ri-" gour of the Gods,——they ſcattered fragrant " roſes, confederating lively colours with verdures " to ſhew the unfading memories and florid hopes " of eternal felicity to the military dead," he changed the two laſt words by ſaying inſtead of the *military dead*, " *of the ſtyliferous dead*," alluding to the antient cuſtom of writing with a ſtyle: but what he repeated various times, as it had ſtruck him more than any thing, was the " *ſobbing nenias* " *ſenſibly eloquent, groaning dirges piouſly elegant*; and he obſerved too that whenever he ſaid any thing of this, the audience, as it were, blew their noſes.

He was beyond compariſon more happy than the author of the Florilegium, in availing himſelf of the Expoſition of Haye upon the ſignification of *Odolla*, the city in which Judas Macchabeus decreed the funeral honour to his deceaſed ſoldiers. Haye ſays that *Odolla* is, being interpreted, *Teſtimonium ſive ornamentum*, teſtimony or ornament: the author of the Florilegium applied the " Ornament" to his purpoſe, but not the " Teſtimony;" for as lace, fringes, and *guarnicion* * are called the ornament of a garment, ſo a *guarnicion* of ſoldiers, it ſeems, ſhould be called the ornament of a city; therefore a city of ornament, *Odolla, id eſt ornamentum*, means a garriſoned city; and hence came a cloſe

* *Guarnicion* ſignifies either the trimmings of a garment, or a garriſon of ſoldiers.

a cloſe affinity between the city Rodrigo and Odolla. To the greater part of critics who deal in mental genealogies this affinity may ſeem pretty diſtant; but let it not be feared that that will appear ſo which our Friar Gerund proved between the city of Odolla, and his deceaſed Scrivener, whether the interpretation of Teſtimony or that of Ornament be followed.

" Come now with me; (ſaid the ingenious ora-
" tor) if Odolla is Teſtimony, *Odolla id eſt teſtimoni-*
" *um*, all the teſtimonies given by our ill-fated he-
" ro, are a teſtimony that from Odolla ſprung his
" moſt elevated ſtock. To *moſt elevated* let none
" object, for as in it are counted ſo many plumes,
" it might have ſo elevated itſelf, it might ſo ſub-
" limely ſoar, as to leave the preſumptuous Icarus
" beneath, *Icarus Icarias nomine fecit aquas.* If
" Odolla is Teſtimony, *Odolla id eſt teſtimonium*;
" then it is the city of Teſtimonies and the city of
" Scriveners, which, tho' they may ſeem two, are
" the ſelf-ſame ſynonimous collection of civilized
" habitations, as the elegant rhetorician knows,
" according to the canon of the divine Synecdoche;
" *Synecdoche eſt figura in qua pro toto pars ponitur*
" *apté*; elſe let the intelligent inform me why is
" John ſignalized as Secretary to the Word? *Quia*
" *Teſtimonium perhibet de illo, et ſcit quia verum*
" *eſt Teſtimonium ejus*;——here let the judici-
" ous remark, firſt, becauſe he bears Teſtimony,
" *Teſtimonium perhibet*; ſecondly, becauſe his
" Teſtimony is True, & *Verum eſt teſtimonium*
" *ejus.* That ſhows him to have been a Scrive-
" ner, for to be a Scrivener it is ſufficient to give
" Teſtimony, *Teſtimonium perhibet*; this proves
" him to have been a Good Scrivener, for to be a
" Good Scrivener it is neceſſary that his Teſtimo-

" ny

" ny be True, *et Verum eſt teſtimonium ejus.* But " to give Teſtimony either in one or the other man- " ner is as much the property of Scriveners, as it " is the property of Scriveners, as it is the proper- " ty of the city of Odollo to be the city of Teſti- " monies, *Odolla id eſt teſtimonium.*

" But to return to the text. The firſt lucido- " tenebrious exequies were celebrated or decreed in " the city of Teſtimonies, in the city of Scriveners ; " *Odolla id eſt Teſtimonium:* and this very city " was likewiſe the city of Ornaments ; *Odolla id eſt* " *ornamentum:* I ſhould have wondered had not or- " naments been next door to exequies. Mark the " myſtery. Ornaments, by Antonomaſiacal poſ- " ſeſſion, are the ſacro-ſeric veſtments called, " which adorn the prieſt in the celebration of the " ſacrifice of the maſs, *paramenta ſeu ornamenta,* " as the Liturgical Rubrickiſt elegantly ſays : and " it is clear that exequies without a maſs are but a " body without a ſoul, or at leaſt that the maſs is " what principally vivifies and refrigerates the " ſouls departed from the cadaverous bodies, *in* " *ſpiritum ſanctum Dominum & vivificantem.* Come " now with me. The maſs on common days is but " matter of pure counſel, *conſilio utendum,* as ſays " the Choſen Veſſel : the maſs on the day we call " *Domingo,* or the Sabbath, is matter of rigorous " command, *mandatum meum do vobis:* the rubi- " cund purple of Hugo hath remarked it with diſ- " cretion, *omnes tenentur audire ſacrum die Domi-* " *nica.* The logician will draw the inference. " Therefore theſe being the exequies of our *Do-* " *mingo* Conejo, the Maſs was indiſpenſable on the " day of *Domingo, omnes tenentur audire ſacrum* " *die Dominica:* let them anſwer this conſequence " if they can. *Probo aliter:* therefore were theſe " colluctuous exequies evidently and clearly pre-

" figured

" figured by thoſe decreed by the unconquerable " Macchabeus in the city of Odolla, the city of " Teſtimonies, the city of Scriveners, the city of " Ornaments, *Odolla id eſt teſtimonium ſive ornamen-* " *tum, paramenta ornamenta, ornamenta paramenta,* " *omnes tenentur audire ſacrum die Dominica.*"

In this very taſte was the whole funeral oration, the whole copy of which we have upon mature counſel thought it prudent to omit, as there would be an impropriety, on ſo dolorous a ſubject, in making our readers weep with laughter. Suffice it to ſay, that in order to ſhut it up with a key of gold, he made a glorious ending with the famous allegory which ſuddenly offered itſelf to him in the already-cited fifth chapter, by way of anſwering to that which Friar Blas ſo highly celebrated in the funeral-ſermon of the Florilegium. Only there he gave it ſimply, without adorning it with texts, but in the pulpit he cloathed it, and brought it out in all its finery and fringes: and it would grieve us, and even touch our conſcience, to defraud the public of the moſt happily-ſuitable texts with which he embroidered it; ſo here it goes juſt exactly, neither more nor leſs, than as he very ſatisfactorily pronounced it with all its beautification.

" By virtue of an information *ex officio* of the " Attorney-general, *adverſarius veſter diabolus circuit* " *quærens*, a warrant was granted by the Chief " Juſtice, *tenens adverſus nos chirographum*, com- " manding our deceaſed Scrivener to be impriſoned, " *tenete eum, et ducite cautè.* He was ſent to the " priſon of Purgatory, *claudentur ibi in carcere*, " leaving full power to Filial Love that as his at- " torney, *gloria patris & filius ſapiens*, he ſhould " manage his cauſe and make his defence, *poſuiſti* " *me contrarium tibi*, by appealing from the court

" of

" of Juſtice to the court of Mercy, *ſecundum mag-*
" *nam miſericordiam tuam.* A writ of inhibition
" was granted to ſtop all proceedings in the lower
" court, *Ego veniam et judicabo.* A copy was given
" to our miſerable priſoner's attorney, *nil reſpondes*
" *ad ea quæ adverſus te dicunt?* who made a pow-
" erful allegation of maſſes, prayers, and orations,
" *Domine, oratio mea in conſpectu tuo ſemper*; and
" the cauſe being concluded, *non invenio in eo cau-*
" *ſam*, Mercy found that ſhe ought to command,
" and accordingly ſhe did command that the Scrive-
" ner Domingo Conego ſhould come out free and
" without coſts from the tenebrious confinement,
" *finite hunc abire*, declaring him to have ſufficiently
" ſatisfied for all his treſpaſſes by the pain of impri-
" ſonment, *dimitte nobis debita noſtra*, and that he
" ſhould go directly in peace to heaven, *requieſcat*
" *in pace.*"

Let the moſt powerful eloquence be ſatisfied, the moſt exquiſite elegance be perſuaded, the pen of the ſublimeſt flight be convinced, and the moſt delicately embroidered fancy believe me, that there is no poſſibility—I will not ſay of deſcribing worthily a ſingle circumſtance, but not even—of conceiving a glimmering ſhadow or tenebrious ſketch of the wonder, of the admiration, of the aſtoniſhment, of the tranſport, of the rapturous horror, with which the oration was received by all the numerous auditory, compoſed of an huge mob of gooſecaps. Except the very reverend Abbot and his companion, who were both indeed aſtoniſhed likewiſe, though in a very different manner, there was not a ſingle ſoul amongſt the hearers, but what for a conſiderable ſpace of time ſtood motionleſs as a ſtatue from the ecſtatic trance into which they had been thrown.

Even

Even Friar Blas was beſide himſelf, making intellectual croſſes in the inmoſt receſſes of his ſoul, and now ſo perſuaded in his heart, that in compariſon to Friar Gerund he was but a poor ignorant lay-brother, that from that moment it coſt him the greateſt violence not to treat him with deference and reſpect, and, only from a ſhame which he apprehended from manifeſting an alteration of opinion, continued the Familiarity, he hitherto had practiſed: for in reality Friar Gerund now paſſed with him for the firſt man of the whole univerſal order. This he afterwards confeſſed to a certain confident of his, by whom we came to the knowledge of this interior particular which does ſo much honour to our hero.

The Licentiate Flechilla, who had appointe the preacher, and officiated in the maſs that day as deacon, remained deprived of all power of ſtirring, on the bench on which he had ſat to hear the oration on the right hand of the Commiſſary, and whilſt the latter was now incenſing the tomb (with his ſpectacles on) and was arrived already at the laſt reſponſe, in which ceremony he ſhould have been attended by the deacon, yet there the good ſoul of a licentiate ſtill ſat upon his bench, weeping a moſt copious and continued ſtream from pure joy and tenderneſs, ſo utterly bereaved of all other ſenſe, that he knew not what was doing; and there he would have ſat till this time, had he not been rouſed by Friar Blas to go into the veſtry when all was over. Here, as ſoon as all their Reverences entered, the Commiſſary, without ſtaying to take off his mourning cloak, threw himſelf violently upon Gerund's neck, held him a long while in a moſt ſtrict embrace without ſpeaking a word, and then retiring one ſtep ſet his hands upon his ſhoulders and broke out into theſe exclamations,

clamations, "O immortal glory of Campos! O fortunate Campazas! O moſt happy parents! O monſter of the pulpit! O confuſion of preachers! O well! O abyſs! 'Tis horror, horror, horror! O! O! O!" and went to lay aſide his cloak, croſſing himſelf all the time.

As to the Licentiate Flechilla, he could not articulate more words, and thoſe in a tremulous, interrupted voice, than "Father, father, my dear father, the Holy Week next year, the Holy Week, no excuſe, no excuſe." Now Anthony Zotes came into the veſtry, who believed that the final hour of his life was come, for he could think of nothing leſs than dying ſtrangled by embraces, or drowned by tears. The reverend Abbot thought he could not in civility avoid paying his congratulation, and therefore ſhewing himſelf in the veſtry with his companion, he ſaid with great affability that he had been mightily entertained, and that it was proper the father Friar Gerund ſhould reſt from his fatigue; to which the companion added, "I could have ſat to hear your Paternity theſe two hours; the erudition by cart-loads, the ſtyle to which there are few equal, and the method of arguing is original." Theſe equivocal expreſſions of the two prudent monks confirmed the ruſtics in the opinion that ſcarcely an angel from heaven could have preached better.

When they were all returned to the houſe, and the table was ſpread, they ſeated themſelves according to order: the congratulations were repeated, healths went briſkly round, and their converſation roſe by degrees to a gay pitch; only there were no decimas or octaves, as they would not have been ſeemly upon a mournful occaſion. Nevertheleſs, a

young law-ſtudent, who had that year begun the elements at Valladolid, and likewiſe begun to make his firſt efforts at poetic ſteps, bringing out now and then his decimas and quintillas in the porter's-lodges and parlatories of the nuns, upon occaſion of any of them taking the veil, could not refrain from begging to be indulged in giving an epitaph, as he called it, which conſiſted of a couple of miſerable quibbles to this purpoſe, "Here lies Conejo, made immortal by Friar Gerund of Campazas; ſuch a brave warren as this is not to be found in any other part, for here with any old dog you may catch a *conejo* (or rabbit), and in the pulpit a *gazapo* (a young rabbit, or a ſly ſhrewd fellow.") The two monks laughed at the folly of it; but the others, who did not ſpin ſo fine, and who neither underſtood nor attended to any thing but the ſound of words, extolled it above the clouds, and directly took many copies of it to circulate it about the country, all agreeing that the young lawyer was as great a poet as Friar Gerund was a preacher. Upon this the fathers retired to ſleep their ſieſta; and afterwards happened what we ſhall relate in the following chapter.

CHAP

CHAP. VIII.

The four Religious go out to take a walk, and the father Abbot gives in the way of converſation an admirable inſtruction to Friar Gerund.

THE ſieſta being ſlept, the pinch of ſnuff taken, the veſpers repeated, and the heat of the day, which was a very fine one, declining, the father Abbot aſked Friar Blas and Friar Gerund if they would take a walk in the fields; and the two friends, gladly catching at the propoſal, went out in company with the two monks. Scarcely were they got out of the town (to do which they had not far to go) when Friar Blas, burning with impatience for what he ſuppoſed would make the principal ſubject of their converſation, aſked the Abbot what his Reverence thought of the morning's ſermon, and whether it was not aſtoniſhing? "It is," anſwered his Reverence, "in its kind, one of the moſt ſingular and moſt precious things I ever heard." At this inſtant the Commiſſary, who had miſſed them at the Licentiate's houſe, and had come as faſt as he could to attend them, joined the troop. He was now in his walking trim; with a little ſmooth cap, a new beaver, a ſtock with its band or pilerin, a great coat with claſps, a ſilver-headed cane, to the ſtring of which hung an

huge bunch of a taſſel, and with his ſpectacles; in ſhort, he looked like an archdeacon. After the firſt compliments, they proceeded in the commenced converſation; Friar Blas aſking again the ſame queſtion, and the father Abbot giving the ſame anſwer.

"I expected no leſs from the profound knowledge of your Reverence, (ſaid the Commiſſary.) The miſchief is, that let a ſermon, a book, or a work in whatever faculty, or of whatever kind, but once ſtrike me, and it will do the ſame to all the judicious and wiſe men in the world, as I have experienced a thouſand times. Thoſe moſt exquiſite informations which the father Friar Gerund gave us upon the origin of funeral eulogies or orations, as well as upon the different rites and ceremonies with which thoſe honours have been and ſtill are paid to the deceaſed, and all proved by the teſtimonies of ſuch a multitude of authors; do they not, I ſay, demonſtrate a miracle of reading, and a bottomleſs abyſs of knowledge?"

"To be ſure (anſwered the Abbot) this may have coſt the father Friar Gerund much ſweat, much oil, and much time; for, as he is yet but a young man, he cannot have any very great acquaintance with the authors who treat profeſſedly on variety of ſingle ſubjects. Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis, a celebrated hiſtorian, and one of the beſt critics of antiquity, has a beautiful, elegant, and learned diſſertation upon this matter alone, intituled, *De Origine & vario Ritu Funeralium*, where is to be found all that the father Friar Gerund ſaid, and much more. In theſe philological writings the critics tell us ſuch

informations

informations are in their proper place, but in ſermons they account them as impertinence, and a puerile vanity of oſtentatiouſly diſplaying erudition out of place and time; the utmoſt they permit, is, that they be very lightly touched on by the way, but by no means reſted on. I relate only what the critics ſay, but without taking any part in it, as it is not my intention to defraud the father Friar Gerund of an atom of the eſtimation he deſerves."

"Oh, Reverend Father, the Critics! (replied the Commiſſary) The Critics! The Critics are ſtrange gentry! Doubt all, controvert all, deny all, and there's a Critic for you ready cut and dried. Can there be a more pleaſant madneſs than to deny that Judas was brought up from a child in Pilate's houſe; that he ſerved him as a gardener; that he ſlew his father without knowing him, as he was endeavouring to rob the orchard of ſome pears; that at length he married his own mother, ignorant that ſhe was ſo, and that he killed her too upon I know not what ſilly quarrel; and that upon becoming a widower he had a mind to turn friar; but, none of the monaſtic or mendicant fraternities being willing to admit him, that he at laſt turned apoſtle, and ſold his maſter, and hung himſelf upon a very high mulberry-tree, being ſuſpended for three days without being able to die, notwithſtanding all his diligence to do it, 'till at the very moment of Chriſt's reſurrection, the cord broke, and he fell upon a ſharp ſtone which cut his belly open, and let his bowels out? Informations all of them, as certain, as authentic, as indubitable, as that they are written and

printed by a pious, learned, and religious man in a book with a very ſonorous title. Nevertheleſs the Critics not only deny them, but make the greateſt ridicule of him who wrote them, and no leſs joke of thoſe who read and believe them. Therefore, Sir, don't let your Paternity make any account of the Critics, but let them talk till they are tired."

"I am of this opinion (ſaid the wag of a companion). Theſe fellows called Critics come to diſturb us in the quiet and peaceable poſſeſſion of believing firmly a thouſand things without detriment to any ſoul in the world; and ſince they make not any account of ſo juſt a title as that of poſſeſſion, it is but reaſonable that we ſhould not make any account of them. Erudition is a main ornament to ſermons, and the holy fathers did not deſpiſe it when they had it at hand."

"But ſome did; (interrupted the Abbot) for St. Gregory Nazianzen never in any of the funeral orations he pronounced, whether that upon his friend St. Baſil, or that upon his father, or that upon his ſiſter St. Gorgonia; nor St. Gregory Niſenus in thoſe he ſpoke upon the Empreſſes Placida and Pulcheria; nor St. Ambroſe in that upon the Emperor Theodoſius, troubled themſelves with this ſort of erudition. Great weight, great ſolidity, great piety, great eloquence, great ingenuity, and great tenderneſs, that there was; but of erudition neither much nor little, and yet all theſe three ſaints were truly learned men."

"But on this point, Father Maſter, (ſaid the Companion) I think there is a diſparity that ought to

to be attended to. Theſe ſaints preached the honours of other ſaints, or at leaſt of an emperor, whoſe chriſtian virtues (though he be not canoniſed) vied for heroiſm with his political and military ones. All theſe great objects were ſo full of noble materials, that ornament would have been uſeleſs, and invention idle; when without either one or the other, the orator had ſcarcely time to give his audience even a feint ſketch of, and how much leſs to diſplay diſtinctly all the virtues and graces of his heroe. Our father Friar Gerund had not in his oration any St. Baſil, or any Emperor Theodoſius for his object. The Signior Scrivener, now with God, as his Reverence told us, might be a very good chriſtian, but his virtues made no noiſe. He communicated perhaps once a-year with much devotion, heard maſs on the feſtivals, and got what he could by his profeſſion: he overcame no tyrants, ——he gained no battles,——he conquered no provinces,——nor was he any defender of our holy faith; in ſhort, we know not that he was eminent even in any of the moral virtues or natural endowments, which now and then are the ſubject of eulogy in a funeral oration. Your Paternity ſees plainly that to praiſe ſuch a man as this, that is, a man of common life, and perhaps not a very exemplary one, an hour at leaſt being indiſpenſably to be employed in celebrating him, there is need of art, and invention, and much foraging in erudition, to fill up the time, and entertain the curioſity of the audience, nothing being to be ſaid that would turn extraordinarily to their edification."

" An admirable reply!" (exclaimed Friar Blas). " The argument is unanſwerable," (ſaid the Commiſſary). " He took it out of my mouth,!' (added Friar Gerund.) " Softly, Gentlemen, (ſaid the father Abbot); for I will ſee if I can anſwer it, but you muſt hear me with patience.

" 'Till the church began to enjoy ſome permanent peace, towards the beginning of the fourth century, this cuſtom of funeral orations was not, nor could not be introduced amongſt chriſtians. The firſt complete orations that we have; and which deſerve the name, are thoſe of St. Gregory Nazianzen who died in the year 391. It is certain that it was not then, nor long afterwards, permitted to pronounce this kind of public eulogies in the church of God, and the ſight of all the people, but upon the death of renowned perſonages of great eminence and notoriety for their virtues, or their ſervices in favour of religion. Afterwards, flattery, vanity, and baſe compliance, aided by the calamity of the times, introduced the intolerable abuſe of celebrating magnificent exequies with funeral orations for all who left ſuch wealth as might eaſily afford the coſt. This corruption began in the eleventh century, when diſcipline began to relax, and the revolutions of the empire gave ſhelter to Simony, violence and ignorance; ſince of that age and the two following are to be found ſome poſthumous panegyrics on ſubjects not only ſcandalous and perverſe, but even ſuperlatively wicked.

Now to form ſuch panegyrics it is plain, recourſe muſt be had either to the feigning impudently the virtues which they had not, or to the ſetting-forth thoſe

thoſe which they ought to have had, or to the bringing out on the theatre, the moſt declared vices in the name and habit of virtues. Then it was that in the pulpit began to be twiſted the true ſignification of the pompous words, Magnanimity, courage, valour, intrepidity, generoſity, great heart, policy, prudence, perſeverence, heroiſm, &c. A peſt which, prevailing from age to age down to our own times, will ſcarcely let us diſcern the true heroes from thoſe who were no other than true Tyrants, Thieves, Uſurpers, deceitful, cunning, arrogant, ambitious, bold, raſh, cruel, impudent, abandoned Villains, and ſcorners of the whole human race.

"This pernicious introduction, ſeizing upon people and nations, has preſerved itſelf more or leſs to this day throughout all chriſtendom. It is true that with us in Spain there are few provinces or even towns, in which funeral ſermons are permitted but for ſubjects of extraordinary virtue, upon which point various regulations have been made as well in ſome provincial councils as in different dioceſial ſynods. If there be any ſociety or community in which this honour is conſtantly paid to every one of their deceaſed members, it is upon the juſt preſumption that the deceaſed member, from the very circumſtance of his having been of ſuch a ſociety, muſt have excelled in ſome eminent virtue, quality, or endowment. Some are of opinion that when theſe endowments are confined ſolely to the ſphere of moral or intellectual virtue, the ſpeaking of the eulogies upon thoſe who poſſeſſed them ſhould be confined likewiſe to the hall or apartment in which

the ſociety is wont to hold its meetings or ſhew their literary ſkill. This is obſerved in the two academies, of ſciences, and of belles lettres, at Paris. The noble public eulogies conſecrated to the memory of the deceaſed members of them are always ſpoken within the walls of their academical muſeums, and make a precious part of their moſt uſeful exerciſes. Pulpits and churches ſeem worthy to be reſerved for the ſcene of praiſing thoſe real virtues, which without turning their eyes towards the vain immortality of man in worldly fame, look directly to his eternal happineſs in heaven. Thoſe who are of this opinion think it a profanation to apply them to another uſe. But I leave this opinion as I find it; for there is no need of my judgment either for the arraigning or the defending it."

"Your Reverence does very well, (interrupted the Commiſſary) for if you ſhould maintain the affirmative, the deaf would be made to hear us. I have in my poſſeſſion a ſermon which was preached upon a couſin of mine, a profeſſor, and though he was not ſo godly that people need to go to fiſty-cuffs for his reliques, yet the orator, who by the way is no leſs than a profeſſor too himſelf, compares him to Solomon: and, in truth, I think to leave it to my nephews as the moſt precious part of my effects, expreſsly commanding in my will that they archieve it amongſt the moſt important papers of the family; and I am even not far from making a new impreſſion of it at my own expence, if I have a good market for my ſheep. But go on, your

your Reverence; for we hear you with great pleaſure."

"I ſay, then, (continued the Abbot) that though in ſome parts it be cuſtomary to preach funeral ſermons on thoſe who were not very exemplary in their lives, but recommended by qualities worthy of eſtimation, yet it appears to many judicious men (whoſe opinion I dare not reprobate) that erudite informations, brought in by vaſt quantities, are greatly miſplaced in them, and eſpecially thoſe which are taken from the funerals of Paganiſm." "Then how is the poor orator to conduct himſelf without ſuch a ſuccour?" aſked Friar Blas. "I will tell your Paternity;" replied the Abbot.

"As St. Gregory Nazianzen conducted himſelf in his admirable oration at the exequies of St. Baſil, when he came to treat on his univerſal ſkill in almoſt every ſcience. Your Paternity ſees that this belongs purely to intellectual and natural endowments. Without wandering then, after impertinent informations, or making an oſtentation of idle alluſions, he makes a noble deſcription of the ſciences which were perfectly poſſeſſed by the great St. Baſil; at the ſame time ſkilfully inſinuating an admirable inſtruction to the hearers by the way, to attain them, and likewiſe to apply them to their proper uſe. I was greatly pleaſed with this beautiful piece of the oration, though I read it in the Latin verſion, in which without doubt not a little of the elegance of the Greek original muſt be loſt. I tranſlated it into Spaniſh and got it by heart, to avail myſelf of it in caſe occaſion ſhould offer; and in good faith, Gentlemen, you muſt patiently abide

the

the hearing of it; but I believe it will not diſguſt you. It ſays thus:

" What ſcience, what faculty was there in which " Baſil was not thoroughly verſed, ſo thoroughly " verſed as if he had dedicated himſelf to any one " of them alone? He poſſeſſed them all in ſuch a " manner that there never was a perſon who poſ- " ſeſſed a ſingle one with equal perfection, and was " ſo eminently a maſter of each that it might ſeem " as if he was ignorant of all the reſt. And how " was this attained? By employing a moſt ſubtil " and elevated genius in continual and laborious " application——the only method to acquire a " command over the arts and ſciences. His prompt, " rapid, and penetrating genius ſeemed to make " his indefatigable ſtudy needleſs, and ſuch unre- " mitting application appeared not to want the " aſſiſtance of the keen perſpicacity of his mind. " Nevertheleſs he joined them both in ſuch a de- " gree as to make admiration ſtand neutral as it " were, without knowing whether to attribute it- " ſelf moſt to the elevated vivacity of his under- " ſtanding, or the unwearied perſeverance of his " labour. Who could ſtand in competition with " the great Baſil in point of oratory—that divine " art which throughout breathes fire? Superior to " all the moſt celebrated orators in his inimitable " uſe of the precepts of it, but very unlike them " in his manners! Who ever exceeded him in " grammar,—that art of ſpeaking correctly which " forms and poliſhes the tongue for the chaſteſt " Greek? Who in philoſophy?—that ſcience truly " ſublime, which riſes to the utmoſt elevation of " nature,

" nature, whether that noble part of it be conſi-
" dered which is dedicated to practical and experi-
" mental indagation of the true cauſes which pro-
" duce natural effects, or the other which is given
" up to the ſubtleties of argument, commonly
" known by the name of logic? In this Baſil ſo
" much excelled, that if at any time he was un-
" avoidably involved in a diſputation, his argu-
" ment admitted of no ſolution, and his adverſary
" might as ſoon hope to find the way out of the
" moſt intricate labyrinth, as to diſentangle himſelf
" from his reply. As to aſtronomy, geometry, and
" arithmetic, he was contented with knowing what
" was ſufficient to make the ſkilful in theſe facul-
" ties behold him and liſten to him with reſpect:
" other things he regarded as foreign to the pro-
" feſſion of a wiſe and ſerious Religious, who was
" directed in his ſtudies by utility, and not curio-
" ſity; ſo that in this great man were equally to
" be admired the things he would not apply to, as
" thoſe which he choſe for the objects of his
" ſearch and maſtery."

" Here, Gentlemen, you have an eulogy limit-
ed preciſely to natural virtues or endowments,
which at once delights, inſtructs, perſuades, and
moves without the farrago of erudition and trivial
informations, which the preachers we ſee now-a-
days would interlard upon the various points touch-
ed upon by St. Gregory Nazianzen. An eulogy
which having little or no connexion with chriſtian
virtues, was nevertheleſs worthily pronounced in
the moſt grave pulpit, before an audience of the
greateſt conſequence and authority. What then

forbids

forbids that others ſhould be formed upon this model, when in the ſubjects whoſe exequies are celebrated there is nothing to praiſe but natural endowments or virtues purely moral, which though of no avail to eternal life are yet worthy to be imitated from their utility to ſociety?"

"And if even theſe were not to be found in the deceaſed, (ſaid Friar Gerund, with ſomewhat of an arch grin) on what is the preacher to lay his hands?" I perceive, father Friar Gerund (anſwered the father Abbot) the whole emphaſis of the queſtion, which is not ſo innocent as it appears. I confeſs to your Paternity that my couſin the Scrivener was not canonizable on account of his religious zeal, nor even very remarkable for any natural endowments which would turn much to his advantage to be related: I therefore pitied the orator who ſhould have to preach his honours, as ſoon as I was informed of the diſpoſition he had made by will; and even he himſelf was aware of the difficulty when he left ſo large an appointment to the preacher by way of acknowledgement for the diſtreſs to which he muſt be driven in finding in him any thing worthy to be praiſed. But I ſay that even in ſuch a ſtreight as this, there are in oratory certain common-places, and all grave ones, on which the preacher might and ought to lay his hands in order to form his funeral panegyric, without waſte of time, without loſing the reſpect due to the pulpit, and without inutility to the audience." "And what common-places are theſe, moſt reverend Father?" aſked Friar Gerund. "I will tell your Paternity;" anſwered the father Abbot.

"Thoſe

" Thoſe which are called perſonal, and which may be reduced to theſe four heads; the endowments of body, thoſe of the mind, nobility or merit of anceſtry, and the office, employ, or miniſtry exerciſed by the deceaſed. In the body may be conſidered, proportion, grace, ſymmetry, beauty, ſtrength, agility, &c. In the mind, underſtanding, penetration, judgment, prudence, &c. In nobility or merit of anceſtry, all the great exploits which made his forefathers renowned and honoured. In the office or miniſtry, the ſuperiority, exactneſs, application, means and ends, utility, &c." What! (interrupted Friar Blas) is it a proper ſubject for the pulpit to acquaint us whether the deceaſed was hump-backed and bandy legged, or genteel and well-made, whether he was active or heavy, lazy or induſtrious, a good or a bad horſeman, &c.! what a notable impertinence would this be!" " There goes a fly that will ſtick!" ſaid the Commiſſary puffing his cheeks. " But I ſhall " bruſh it off;" ſaid the father Abbot mildly.

" Yes, father Friar Blas, when there is nothing elſe to lay his hands upon, the orator may avail himſelf of corporal endowments, ſo he do it with due gravity, decency, and circumſpection. Is not the bodily ſtrength of Sampſon celebrated in the holy Scripture? Is not the beautiful hair of Abſalom praiſed? Is not the agility of Saul and his dextrous management of the bow applauded? Is not the ſkill with which David touched the chords of his harp extolled? and how often muſt your Paternity

ternity in your ſermons have celebrated the exterior graces of the humanity of Chriſt, and have made deſcriptions of the ſingular beauty of the moſt holy Virgin? And from the judgment which I ſuppoſe in your Paternity, I will not believe that your deſcriptions have been ſo profane, ſo ſcandalous, ſo ſacrilegious as thoſe I have more than once heard from the mouths of many preachers, who, inſtead of painting a Queen of Virgins and Mother of Purity, ſeemed rather to be drawing the picture of an inflaming Helen or provoking Venus. Cavendum eſt, ſays to this purpoſe an author equally elegant and zealous, " ab ineptiis eorum qui in laude gravis " perſonæ ut Beatæ Virginis, vernante ſtyli laſ- " civia ſpeciem aliquam Helenæ efformare nitun- " tur."

" What thing is there to appearance more indifferent than agility and dexterity in the ſports of the field? Nevertheleſs it is greatly praiſed in the hiſtory of many princes who were eminent in them, uſing them as profitable paſtime without being inordinately impaſſioned for them. Such were Mithridates, Adrian, Charles the Great, Henry the firſt, and Albert, (the three laſt) emperors of Germany. Nicetas extolls Euphroſine the Empreſs of Conſtantinople, with the higheſt praiſes, becauſe, in her intrepidity and ſkill in hawking, ſhe not only equalled but exceeded the moſt ſkilful hawkers of her time. Nor in our times are there wanting examples of moſt auguſt princeſſes, who give no leſs demonſtrations of their ſkill and valour in the woods, than of their penetration

tration and profound policy in the cabinet; as happy in hitting the mark with their guns, as dextrous in directing the aim of negotiation. And why may not what is applauded in hiſtory be worthily applauded in the pulpit?

I ſaid *worthily*, and I ſaid it with reflection: for that theſe natural endowments may have a decent place in the chair of the holy ſpirit, it is always neceſſary to give them dignity from elevated motives, inſinuating that the perſons who poſſeſſed them either did direct, or ought to have directed them to ends uſeful to religion, or at leaſt ſociety. An orator but ordinarily ſkilful, may eaſily inſtruct his hearers in the means to make the moſt indifferent actions available to ends of a ſuperior order. We will not depart from the inſtance we ſingled out,——the ſports of the field. What forbids the ſetting forth the ſuitable occaſion which is offered by ſolitude for recollection and reflection; the tendency of the various objects of the field, though looked upon with indifference by common eyes, to lift the heart to God; the velocity, the fury, the cunning, and even the fortitude of the very wild beaſts themſelves, for a thouſand thoughts of utility to the ſoul, or to prudent ſelf-government in order to the operations of civil government? We know that St. Franciſco de Borja, when Duke of Gandia,

dia, was fond of hawking, in the practice of which he found exercise for a thousand different virtues; one while for self-denial, taking his eyes from the object at the very time when they would have been most delighted; another for mortification, enduring without complaint as well the fatigues of the way as the inclemency of the weather; and another for profound meditation, drawing most useful considerations from the velocity with which the hawk shot himself in pursuit of the prey, from the docility with which at the first whistle of recall he returned to the perch, from the fidelity with which he presented the game to his legitimate lord, bridling his natural ferocity to comply with his obligation and his gratitude.

"Even in paganism we have a beautiful piece of panegyric upon Trajan, which may serve to instruct any christian orator to give a religious turn to the praises of natural endowments. "You are," (says Pliny the Younger) "most dextrous in the chace, "which you use with moderate frequency. "What appears recreation is no other than "a change of labour. When you leave the "cares of the cabinet, it is but to penetrate thickets to discover the wild beasts in "the dark bosoms of their deepest dens, or "to climb rocks and precipices, thought inac-"cessible, without any other help than that of "your hands and feet; thus, under the name

"of

" of diverſion piouſly viſiting thoſe ſacred " places, and there meeting face to face " the deities who preſide over and protect " them."

" And if the good ſoul of a defunct, (ſaid his Reverence's companion) ſhould have had no dexterity or cleverneſs whatever, but in eating and drinking and ſeeking good cheer and paſtime, to what is the diſtreſſed orator to have recourſe?" " To what? (replied the Abbot) why to his office or profeſſion; ſince there is no office or profeſſion but what will afford abundant matter for the celebrating, if not him who exerciſed it, yet the manner in which he ought to have exerciſed it, and the ends to which it ſhould be directed, which would turn out an advantageous inſtruction to the audience."

" And does it ſeem to your Reverence, (ſaid Friar Blas) ſo eaſy a thing to find ſuitable praiſes for all faculties and profeſſions, that we may pick them up in the ſtreet?" " Jeſus! (replied the father Abbot) there is nothing more eaſy to be found, or in greater abundance. Any authorling who writes upon the whole, or but upon part of any faculty, office, or employment, immediately begins with ſetting it above the clouds; ſince the introduction, or firſt chapter, generally conſiſts of a collection of all that has been written in recommendation of the ſubject, of its antiquity, of its nobility, of its neceſſity, and

and of its high importance. To this purpoſe I remember reading, when I was a boy a little book on the feaſts made in a certain city by a ſociety of taylors, on the occaſion of a new ornament for an altar given by the ſaid ſociety. The author in the introduction joined together, and throughout the work ſcattered, ſo many and ſuch magnificent eulogies upon this office, above all inſiſting ſo ſtrongly on its antiquity and nobility, proving concluſively in his opinion, that this was the firſt office that had been exerciſed in the world, Adam and Eve having been the firſt taylors, as appeared, he ſaid, from this text in the third chapter of Geneſis, *Cumque cognoviſſent ſe eſſe nudos conſuerunt folia ficus & fecerunt ſibi pericomata*, that I was ſo convinced as to want but little of deſiring to be made a taylor."

"I never had ſuch low thoughts as thoſe, (ſaid the Companion) but ſo far as to bind myſelf to an apothecary I was within an ace of doing, from reading in a certain treatiſe upon the confection of alkermes, that the Holy Spirit was the true founder of apothecaries' ſhops, inaſmuch as it is he who inſpires the knowledge of the virtue of ſimples and the method to elaborate them; to which was added, that, upon this account, the quinteſſences, which are the moſt active medicaments, are called *ſpirits*, in alluſion to their divine inventor."

"But,

"But, joking apart, (continued the Abbot) the grammarian, the rhetorician, the orator, the poet, the philoſopher, the mathematician, the muſician, the aſtronomer, the phyſician, the lawyer, the divine, and in different degrees the profeſſors even of mechanic arts, may in the pulpit be praiſed for the exercife of their offices with majeſty and decency. To make the eulogy of a grammarian there is need only to read the third book of Marciano Capela, the Epiſtle of Diomedes to Athanaſius, the twelfth book of Diodorus Siculus, and Suetonius *De illuſtribus Grammaticis & Criticis.* For that of a rhetorician, beſides the much which Philo-Hebreus ſays in his book *De Cherubin,* one may read Lucan's Poem to Calphurnius Piſo, Ovid's fifth Elegy of his ſecond book *De Ponto,* Pliny the Younger's third Epiſtle of the ſecond book, Seneca's Introduction to the Controverſies of Craſſus Severus, and likewiſe Auſonius's Panegyric upon Gratian.

"Nothing is more plentiful than the praiſes of poetry: ſo very thick do they lie in our way that they are rather an impediment than a diverſion. To heap praiſes upon philoſophy it ſeems as if all conſpired, poets, orators, and hiſtorians of all ages and countries.

"To extol medicine till it be hung on the very horns of the moon, there is need only of opening any little treatiſe which may have been written on whatever part of it by

by any wretched pedant: but to aſſign ſome determinate fountains, let the Life of Galen compoſed by Julius Alexandrinus be read, the Commentaries of Nobility by Andrew Tiraquel, and the Epiſtle of the moſt illuſtrious Guevara to Doctor Melgar, and the orator will find ſuch a magazine of eulogies upon medicine as he cannot conſume in an entire volume of funeral-ſermons upon thoſe who have cauſed ſo many to be preached before their time by their ignorance and blunders.

"The muſician has a thouſand chapters to ſound his praiſe. With only caſting an eye over the beautiful panegyric which Caſſiodore makes on muſic in the treatiſe he addreſſed to Boetius Laertius, one ſhall find a plenty of choice materials for celebrating thoſe who profeſs this elegant faculty. And"——

"Don't let your Reverence fatigue yourſelf, (interrupted the Commiſſary) for though I could be hearing you with the greateſt pleaſure from this time to to-morrow morning, yet I am ſadly afraid you will tire yourſelf." "And I, (added Friar Gerund) with your Reverence's leave, and only to hear your Paternity's anſwer, have ſtill a queſtion to put: Suppoſing the deceaſed not only did not excel in any endowment, moral, natural, or chriſtian; not only was not eminent in the faculty he profeſſed or the office he exerciſed; but was in religion a bad chriſtian, in his faculty a dolt, and in his office

fice a wicked man, what has the orator to do but to fly for refuge to the aſylum of erudition?"

"The caſe is ſomewhat deſperate, but not altogether ſo. Then he may do what is related in the Life of St. Anthony of Padua; ——if he cannot excuſe himſelf from preaching his honours, which would be the beſt part to take. This ſaint was obliged to preach the honours of an uſurer: he undoubtedly did not diſſemble the heinous ſin of which the deceaſed had been publicly guilty; on the contrary he declaimed vehemently againſt it; and inſiſting much on this text of Scripture, *Ubi theſaurus tuus, ibi eſt cor tuum*,——where your treaſure is, there will your heart be alſo. In order to prove the truth of this oracle he told them, by ſome ſuperior inſtinct, to run and look in the coffer in which the deceaſed kept his treaſure, and that there they would find his heart. This was done, and there ſure enough was the heart literally and truly found; it was brought to the church in a diſh, to the great amazement and affright of all, and at ſight of this wretched heart did the ſaint make a ſermon, of no utility indeed to him to whom it had belonged, but of the greateſt advantage to the living.

"In the Life of the venerable Capuchin and apoſtolic miſſionary Friar Joſeph de Carabantes an event of the like ſupernatural kind is related. It is ſaid that a Religious of his order

order being to preach the ſermon of honours, for a certain miniſter of juſtice, he appeared to him ſurrounded with flames, and ſaid, "Preach not my honours——but my diſ-"honours; for I give thee to know that "I, and alſo all thoſe who for theſe forty "years paſt have exerciſed any office per-"taining to juſtice in this town, are burn-"ing in hell-fire." This was in effect the ſermon he preached, little caring whether the relations of the deceaſed were offended or not, ſo that they and the reſt of the hearers were but warned and terrified by the example. Now one cannot, directly in ſo many words, adviſe that the ſame thing be done whenever vanity or flattery cauſe the honours to be preached on ſubjects who were notoriouſly diſorderly and ſcandalous in their lives; as for this, there would be need of a ſpirit as illuminated, and a ſanctity as acknowledged as that of St. Anthony of Padua. But at leaſt the orator ought to be very cautious how he touches on the manners of the deceaſed, for he muſt either lie, or he muſt give offence. Still greater circumſpection ſhould he uſe in ſuppoſing him in a ſtate of grace, extolling out of place the infinite mercy of the Lord; for an unwary and ſimple audience hearing from the pulpit the imprudent conjectures that a man of ſuch a bad life is ſaved, enters into the groundleſs confidence that they ſhall in like manner be ſaved, who imitate him in his diſorders."

"Then

"Then what judicious part (aſked the Companion) can be taken in a caſe of ſuch diſtreſs?" "That (replied the Abbot) which ought to be taken in almoſt all ſermons of honours, and eſpecially thoſe which are dedicated to ſubjects who may not have been of ſingular and acknowledged virtue,—to turn aſide the attention entirely from that particular perſon and fix it on all the faithful departed. I mean, to ſet forth the terrors of the pains of purgatory; the rigorous torments with which the ſlighteſt crimes are puniſhed; the indiſpenſable obligation which we all have to aſſiſt by our acts of devotion the poor ſouls who ſuffer them, this obligation being greater or leſs according to the greater or leſs connexion of the living with the dead; the high acknowledgment and gratitude of the afflicted ſouls towards all who contribute to their relief; their great power with God when once arrived in the happy manſions of eternal glory; and hence to conclude that we are more intereſted than they in the prayers which we offer for them, as our prayers at the utmoſt can but cauſe them to anticipate a felicity of which they are already aſſured, but their powerful interceſſion with God may inſure to us this ſame felicity which is yet expoſed to ſo many contingencies; we may be able to obtain that they may very ſpeedily get out of purgatory, they may ſecure us from ever falling into hell. Here you have abundant materials for the compoſing many funeral ſermons, even though they were to be preached on thieves and robbers."

"They are not bad, (ſaid the Commiſſary in a rumbling voice between a puff and a belch) but if the torments of purgatory are not elucidated by ſomewhat of the wheel of Ixion, with a

few of the dogs of Acteon, with a flight of the vultures of Promotheus, with a great deal of Phalaris' bull, and above all, in order to deſcribe properly the pains of the damned, with a good quantity of Tantalus's thirſt in ſight of the cryſtal ſtream, the audience will fall aſleep, and, unleſs ſnoring will be of any avail to the departed ſouls, there is no other to be expected." "I am of this opinion," added Friar Blas. "I ſhall never depart from it," ſaid Friar Gerund. "Our father, we have loſt the chapter." concluded the Companion. "No, (replied his Reverence) we have not loſt what we did not hope to carry: I had not the vanity to ſuppoſe I ſhould bring the Signior Commiſſary, or theſe reverend fathers over to my opinion, well aware it is too great an attempt for my weak powers; I but gave my ſentiments in the way of converſation, and for the reſt, *quiſque ſuo ſenſu abundet:*" to which the Companion added, "Every madman in his humour."

"But as I am convinced by what your Paternity ſays on this point, and to which I ſhall always adhere as well as to the reſt of your excellent maxims, I would only wiſh to know what author or authors one may ſecurely imitate in making funeral orations; and if there have been any remarkably eminent for theſe compoſitions."

"You, Sir, (replied the Abbot) who underſtand French tolerably well, cannot be ignorant that there have been many very well written in that language. There is ſcarce one of them to be found, eſpecially of thoſe ſpoken within the laſt century, but what is a beautiful model of the moſt chaſte and moſt chriſtian eloquence. St. Francis de Sales was amongſt the firſt who opened

opened the way to the French oratory in the tender funeral oration pronounced at the exequies of the Duke de Mercuri. That which the father Bourdaloue ſpoke at thoſe of the great Prince of Condé, Louis de Bourbon, ſeems to have exhauſted all the excellencies of the art. But he amongſt all the French orators who elevated himſelf to ſo ſuperior an height in this kind of eloquence that it ſeems impoſſible to riſe above him, was the great Flechier, Biſhop of Niſmes, exceeding even himſelf in his celebrated oration on the Marſhal de Turenne. If any one ever cloſely followed this great man it was the moſt illuſtrious Don Pedro Franciſco Lafitau, Biſhop of Ciſteron, in that which he pronounced in honour of our great King Philip the Fifth, which was immediately tranſlated into Spaniſh, ſerving as a model to a few real orators, and as a confuſion to innumerable pretended ones.

" The truth is that the French are not ſo indulgent as I am upon this article, or at leaſt not in all the circumſtances of it. For, firſt, they think that funeral orations are not fit for the pulpit, which has admitted them rather againſt the grain, ſince it can have been only flattery, or compliance with the vanity of the great, which introduced them into the ſanctuary. In this I do not differ from them much. Secondly, they think that to celebrate an hero worthily, it is neceſſary that the orator himſelf alſo be an hero; for that if he be not, he cannot have ideas or expreſſions proportioned to the merits and the greatneſs of the object; ſo that the audience ought to be divided as it were in their judgment, unable to determine which is the greateſt hero in his way, whether that of

the pulpit, or that of the field, the cabinet, or the throne. Conformably to this they are, thirdly, of opinion, that a funeral oration admits not of mediocrity, but muſt be either excellent or intolerable: and that if the audience are not rapt and tranſported they would do well to hiſs the orator. This maxim ſeems to me too rigorous; nor can I alter my ſentiments from Cicero's ſaying in his letter to Brutus, that *Eloquentia quæ admirationem non habet nullam judico:* there is no occaſion to carry the thing ſo far; if he attain to pleaſing, to perſuading, to moving, he ſufficiently fulfils his obligation. Fourthly, they think that nobility, wiſdom, genius, valour, heroiſm, exalted ſtations, or even thrones, conſidered in themſelves, are not worthy ſubjects for a chriſtian orator; and that to become ſo it is neceſſary the orator reflect on the emptineſs and inconſtancy of ſuch imaginary goods, profitable only when uſed with a view to elevated and ſuperior ends. Neither do I dare depart from this opinion, as I find it very conformable to the principles of religion and even founded in the moſt ſolid maxims of a good moral philoſophy. Theſe are the ſevere laws which the French propoſe for their funeral orations, and it is certain that moſt of their orators obey them admirably.

"But do not imagine, Gentlemen, that the French alone obſerve them, and that we have not at home many beautiful examples for our imitation, without being obliged to beg them abroad. My love for the cloth [Benedictine] will not permit me to forget our maſter Vela, whom death ſnatched away juſt as the world began to know him. In two or three of his funeral orations which were publiſhed, he ſhewed his rare talent for this ſpecies of compoſition, in which

which without doubt he might vye with the moſt noble orators. The moſt Reverend Father Salvador Oſorio of the Company of Jeſus, Provincial of Caſtile, was very particularly ſought after, and ſingled out for theſe functions, in which he acquitted himſelf ſo happily that almoſt all the funeral-ſermons he preached were afterwards printed, not ſo much to immortalize the memory of the deceaſed, as for the inſtruction of the living, and the admiration of the wiſe. I have often lamented that no perſon zealous for the glory of our nation, has made a collection of theſe orations, that we might have in Spain a body of them, which might ſtand in competition with the moſt celebrated of thoſe which are extolled in foreign countries. Noble orations were preached in the court of Madrid at the exequies of our great King Philip the Fifth. I ſpeak not of all; for ſome of them were enough to have moved the aſhes of that moſt pious, judicious, and wiſe monarch, if it were poſſible to diſturb the holy reſt of his royal reliques, conſidered on the juſteſt grounds, by piety, as a prelude to the eternal and glorious reſt which one day awaits them.

At ſaying this they found themſelves returned home to the houſe from their walk, which they had been led to make of conſiderable length by the diverting converſation; and if the approach of night had not warned them of its being time to retire, it is to be ſuppoſed that the Reverend Father Abbot would have enriched us with many other materials, equally precious and ſuitable, upon a point of ſuch great importance. The worſt of the affair was that he loſt his labour and his oil; for, as various undeniable inſtruments unanimouſly teſtify, the Companion only profited

by the doctrine. The reſt heard it with the greateſt coolneſs: the Commiſſary, turning to Friar Blas, muttered between his teeth, "I don't take it;" Friar Blas anſwered, "As blind as a mole!" and Friar Gerund added, "Long life to the Florilegium, and death to the plague!"

CHAP. IX.

Is a good thing, and ought to be read.

THE next day all the gueſts decamped, Friar Gerund not failing to carry off with him his good two hundred reals in his purſe, and his holy week between his breaſt-bone and his ſhoulder-blades. This pleaſed him infinitely; and now he made not the leaſt doubt but that he ſhould ſuck in all the famous ſermons for twenty leagues round, neither more nor leſs than as he would ſuck in a couple of poached eggs; and was ſo confirmed in this conceit, that he was already ſharing out the ſuperabundant ones in his imagination, between Friar Blas and his other friends. Friar Gerund, Friar Blas, and Anthony Zotes went to dine at Freguenal del Palo, where the road divided for the convent and for Campazas, intending to reſt for the remainder of the day at the Familiar's.

The Familiar received them with his natural heartineſs, eaſe, and archneſs. He ſaluted them all kindly as ſoon as they alighted, but without taking off his ever-during hat, and ſaid to Friar Gerund, "Troth, Cuz, thou com'ſt at the beſt time in the world, to get us out of a difficulty, for I knows as how thou beeſt main larned, and

haſt

haſt turned over as many books as a *vilboticario**." "*Bibliothecario* you mean, Sir," ſaid Friar Gerund correcting him. "What! Blockhead! thou begin'ſt already; if thou underſtand'ſt what I mean, what ſiglifies it how I ſays it. Well then, vilboticary or boobyboticary, or whatever it be, what I tell thee is, that I am got into a cuntreverſy with thy aunt; 'tis a woundy deep thing; and either my mother brought me into the world the wrong way, or there is no reaſun in this pate of mine. The caeſe is,—— but come, untuck yourſelves firſt, and let's goa into the parlur, for teant fit to talk on't in the court-yard."

They did ſo accordingly, and each having taken a pull at the flagon, the Familiar proceeded,—"Well, as I was a going an with my ſtory: d ſt ſee that great bundle there upon the cheſt, tied up in the wrapper? But I'll lay a wager thou doſt not gueſs what's in't." "How ſhould I gueſs, Sir?" "Well, I'll tell thee directly; there are ſo many yards of a hugeous fine rich ſtuff, I don't know how they call it; I only knows it coſt me threeſcore reals a yard, becauſe they ſay it comes from the Inges, and we can't make ſich in our incontinent, and 'tis of the colour of the breaſt of a thruſh, juſt like the colour of the habit of our father St. Francis; beſides this there are ſo many more yards of nice ſattin as yellow as the yoke of an egg, for the lining on't; moreſumover there's thouſands of yards of leacings, and trimmings, and thingumbobs, which my wife ſays is undeſpenſabul

* *Vilboticario*, vile apothecary, by miſtake for *Bibliothecario*, bookſeller. The B and V are very convertible in Spaniſh.

neceſſary to make a piſe, or a friſe, or a furbellums upon the petticoat; itum, ſome ſmall gold twiſt, to leace the edges of the jacket; itum, a large gold cord wi' knots tied in't at diſtances, like the cords of the fliars, but worked with ſich niceneſs and ſynmetry as dazzles the eyes. Come now, I'll lay a quart of wine thou doſt not know what all this coſtly gear is for." "I cannot poſſibly divine what it ſhould be for." "Then have a little patiunce, and I'll tell thee without its coſting thee that trouble. My girl thy cuzzun Iſidora firſt of all had the lamprays or ſoare mouth, then ſhe had the ſmall-pox, and afterwards ſhe had the dyſtenſery, and what wi' thinking ſhe'd die, and thinking ſhe'd live, the houſe was turned topſy-turvy. Juſt at this time comes here a young fliar, juſt like thee I think, excepting the holy habit, who preached about St. Anthony de Paula, and ſaid among other things as how it was good to recommend ſick girls to un, and to offer to wear his habit for ſich or ſich a time; and a tould a ſtory about a ſartain beautiful rich damſel, the only-begotten of her houſe, who was deſpert bad wi' the ſmall-pox, ſo that her feace looked all one come a ſwell'd twoad: her mother arneſtly recommended her to the bleſſed Saint, ſaying, that if he would but make her well, thof ſhe ſhould not have an eye left in her head, ſhe would cloath her in his habit till ſhe was married, or ſhould have ſome other luck ſuch as God ſhould ſend; and upon this the damſel got well out of hand, and her feace come as ſmooth as the feace of a billiard table. Thy aunt Cicely ſhe hears this ſtory, comes home in a hurry, tells me on it, and ſays as how ſhe has a mind to do the ſame for our Iſſy: I ſays as how it is holy and good: ater a few days the girl begins

gins to mend apeace, ſo that ſhe ſoon leaues her bed, and the pits in her feace from theaſe ſame ſmall-pox fill up ſo that ſhe looks like a flower in May, and as if ſhe had never had um in all her born days. Then thy aunt ſays as how ſhe ſhould fulfil her promus, and I ſays ſo too, as 'tis but juſtiſs and reaſun. And what does ſhe me? Why away ſhe goes and diſpatches a lad to Valladolid, who comes back at night wi' all theaſe fineries, for the holy habit. What doſt thou think of it, Gerund?"

"Why, Sir, what can I think, but that my aunt Cicely did very well, as the vows made to Saints ſhould be always performed." Juſt at this time Cicely came into the parlour, and knowing what they were talking about from the anſwer ſhe heard Gerund give, ſhe ſaid with great joy, "God love the mother that bore thee, Cuzzun of mine, for thou giv'ſt reaſon to them that have it, and not like thy uncle who is an opſtinate wretch, and when a takes a thing into his head four team of oxen can't draw it out." "The wiſe cuzzun has underſtood me juſt as well as the wiſe aunt (ſaid the Familiar coolly); and a better match'd couple for matrumunny is unpoſſibul, if ſo be he was not a fliar, and ſhe was not my wife. Let us come to the point; I doant ſay that we ſhould not fulfil what we promus to the ſaints; am I forſooth any heretic dog of an evil reace to teach ſich wicked doctrun? What I ſays is, that when a promus is made to a Saint to wear his habit, as if we ſhould ſay to St. Anthony de Paula, St. Francis, St. Vicente Ferrers, St. Domingo, and ſo of the reſt, what I underſtands is, that the perſon who promuſes is to wear the ſame ſort of ſackcloth, ſarge, or coarſe heavy ſtuff, as was wore by the Saints

themſelves to whom the promus is made, or, at leaſt ſich as the fliars of their religiun wear honeſtly and humbly. For, to tell me that 'tis devotiun and obedience to the Saints to wear habits that coſt more than the bravery of a bride, only becauſe 'tis prety near of the ſame colour, but otherwiſe is mortal rich, and fine, and delicut, with a woundy deal of fripperies, and furbellums, and fringes, wi' leacings here, and ruffflings there, and neckleaces of dimunts, and buckles in their girdles of the ſeame, and all the reſt of the freaks and fancies that woman's vanity has invented, this is to tell me a ſtory of a cock and a bull; and they will never make me believe but what this is more mockery than devotiun, and more liker to irritate the ſaints than make um purpitious, though the barefooted fliars themſelves ſhould uphold it."

"According to this, Sir, (ſaid Gerund) you would have a delicate woman, if ſhe ſhould make a vow to a Saint to wear his habit, for inſtance to St. Francis, incloſe her tender frame in ſuch a galling caſe as the friars of his order carry?" "'Tis crear that I would have it ſo; for elſe teant to wear his habit, nor teant devotiun, nor teant penitunce, nor teant mortification, nor teant virginal modeſty, but 'tis vain-golry, and 'tis vanity, and 'tis eſtintation, and 'tis purfanity, and 'tis ſcorn, and 'tis ſackerledge, and I doant know how many moare things beſides; and the ſaints will be irritated wi' ſich worſhip, inſtead of thinking they be obey'd. And that thou may'ſt not think I ſpeak it all from my own noddle, I'll tell thee a caeſe to this purpoſe. A ſartain cavalier who was a great ſwearer and purfaner, was puniſhed by God wi' a ſwelling of his tongue, ſo as it hung out of his mouth a hand's-breadth

hand's-breadth and more; the poor patiunt repented, and vow'd a vow to the holy Vargin, that if by her conterceſſion her Son ſhould deliver him from that torment and ſhame, he would cloath himſelf as a harmit, and ſarve her as ſich in one of her famous ſanctufaries. Directly at that momunt his tongue crope back into his mouth, and a be un to fulfil his promiſe honeſtly, going to the ſanctufary and putting on a harmit's ga b in all rigour, ſo as nothing could be more completer to behold. But the Devil who never ſleeps, tould un as how that garb diſhonour'd un, and that a might fulfil his promus wi' preſarving only the figger and changing the ſubſtance, ſo as a might ſeem to be a harmit without leaving off to be a cavalier. The poor Gemman fell into the trap as the cunning enemy laid for un, and put an a habit and a cloak of the harmit colour that was tedious fine, wi' a girdle wi' a ſilver buckle to un that was all gilt, and would ha look'd well in the hunting-girdle of the king himſelf, God bleſs un; a fine white beaver wi' gold leace that was bewitching to ſee, ſilken hoſe ſpeckled wi' many colours, that altogether made a nice aſhen grey, white ſhoes ſtreaked at diſtances wi' black, to mock the ſandals of the barefooted harmits, and for a ſtaff a cane of the Inges, wi' a gold head in figger of a crook, as they ſay they uſe at court. And what follow'd! Why ater a had gone a few days in this rindiculous trim, as wiſe men muſt think it, his tongue jumped out of his mouth again, and in truth a died wi' it ſo: and there wasn't a ſoul but what ſaid as how 'twas the puniſhment of the Vargin for his mockry. And now let the delicut ladies go for to make a mock of holy habits!"

"I do

" I do not think (ſaid Friar Blas) that they do it out of mockery, but that the natural delicacy of the ſex permits them not to wear ſuch rugged cloathing as would hurt them." " Feyther Predicador Mayor, leave off your ſarcumlocutories. Firſt of all, of the ſame ſex were all the ſhe-ſaints and great ladies that we knows went about the world in the habits of various orders, and teant ſaid of none of um, that ſhe went in this finical way, but plain and honeſt like the nuns and the friars. Secondly, of the ſame ſex are ſo many ſhe-capuchins, and barefooted recollects, and carmelites, and unnumberabul others, who carry the coarſe cloth very well without its being above their ſtrength or hurting their health. Thirdly, I doan't lay the ſtreſs that the habits of theaſe ladies ſhould be of the very ſelf-ſeame cloth as them of the nuns and the friars. 'Twould be very well if they were of a leetel bit finer and thinner cloath, ſo as they be honeſt and plain and ſimple. But of ſilks and of ſattuns, and of gold and ſilver ſtuffs, all befringed, and be furbellum'd, and bethingumbobb'd! Let it alone, Feyther, for the love of God; for this is to make a jeaſt of religiun, and I wonder they in power han't put a ſtop to ſich ſcandalous doings."

"But hear me, but hear me (ſays Cecilia briſkly); now by my life the bleſſed St. Anthony, which is in the chapel here in our pariſh, hasn't got any coarſe habit but a very fine one of ſilk wi' lace and fringes, that I warned it coſt more than 20 doublons; and thou art to know that when I offer'd to put the habit upon my Iſſy, I offer'd to put the habit of St. Anthony, and not of the friars: then if I ſent for a fine ſtuff wi' leace and fringes, jiſt exactly the ſame as that of the Saint, what doſt thou keep ſuch a to do about,

ſplitting

ſplitting our heads, and grumbling in thy gizzard?"

"Now ſee, Gemmen, (ſaid the Familiar, in his quiet, arch way) if I han't got an ingeenus wife! Why if ſhe had but ſtudied tology ſhe would ha been fit by this time to be examiner to half a dozen biſhopricks. Look ye, madam Cicely, the Saints upon the altars are, generally ſpeaking, dreſs'd very fine, to repreſent in our low way the immortal and rich veſtmunts wi' which they are adorned up yander wi' the Lord in glory. For this, 'tis crear, that thof the moſt exquiſitſt ſtuffs be employ'd and the moſt preciouſeſt ſtones, 'tis all nothing at all in a manner; for all that there is upon earth is dregs and droſs in cumpariſon of the leaſt ſcrap of the rarities of Heaven. But when one promuſes to wear the habit of a Saint, as for an inſtance, that of St. Anthony, whether out of devotiun or gratitude, or whatever other motive, one does not promus to go cloathed ſoa as St. Anthony when glorious, but ſoa as St. Anthony when penitunt; not ſoa as we ſuppoſe he is in heaven, but ſoa as we know a went up and down this wicked world. Now, my larned Madam, for a ſinner to go for to preſume for to be cloathed as we figger to ourſelves the Saints in heaven, is a thing that I ben't ſure but may ſmell of the enquiſitiun; but if I was ſure of it, I promus thee I would ſhew thy ladyſhip the way thither, as I know it well from my office; for it ſhall never be flung in my diſh, that "Nobody goes "ſo ill-ſhod as the ſhoe-maker's wife."

"What, a name o' patiunce! am I to cloath my daughter as thof ſhe was an errand-girl to the bare-footed nuns! My daughter is as good as other people's daughters, and if other people's daughters go in rich habits, ſhe ſhan't

ſhan't have a poor one." "Ay, ay, go an, go an; and if other people's daughters are mad and fooliſh, thy daughter muſt be mad and fooliſh; and if other people's daughters go to hell, thy daughter muſt go to hell." "What then! is it a mortal ſin to wear a habit according to the mode!" "To that, miſtreſs of mine, the holy mother church has doctors that will give thee an anſwer. What I ſays is, that being at Valladolid I heard a holy miſſionary (and they ſaid a was a very wiſe man) tell us in his ſarmunt that to make a mockry of the holy habits of the Religions approved by the holy feyther of Rome, to apply um to purfane uſes, and ſich like things, was a very large ſin, and if I doant forget, a ſaid ſommut about deſcommunication. Whether it be or be not to purfane the ſacred habits, to wear um for vanity, and for ſoſtentation, and for bravery, making a pride of humility, and convarting of poverty into riches, and ſeeking to yoke together the honeſty and modeſty of the Saints wi' the freakiſh faſhions and the impudence of the times; —the diſſolving of this point is not for ſuch round heads as mine."

"You do very well, uncle, in not reſolving it (ſaid Friar Gerund), for if this was a ſin it would not be ſo publickly allowed, nor would the cuſtom of wearing habits have obtained ſo far as to become a faſhion. We ſee that ladies of all degrees wear them, and that many of them frequent the ſacraments, confeſſing themſelves to wiſe men who abſolve them, and who do not prohibit their uſing ſuch dreſſes, whence it is plain that there cannot be ſo much evil in it as you ſeem to think." "Let us double down the leaf, cuz, for mayhap we may get to deep matters, out of which neither thou nor I can get ourſelves ſafely.

As

As to the affair of wiſe men, it has its more and its leſs: and as to abſolutions I have heard ſay, as how they are a pretty cheap cummodity, and in ſhort, *de encultis no judicas eccleſia.*

" One thing I can tell thee, and that is, that were I a revrunt feyther, no abſolution ſhould there be for ſuch as go about as one I ſeed, and they ſaid 'twas a lady of emportance. She had a hugeous great petticoat of a rich purple ſtuff, run round, wi' ſpaces between, wi' a ſilver leace a matter of a foot broad, from top to bottom; and under the petticoat ſhe had a hoop, which, ſure as ever my mother brought me forth, would not go in ri ht forwards at our yard-gate, and ſo when Madam went in at a door ſhe muſt needs go ſide-ways like a crab, or juſt for all the world as the wench goes to put a baven in the oven. From her waiſt hung a thing like a cord which was made of three broad tiſſue ribbons braided, to mingle the colours the beſt that could be, which were purple, white, and azure, and had illuſion to I knows not what myſtery: this cord or braided thing, or whatever it was, did not hang down perperdicular like the cords of the fliars, but went capering and caracoling about on one ſide of the petticoat to which it was ſewed, with its knots at due diſtances, and ended at laſt, between the two lower tier of the leace, in a roſe of a ſpan wide, that looked juſt like a ſun-flower. The jacket was of the ſame ſtuff as the petticoat, and up and down it there run ringledums of leace ſoa as it looked like the cloak of flames put upon the condemned wretches when they come out of the enquiſitiun at an Act of Faith, and are delivered over to the ſeclar arm. She had a necklace-thing hung down upon her breaſtes all of precious ſtones ſet in gold, in the middle of which

was

was a picture of the divine Lord, cloathed as the Nazareen, with his croſs upon his ſhoulders, as was beautiful to behold. The rings, and dimunts, and rubies upon her fingers were in marvellous plenty. Then what ſhall I ſay of the roſaries ſhe wore like neckleaces round her wriſtes, all of fine pearls as big as nuts! Neither do I ſay any thing of what the women call their cuffles or ruffles, all ſo nicely worked that they look'd like the little veins of a baby when they ſhew through his delicut ſkin; theſe ruffles were of three Religions,"—"Three orders or rows, aſs," (ſaid Cicely burſting out a laughing.) "The flattery deloights me, (ſaid the Familiar coolly:) What is't to me, whether they are religions or orders? In ſhort they were ſo long that they looked to me like the ſurplice-ſleeves of the laymen when they aſſiſt at grand maſs.

"Thus did I ſee this ſaid lady berigged, and I thought honeſtly in my heart that ſhe muſt be ſome new-married woman, and that this without doubt muſt be the richeſt of her bridal bravery, and ſo I ſaid to a ſhop-keeper of my acquaintance who was ſtanding by me; but a laughed heartily, and ſaid 'twas no bravery at all, but a penitentiul garment, for that 'twas the habit of the Nazareen Jeſus which this lady had put on to fulfil ſome vow. The habit of the Nazareen Jeſus! ſays I, aſmazed; pray what religiun or order is that of the Nazareen Jeſus? for I never in my days ſeed any fliars of that order. Tean't a religiun or order, ſays the ſhopkeeper, but the ladies go, out of devotiun, cloathed as the Nazareen Jeſus is painted, in a purple robe. And did the Nazareen Jeſus go cloathed ſoa? ſays I, quite exſcandalized: That, ſays the ſhopkeeper, you muſt aſk them.

"I confeſs,

"I confeſs, Gemmen, that I was enſtoniſhed, and I could never have believed if I had'nt ſin it, that in the chriſtiun religiun a thing ſhould be ſuffered ſo inſenſibly that ſeems to make a jeaſt of the moſt ſacred and moſt doleful part of it. I mentioned it that ſame day to the Prior of a ſartain community, to whom I confeſſes myſelf always when I goes to Valladolid, for a is a well of knollitch and vartue: the good man gave a great groan and tould me, 'ifaith, that I had great reaſun in what I ſaid; and I remember a tould me two things to this purpoſe, Firſt, that about ſuch a thing as four hundred years ago, there away yander in Italy was invented a ſect who called themſelves the Frangelants"—"Flagellants you mean," ſaid Friar Gerund; "Well, well, Flangellants, or what thou wilt, they were condemned as heretics by a pope called Crement the ſixth, firſt and principally, becauſe they taught many errors, and among others, that none could be ſaved but ſich as went flogging off their ſkin and were baptized in their own blood; and ſecondly becauſe they went out a flogging themſelves with a great deal of finery and ſhew: this laſt, the holy man tould me, had been revived in Spain in the time of Charles the Second, when ſome wrongheaded young men dreſs'd themſelves out in the Holy Week, as penitunts with great gaiety for an intertainmunt and gallantry to the ladies, but that the pious prince after having puniſh'd ſome of um handſomely, had forbid this abuſe by a juſt and ſevere decree.

The ſecond thing a tould me is yet more to the preſent caeſe. A tould me as how an umperor called Heraclius, ater a had redeemed the wood of the holy croſs from the power of the king of Purſia, who has a very intrickit name, ſomething

ſomething like Cuſtard *, inſtutited a great ſullenmity for placing it in a magnifiſunt temple at Jeruſalem: this ſame umperor, cloath'd in his umpiral robes, carried the holy croſs upon his ſhoulders; but there happened a marvellous thing, which was, that when a was minded to go out of the gate of Jeruſalem, which was the ſame as our Saviour went out at to go a top of mount Cavalry, the umperor was ſtruck as ſtiff as a ſtake, ſo as it ſeem'd not poſſabul for God to make un go a ſtep furder. Then the buſhup of Jeruſalem, who went cheek by jowl wi' the umperor, and muſt have been a Saint, tould un that to be ſure our Saviour muſt be angry wi' un for carrying the wood of our redemption in ſich ſumpſhous parel, for that in truth when he carried this ſame wood out of this ſame gate, a went in a very differunt ſort. Thou wear'ſt the umpiral crownd on thy head, and his Majeſty went with a crownd of thorns on his; thou goeſt wi' the umpiral mantle of purple all covered wi' frowers, and he went wi' the poor ſeamleſs coat which was of wool dy'd in his own blood; thou wear'ſt a rich collar about thy neck, and his Majeſty wore a thick and long rope, by which thoſe curſed hangdogs pull'd un; thou goeſt wi' buſkins that dazzle the ſight, and our Saviour went wi' naked legs and feet all bloody. No ſooner did the good Umperor hear this, than, wi' eyes brimful of tears, he doff'd at the momunt all the umpiral gear, and donn'd a poor coat, and put a crownd of thorns upon his head, and a rope about his neck, and pull'd off his ſhoes and ſtockings, and directly ater went through the gate without let or hindrance.

" O 'twas

* Coſroes.

"O 'twas good to hear the riflictions which the bleſſed feyther made upon this caeſe, ſetting forth the anger of the Lord for a thing in which there ſeem'd to be no manner of faat, and drawing from thence how much a would be inritated againſt theſe finical huſſies who 'tis unpoſſabul but muſt be very faaty. For ater all, the umperor went but in that parel that was proper for his high dignaty; but theaſe ſeame Nazareen Madams ha noa neceſſity to go ſoa, and only goa ſoa for their freaks, and their fancies, and their mad whims; the umperor made no vanity of his garmunt, but theaſe Nazareens wear theaſe garmunts, for pure vanity; the umperor in the middle of the majeſty of the purple went with much devotion, but the Nazareens when they ſhould give an example of thoughtfulneſs and reſarve, at leaſt from the ſiglification of their dreſs, ſeem as if that very dreſs makes um more impudent. And the ſame, little more or leſs, as a ſaid about the Nazareens, he applied alſo to all the reſt, as wears braveries for holy habits."

"Phoo, phoo! (ſaid Friar Blas) this Prior muſt have been a mighty ſcrupulous chap; at leaſt for my part I think an habit placed well upon a woman is very taking; it becomes them all charmingly, but if they are pretty, there is a very particular grace in it to me." "A moſt holy reaſun, (exclaimed the Familiar) and from the mouth of a religious, one could not wiſh for a better! I am not, our Feyther, againſt women's, and eſpecially the ſingle ones, lawfully endeavouring to appear well to men, and adorning themſelves for this end as much as they can. Let um do as they like, ſo they do according to conſhunce. I have heard as how an author ſays that we men have three enemies, the devil, the world,

world, and the fleſh; but that women ha four, the devil, the world, the fleſh, and the deſire of appearing well. What I ſays, is, that for un to avail themſelves of holy things in order to appear well, is what appears to me very ill. And whether the Prior of whom we were ſpeaking was ſcrupulous or no, it is ſartain that a young Religious, (tho' not ſo young but a was lectrer of tology in that holy cummunity) who was preſent while we were convarſing, was not ſoa; for i'faith a had a couple o' eyes in his head as quick as an eagle's, by which one might ſee a league off that a was no great affecter of overmuch piety. This young man know'd a great many varſes by heart in Latun and Spaniſh, and they ſay too as how a made brave ones of his own. In all we ſaid a join'd heartily, and a tould me too as how I muſt needs ha a good underſtanding thof I did not expleſs myſelf with the greateſt eſcretion. When I tould that about the hoop, a laughed and ſaid, a had always thought that faſhiun the greateſt piece of mummery as the magination of women could give into, for as all knows of what that bulky appearance conſiſts, they make as great a joke of it as a ſtuff'd jerkin made into a ſtraw-man to fright away the crows.

"To this purpoaſe a ſpoke a few varſes, firſt in Latin, and then turn'd into Spaniſh, done by himſelf, which pleaſed the Prior much; and ſeeing that I too liked the laſt, thof I did not underſtand the firſt, a bid un gi um me boath. A did ſoa, and I ha carried um in my pocket ever ſence, and by the life of the ſon of my mother, my cuzzun Fliar Gerund ſhall read um, for as I doant know the Latun I can't read it wi' that purpiety and enlegance as it ought." Upon ſaying this he put his hand in his pocket and pulled

pulled out a piece of paper ſo greaſy and diſcoloured that it looked like a dirty diachylon plaſter. It was given to Friar Gerund, who read it with a raiſed voice and ſufficient ſpirit, and it is known by a tradition from father to ſon, that it ſaid thus:

Sunt hodie—muliebria corpora quæ dum
Conclavi neglecta ſuo atque inculta morantur
Macra videbuntur brevibuſque ſimillima ſardis:
Fac tectis prodire eadem, ſpectanda per urbem,
Non eadem forma eſt, nam cum peronibus altis
Incubuere pedes, cum tot redimicula frontem
Ædificant, circum et veſtis ſinuoſa tumeſcit
Pregnantem artifici defendens turbine ventrem;
Protinus augetur ſpecies majorque videri
Atque alia; ingentes una implet fœmina poſtes,
Auguſtatque viam, magnos imitata elephantos,
Aut orcam per aquas vaſta ſe mole ferentem.

Lo here depicted a right Modiſh Fair.
Lolls ſhe at home, her Figure not her care?
Low, lean, and lank, the Slattern ſtrikes our eyes,
A Shotten Herring for her plight and ſize.
But, dreſs'd, when Conqueſts ſhe abroad purſues—
Transfiguration Strange!—on Stilt-heel'd ſhoes
Mounted ſhe Struts; High Tow'rs her Caſtled head;
And o'er her Hoop the Swelling veſture ſpread
Drives, ever as ſhe walks, ſo wide a Gale,
You think a whirlwind brooded in her tail;
The Straiten'd paſſage ſuffers her afraid;
And by One Woman's fill'd a Whole Arcade:
She moves an Elephant, ſmall men among,
Or, a Vaſt Whale, bears boldly her broad bulk along.

Notwithſtanding

Notwithſtanding that neither Friar Gerund nor Friar Blas were of the moſt delicate taſte that was ever known 'till this time upon the whole globe of the earth, as the curious reader may have obſerved in the ſeries of this moſt exact hiſtory, yet it is known that they gave due applauſes to the Spaniſh verſes, as being what they underſtood moſt, though Friar Gerund, conſcious of knowing beyond compariſon more Latin than Friar Blas, did not fail to find a ſingular grace in the Latin lines, inclining to think they contained ſomewhat more and better than the Spaniſh; and ſo he gave it to be underſtood; which made the Familiar ready to tear his beard for vexation that his father had not put him to his ſtudies, at leaſt ſo far that he might have turned out a "tolerationous glammarian," as the phraſe was with which he expreſſed himſelf.

They who heard it with the greateſt indifference were Anthony Zotes and the Signora Cecilia. Anthony, becauſe he had been nodding from the beginning of the converſation, being overtaken by ſleep from having riſen in the night to feed the beaſts: Cecilia, becauſe of the Latin, it is clear, ſhe underſtood not a word; and of the Spaniſh, abating a ſmall difference, ſhe underſtood about as much: ſhe perceived only that ſomething was ſaid about hoops, and this was enough to make her ſay very merrily, "Ay, the deuce take um all; for I never for myſelf nor my daughter didn't think of a hoop; nor my mother nor my grandmother never in all their born days didn't wear ſich gewgaws."

"Hearkee, you miſtreſs, wi' your gewgaws, (ſaid the Familiar); did thy mother or thy grandmother ever in all their born days wear tiſſues, and welwets, and ſilks, and ſattuns, and gold and

and ſilver leaces, and cords, and bods, and fringes, and furbellums, and roſaries of piſs lazuli, and a hunder'd more rogueries, (I was going to gi um a worſe neame) as thou wearſt, and wouldſt ha thy daughter wear? Good ſerge gownds, and a coarſe cloth petticoat, wi' a finer for high days and holidays, a modeſt hood on their heads wi' a plain border, and roſaries of Tears *, or at moſt of cocoa-wood; ſich things was their bravery, and ſich things only; and not like thee who ſeemſt to have a mind to get me into a jail, a-going as thou doſt here o' feaſt-days like a dutcharſe, and thy daughters like marchingneſſes, when all the while thou biſt but a poor, honeſt, farmer's wife, without conſidering how thou mak'ſt people o' ſenſe laugh at thee; for ater all, "Cloath a monkey wi ſilk, tis a monkey ſtill."

The lecture in all probability would have been longer had not the wench juſt now come in to lay the cloth, as dinner was ready. It does not appear that, either at table, or the remaining part of the day that our gueſts ſpent at Freguenal, any thing remarkable took place; at leaſt the authors of thoſe remote times relate nothing; contenting themſelves with ſaying that the next morning very early they all took leave of each other very cordially, Anthony Zotes taking the road to Campazas, and the two predicadors getting by dinner-time to their convent, where Friar Gerund was kindly received by the Superior, and with infinite joy and applauſe by all the young people, as the fame of his ſermons had got there before

* Tears of David, *Lagrimas de David*, a plant whoſe ſeeds are as hard as a ſtone.

before him. It is known only from an old vellum book written in Gothic letters, and much obliterated through age, that as ſoon as he arrived the Superior put into his hand a patent from the Provincial appointing him Predicador Mayor of the houſe, diſpenſing with the uſual terms of Sabbatine and Second Preacher, required by the conſtitution, for juſt cauſes moving him thereunto, and that at the ſame time Friar Blas received likewiſe a patent of Jubilation; upon which the two friends could ſcarce ſee each other for the duſt of embraces and congratulations.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF

THE FAMOUS PREACHER

FRIAR GERUND.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

In which is related what is not yet known, but will be ſeen when it is read.

THE next morning after his arrival Friar Gerund went betimes to the cell of the Superior, to give him an account of all his glorious expeditions, without forgetting to drop ſome expreſſions of acknowledgement for the ſuppoſed influence of his Paternity in procuring him his new dignity. He related the ſubſtance of all

that happened to him, and did not take any pains to conceal the acclamations with which he had been honoured, though he added, that theſe were oftener wont to be the daughters of Fortune than Deſert. But he took great care not to let ſlip a ſyllable of the terrible whipping by the Magiſtral of Leon, or of the pleaſant raillery and the ſolid arguments of the Familiar, or of the ſound doctrine of the Father Abbot of St. Benedict, and in concluſion told him of his being appointed to preach the Holy Week at Pero-Rubio, which he underſtood to be worth fifty ducats in hard money, beſides ſuch a thing as about thirty more by way of charity for maſſes, and that he begged his leave and benediction for the accepting of it. The Superior gave it with a thouſand loves; for though it is certain he did not much approve Gerund's manner of preaching, being a plain, ſolid man, yet as he found the people heard him with pleaſure, and was deſirous of pleaſing every body, that he might not only not loſe, but multiply dovotees to the order and benefactors to the convent, and ſeeing likewiſe at the ſame time that the higher powers promoted and authorized him, he told him roundly at once, that during his three years he might accept as many ſermons as were offered him.

With this ample permiſſion Friar Gerund went highly pleaſed from the Superior's cell to his own, into which he was ſcarce got when the Father Maſter Prudentio, and the reverend, learned, and pleaſant Beneficiary, mentioned in the ſecond book of this hiſtory, came and knocked at his door. Their errand was twofold; firſt and principally to laugh at and divert themſelves with Gerund, ſince they deſpaired of doing him any good; and ſecondly, to congratulate

tulate him on the promotion to the dignity of Predicador Mayor of the houſe.

After the uſual compliments therefore upon theſe occaſions, the Beneficiary ſaid, "Of the ſermons your Paternity has preached yonder, I ſay nothing, for we have already heard the echoes of the juſtice which Fame has done them by the mighty blaſts of her ſonorous clarion; I was not at all ſurpriſed, for I always thought your Paternity would preach according to your cuſtom." "And I, and all, (ſaid the maſter Prudentio ſhaking his head); ah, that cuſtom! That is the worſt of the Father Predicador." "Whether it be the worſt or the beſt (ſaid Friar Gerund), I can aſſure your very reverend Paternity, our Father, that the order has loſt nothing by my ſermons." I believe it (ſaid Prudentio); for what a paſs ſhould we come to if the holy communities were to ſuffer for the follies and abſurdities in whatever line of this or that individual? All the univerſities are wiſe bodies, though all their members are not greatly ſo; all the religious families are holy, though here and there a friar may not be the moſt exemplary, and in ſhort; the chriſtian religion is moſt holy, though there are ſcandalous chriſtians without number."

"Let us leave ſerious points, and enliven the converſation a little," ſaid the Beneficiary. "Upon this very ſubject of ſermons and preachers I have juſt received two papers by the poſt from a friend of mine at Madrid, each of which is a precious thing in its way, and has given me great pleaſure. One is a circular letter, which moſt of the people about court have, and ſays thus:

"The Majordomo of the Mad-houſe in the "city of Toledo, begs to acquaint V*, that "two dozen of the moſt furious patients have "eſcaped from him, and that he is aſſured they "have diſguiſed themſelves as preachers about "court; he therefore beſeeches V would be "pleaſed to be preſent at their ſermons, and "take notice if they talk confuſedly, without "method, order, or decency; if they heap to-"gether conceits, ſcraps of texts, heathen fables, "ridiculous tales, fantaſtic ideas, and employ "burleſque actions and expreſſions, contrary to "the reſpect and decorum due to a chriſtian "audience, the chair of the Holy Spirit, and "the Word of God; in order to be enabled to "give the neceſſary information for their being "retaken, and brought again to this holy houſe "to be cured; in which V will do a real act of "charity. The Majordomo hears that one of "them is to preach on the —— day —— at —— "o'clock, —— the morning, —— at the church "of —— and another, ——— &c.

"Excellent! charming!" exclaimed the maſter Prudentio. "I think it is (ſaid the Beneficiary;) and they tell me that it has been greatly celebrated by all ſerious and ſenſible men, but that many others are confoundedly nettled at it." "That is very natural, (replied the maſter Prudentio;) all thoſe, who are conſcious of the ſigns given by the Majordomo for their being retaken as the moſt furious patients will, of courſe be

* Your Worſhip, your Lordſhip, your Reverence, &c. V, the firſt letter of the pronoun *Vueſtra*, Your, being uſed alone in things of this form, that each reader may ſupply his own title.

be vexed at it, and endeavour to cry it down; and i'faith I ſhould think more convincing proofs of their deplorable malady need not be waited for in order to their being inſtantly confined." "Let your Reverence (ſaid the Beneficiary) add to theſe the many who celebrate and applaud them, and there will be a numerous army raiſed againſt it: and theſe latter muſt neceſſarily be taken into the account, ſince they ſee themſelves reduced to one of theſe extremes, either to acknowledge and confeſs they have lived on hitherto in an error, applauding what they ought to abominate, and following what they ought to ſhun; or elſe to perſevere through obſtinacy and caprice in what they know to be a falſe opinion. The former is not to be hoped for, or to be hoped for but from a very few, as it is rare to meet with people who are willing to acknowledge themſelves miſtaken, therefore they muſt neceſſarily have recourſe to the latter."

"This circular letter (ſaid Gerund with the moſt innocent candour) deſerves neither faith nor credit, in law or out of it; and if the affair be nicely examined we ſhall find it ſuch as the inquiſition condemns; for, firſt, there is no name of the author, and, ſecondly, it is not ſeen to whom it is addreſſed, ſince we do not find throughout that it ſpeaks to any one but V. V. and V. and it was never known in the world, I'm ſure, that there ever was man, woman, or child called V." "The argument has weight (ſaid the wag of a Beneficiary;) and in truth the ſolution of it is not ſo eaſy. Nevertheleſs it ſeems to me that ſomething of an anſwer may be given, with regard to there being no name of the author, as it is ſaid to be ſent by the Majordomo of the Mad-houſe at Toledo, who it is very na-

tural to ſuppoſe has both a name and an appellative." "Well, let him have thirty names and as many appellatives (anſwered Friar Gerund;) what is ſaid is ſaid; ſtill there is no name of an author; for an author is he who prints or has printed ſome book, and I believe it will not be very eaſy to prove that the Majordomo of the Mad-houſe at Toledo has ever yet given any work to the preſs." "That indeed (ſaid the Beneficiary) I cannot pretend to reply to, for it is unanſwerable; but to the other thing your Paternity aſſerts, that there never was man, woman, or child called V. I think we may ſay, firſt, that if there was a country called Uz *, and which gave birth to Job, according to this text, *Vir erat in terra Uz nomine Job*, I ſee no inconvenience in ſuppoſing it probable that there might be in that country many of the appellative of V. (for what ſignifies one letter more than another?) it being ſo common a thing to give appellatives to families from their towns and countries: ſecondly, that even in our own times there was an Emperor of China called Can—I, why then might there not be an hundred others with the reſt of the vowels, Can—A, Can—E, Can—O, and Can—V?"

"You are well employed truly, Signior Beneficiary (ſaid Prudentio) to ſet your wit to a poor ſimpleton who does not know the ſignification of V. in pieces of this kind. The remark of our new Father Predicador Mayor is much like that of his ſilly brother clerk, who having read the four volumes of the erudite Letters of the maſter Feyjoo threw them from him with contempt,

* Thus the letter z is pronounced in ſome parts of Spain.

contempt, ſaying, that moſt of thoſe letters were feigned; and that he never would believe, not he, that they were real anſwers to true and living men who had conſulted the author upon the points which are therein diſcuſſed.

But, to have done with this impertinence, what I admire in the pleaſant circular letter, is, the great modeſty of its author: to ſuppoſe that there were no more than a couple of dozen of furious madmen who had eſcaped out of the holy houſe of Toledo, and went about at court diſguiſed as preachers, is a moderation for which many ought to be very thankful, as, according to the ſigns which he himſelf gives, the number of madmen is beyond compariſon infinitely greater." "True, Sir, (anſwered the Beneficiary) but they might not all have been confined; and he ſpeaks of thoſe only who had been ſo, and had eſcaped.

The other paper I received by the poſt is not, in its way, leſs ſolemn or leſs diverting, and I am already aſſured, that, whatever the firſt might be, this will be pleaſing to the reverend Paternity of the Predicador Mayor. It is one of the bills which are ſtuck up in the moſt public parts of the metropolis, and is an invitation to certain functions of the church made in homage of the Seraphic Mother St. Thereſa de Jeſus. The invitation was even more ſolemn than the feſtival itſelf; and a friend of mine of excellent taſte, having read it with ſingular complacency, he took one off from the wall to ſend me, knowing how much I am diverted with ſuch pieces. Here it is, with the very paſte upon its back, and it ſays literally as follows:

T. M. I.

" To the Earth of Heaven, for whom he who
" founded the Earth will create the Heaven,
" profound in humility, fertile in virtue: To
" the Water which giveth life, to the Life with
" the clear water of her doctrine, ſweet for ſo-
" vereign: To the Air which giveth ſpirit, to
" the Spirit which giveth the air, ſubtile of her
" pen, pure of her ſoul: To the Fire which
" giveth love, to Love made fire, for the burn-
" ing of the heart: To a Woman-ſeraphim:
" To the Moon which treadeth on the tract of
" the moon, new in favours, waxing in truths,
" full in lights, waning in errors: To the Sun
" which offuſcateth ſplendours; to the Splen-
" dours of the Sun, the Candle of Carmel, the
" Pharos of the world: To the Star of the
" morning, to the Morning of the Star, looked
" to by all for guidance, as the Pole-ſtar in the
" Sea of life, for the Haven of Heaven: To
" the prodigy of Patmos, fitting and ſought in
" the ſeat of juſtice, where, a better Aſtrea, ce-
" leſtial ſign, wiſe virgin, ſhe rules the ſtars:
" To the Motrix Intelligence of the animated
" heavens, which, delicate glaſs, are preſerved in
" vaſes of clay: To the Auguſtin of women,
" Angelic Doctreſs of men, Theological-myſti-
" cal, Phyſical-ſeraphical, Natural-rhetorical,
" Spiritual-medical, Critical-cherubical, univer-
" ſal miſtreſs of the Science of the Saints, of
" the Arts of the Juſt: To the Architectonic
" Girl, who from puerile models raiſed to God
" celeſtial palaces: To the Great in doing, the
" Greater in ſuffering, the Greateſt in love:
" To the Woman Apoſtolical, or Apoſtle in
" the ſphere of Women, by her virtue, by her
" nobility,

" nobility, by her prudence, by her country,
" the Enchantment of Europe, Lady of both
" worlds, Advocate of Spain, Counſellor of
" Caſtile

" ST. THERESA DE JESUS:

" To whom the two Atlaſes of the church mi-
" litant, our catholic king and queen, render
" devout and reverent worſhip, the majeſtic ex-
" preſſion of their holy affection, whoſe ſove-
" reign light, whoſe efficacious example will be
" loyally followed, faithfully imitated, by all the
" royal councils and tribunals of this court in
" the church of ——— giving beginning to
" this elevated end on Sunday the fourteenth
" day of October 1753, at the hour of veſpers;
" from which time to the twenty-fourth day of
" the ſaid month, (when the ſun makes his march
" in car of cryſtal) there will be entire Jubilee.
" The myſtical trumpets of the evangelical
" words, *Confiteor tibi*, *Pater*, will be the fol-
" lowing orators, — — — — — —."

The Maſter Prudentio was aſtoniſhed, and not ſuppoſing that the paper could really contain what the Beneficiary read, but thinking it ſome humorous invention of his, he ſnatched it with a friendly freedom from his hand in order to read it himſelf, when he was ſtill more aſtoniſhed at ſeeing it printed in the very words, ſyllables, and letters, with the ſame commas, ſtops, and orthography as we have given it; only in the paper the names of the orators and the church in which the feſtival was to be celebrated were mentioned, and which we have thought proper, for certain reaſons moving us thereunto, to omit. He read it, and read it again, and the third time he read

it, and ſcarcely could he believe his own eyes. At length, as he was a ſerious, judicious, religious, and truly ſincere man, after having ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, arched his eyebrows, and lifted his eyes to heaven, croſſing and bleſſing himſelf often for admiration, he broke out with ſaying;

"That this ſhould ever be permitted in Spain! and at the very court! And under the eyes of ſo many truly wiſe, cultivated, and diſcreet men! And where there is a concurrence of ſo many thouſands of ſtrangers from almoſt all kingdoms and countries of the world! What will other nations ſay of us! In what light will they look upon us, if they come to underſtand that merely for the advertiſing a ſacred feſtival,——which throughout the world is, and ought to be done plainly and ſimply, ſaying that on ſuch a day will begin ſuch a feſtival, that it will continue ſo long, that the ſacrament will or will not be expoſed to view from ſuch an hour to ſuch an hour, that it will or will not be Jubilee, and that ſuch and ſuch an one will preach,— what, I ſay again, will they think of us when they ſee that only for ſuch a purpoſe as this, a large ſheet of paper is crammed with the wretched rubbiſh of ridiculous antitheſes, with fantaſtically quaint terms, with phraſes which ſignify nothing, or ſignify great abſurdities, with puerile epithets, given to ſo great a ſaint as St. Thereſa, rather outraging than honouring her, and for aught I know, with heretical, or at leaſt, ill-ſounding propoſitions!

"Who told the author of this paper—who cannot poſſibly be any other than ſome little, paltry, wild-headed licentiate, one of thoſe who are beginning to become apprentices to affected elegant

elegant writers, but who know not, nor are capable of knowing what it is to be really elegant—Who told this fellow that St. Thereſa, or any other mere creature, was *the Earth of Heaven, for whom he who founded the Earth will create the Heaven!* A propoſition that was advanced concerning the Holy Mary, namely, that *ipſa colenda eſt non tantum ut cauſa noſtræ redemptionis, ſed etiam ut motivum creationis omnium rerum*, is thought by grave divines to be worthy of the ſevereſt cenſure. Who told him that St. Thereſa or any other ſaint male or female, could be in any true ſenſe *the Water which giveth Life*, ſince there is no other water which giveth life but the water of baptiſm? Who told him that ſhe is *the Air which giveth Spirit*; there being nothing which does or can give it, but the inſpiration of the Holy Spirit? Who told him ——"

"Compoſe yourſelf, my good Sir, (ſaid the Beneficiary) for theſe things are not to be treated with ſo much ſerioufneſs; a little cool blood, and a great deal of good humour is the beſt receipt for curing them, or at leaſt for preventing their doing us any hurt. Look ye, my reverend Father, the wiſe men about court know that it is full of ignorants who pretend to be wiſe. The ſtrangers too have, yonder in their own countries, their authors of ſuch papers as this, or things equivalent; for to think that fools do not ſpring all over the earth like muſhrooms, is a joke; if they do not, there is Menkenius, in his beautiful little book *De Charlataneria Eruditorum*, who will take the lie off my ſhoulders. The artificer of our paper here has no malice in him I will be bound for it, nor is ſo evil-minded as your Paternity imagines. He was diſpoſed to make St. Thereſa a reſemblance of all the four elements, Earth,

Earth, Water, Air, and Fire; nothing better offered, and he let off theſe abſurdities at once, without plunging into more or greater depths; there was nothing more in it, depend upon it; and let not your Reverence form a raſh judgment on the matter of his doctrine, for if he knows what the Catechiſm teaches, that is ſufficient for his ſalvation, without its being neceſſary for him to be acquainted with theological niceties. Would ———"

"Would that I knew what he knows! (here interrupted Gerund); let every one follow his own opinion, ſay I; but in mine this writer is a monſter of genius. What beautiful ſubjects he offers in ſo few lines for preaching many ſermons on the Seraphic Mother! ſuch as ſhall not be forgotten by me when occaſion preſents. *The Moon which treadeth on the tract of the Moon.* What a divinity! Then the proof! *New in favours, waxing in truths, full in lights, waning in errors*, 'tis marvellous!" "To be ſure (ſaid the Beneficiary) all the phaſes of that planet are ſkilfully applied, and huſbandmen, gardeners, and lunatic-phyſicians need not a better calendar to know when they ſhall ſow and plant, purge and bleed."

"Your Paternity may ſay what you will (continued Gerund); but I know not how ſufficiently to praiſe that of, *To the Sun which offuſcateth ſplendours, to the Splendours of the Sun.*" "Nor I neither (replied the Beneficiary) if I underſtood rightly what was the meaning of offuſcating the ſplendours of the ſun: the clouds do not offuſcate them, they only impede their being communicated to us, and the ſame is done by walls, blinds, canopies, and roofs: if any thing ſhould offuſcate them, it muſt be the ſpots which the Father Chriſtoval Scheinero ſaid he had diſcovered

covered in the ſun by a teleſcope of a new invention. But it is natural to ſuppoſe that the author intended to tell us that St. Thereſa was a wall, a blind, a canopy, a roof, or ſpot. However it be, it ſounds well, and I am of the opinion of your Paternity, my reverend father Friar Gerund."

"And what will your Reverence ſay (proceeded Gerund) to *The Candle of Carmel, the Pharos of the world?* Is it not a prodigy! Above all what I never ſhall forget to avail myſelf of upon a proper occaſion, is the ſweet thought of *The Star of the morning, and the Morning of the ſtar.*" "I think it a good conceit (ſaid the Beneficiary); ſince by this we are given to underſtand that there muſt be ſome ſtar ordained a prieſt, who is clothed with the *alba*† for the exerciſing his function, and in ſhort the Lucifer of the *alba* or morning cannot be expreſſed with greater emphaſis or beauty." "The predicable conceit which pleaſes me moſt, (continued Gerund is the ſaying that St. Thereſa was *The Auguſtin of women, and the Angelic Doctreſs of men.*" "It is very happily ſaid (replied the Beneficiary); for it is giving women their huſband, and men their wife: and if any one ſhould ſay, that the making Thereſa on one hand *St. Auguſtin*, and on the other *an Angelical Doctreſs*, is to make her an *Hermaphrodite* doctreſs, he deſerves contempt for his buffoonery. What is more common now o' days, than for a man to be called *Auguſtin Maria?* Then why may not a woman be called *Auguſtin Thomaſa*, or *Thomaſa Auguſtin?* The termination in *a* ſignifies nothing

† The dawn of the morning is called *alba*, which is the name likewiſe of a white linen garment worn by the prieſts. In the original, The Star of the Alba, &c.

thing to the ſex; for *Juno* was a woman which ends in *o*, and *Caracalla* a man, which ends in *a*.

"O let me be buried with your Paternity, (ſaid Friar Gerund) for you ſee things in their right light! But does not your Paternity take any notice of thoſe five ſubjects for five ſermons, which might be preached before the Pope himſelf,——*Theological-myſtical*, *Phyſical-ſeraphical*, *Natural-rhetorical*, *Spiritual-medicinal*, *Critical-cherubical?*" "I ſay, Father Predicador Mayor, (anſwered the Beneficiary) that in compariſon with theſe five ſlippery dactylized ſubjects, the five ſtones of David's ſling, preached at Rome by the venerable Father Vieyra, on five Sundays in Lent, for the knocking o' the head the Philiſtine of ſin, were five moſt unpoliſhed and coarſe pebbles. Theſe are five precious ſtones worthy to be ſet in the iron crown of the Longobards, which they ſay is preſerved at Aquiſgran, and weighs ſome quarters of an hundred. What I wonder at is, that the author ſhould have left any cauſe of complaint to other faculties, when with equal reaſon, and with equal eaſe, he might have honoured them with notice: ſince what hindered his adding that St. Thereſa was an *Aſtronomical-ecſtatical*, *Geographical-celical*, *Mathematical-typical*, *Poetical-metrical*, &c.?" "Why the paper would not have contained it," (replied Gerund). "It might be for that reaſon (replied the Beneficiary); but yet, that might have been remedied by printing it on a ſheet of Imperial."

"The thought which I prefer to all (ſaid Gerund) and which ſhall not eſcape me the firſt ſermon I preach upon the glorious Saint, is that which comprehends three admirable points,

Great

Great in doing, Greater in ſuffering, Greateſt in Love." "They are three truths, (ſaid the Beneficiary) ſufficiently proved in the life of the Seraphic Mother, and the gradation of Great, Greater, and Greateſt, is made according to art."

"And does not your Reverence think, (ſaid Gerund) that the eulogy with which he concludes, ſaying that St. Thereſa was and had been, *by her virtue, by her nobility, by her prudence, by her country, the Enchantment of Europe, Lady of both worlds, Advocate of Spain, Counſellor of Caſtile,* is worthy of the greateſt admiration?" "O my father Friar Gerund! (anſwered the Beneficiary) this is *an head of work!* † Pardon me, our Tongue, for taking it into my head to make uſe of ſuch an expreſſion! This is a ſtroke! But what do I talk of a ſtroke? 'Tis a club-like blow, which ſplits the ſcull, and lays open the brains of Aſtoniſhment! Not without a cauſe did the author leave it for the laſt, which is the place, where the greateſt exploſion is to be made. It has more ſoul in it than appears at firſt ſight; it is one of thoſe periods which are called correſpondent; becauſe to the four preceding ſubſtantives are to correſpond the four following qualities, married and coupled with them according to order. I will explain myſelf if I can.

"A certain wag was aſked the character of I know not what Rector, (for the legend does not ſay whether he was an univerſity or a conventual Rector) and he gave it in this diſtich, which I think is of John Owen.

Eſt

† An expreſſion much uſed in Italian and French; *Capo d' opra, Chef d' œuvre.*

Eſt bonus, et fortaſſe pius, ſed Rector ineptus,
Vult, meditatur, agit, plurima, pauca, nihil.

Now obſerve here the correſpondencence or marriage of the three verbs with the three accuſatives, *vult plurima, meditatur pauca, agit nihil.* In the ſame manner the moſt ingenious author of the advertiſement ſays, that St. Thereſa was *by her virtue the Enchantment of Europe, by her nobility Lady of both worlds, by her prudence Advocate of Spain, by her country Counſellor of Caſtile.* It is true, that after having made her Lady of both worlds it was ſinking much below the mark to make her Advocate of Spain, and then Counſellor of Caſtile. But what ſhooter is there ſo dextrous as always to aim right, and never to lower his muzzle from the true direction? At all adventures, all who have had the happineſs, both men and women, to be born in the moſt noble city of Avila, where St. Thereſa was born, are much indebted to the author for the diſcovery of an honourable privilege of which it is very probable not a ſoul of them had the leaſt knowledge: Let them know then that they are by birth *Counſellors of Caſtile*, and therefore from henceforwards it is no longer to be called *Avila of the Cavaliers*, but *Avila of the Counſellors of Caſtile.* Of the illuſtrious families of the Cepedas and the Ahumadas, to which the world is indebted for this great Saint, there is no occaſion to ſay any thing; their privilege or their glory, is much greater, ſince they are neceſſarily *by their nobility Ladies of both worlds.*"

"It ſeems to me (ſaid Friar Gerund), as if your Paternity at times was jocular; but in truth I am very much in earneſt in all I ſay. At leaſt I think your Paternity cannot find any thing to criticize in this moſt elegant phraſe which ſays that the Jubilee will begin, &c. *(when the Sun makes his march in car of cryſtal).*"

"What

"What can there be to object to in this parentheſis (ſaid the Beneficiary); or what indeed can be ſaid of it that will not be below its merit? The elevation of the phraſe cannot be greater, ſince it riſes to the ſun itſelf; that of the conceit is as clear as cryſtal, and above all the ſuitableneſs of it is ineſtimable. To this be added the novelty with which the blunders of the poets are corrected ever ſince poetry was founded in Arcadia, or in Chaldea, for that is a trifle. Hitherto they have all given into the madneſs of ſuppoſing the ſun to make his march in a car of fire, and afterwards, according to ſome, to bury himſelf in a chryſtal urn, or according to others, to go to ſleep on a couch of liquid ſilver. It has been an enormous error, or at leaſt an hallucination as univerſal as highly prejudicial. By a teleſcope of new conſtruction that by good luck came to our author's hands, he diſcovered moſt clearly that the car in which the ſun runs poſt is of cryſtal; and that though hence below, it ſeems all involved in fire, and that that is fire which is breathed from the mouths and noſtrils of the horſes which draw it, after all it is a deception of the ſight. This ariſes from that as the ſun goes in the inſide of the car or chariot, and as the horſes likewiſe are diaphanous or tranſparent, the rays penetrate through theſe glaſs windows, and that which appears to be fire, is in reality nothing more than native cryſtal."

"Whether your Paternity jokes or does not joke (ſaid Friar Gerund), you will not deny that the expreſſion is elegant with which he announces to the public the perſons who will preach, and the text upon which they will be *Myſtical trumpets of the Evangelical words, Confiteor tibi, Pater.*" "But does your Reverence ſee? (ſaid the

the Beneficiary) This is the only thing I ſhould have omitted; not becauſe it is not ſaid with great ſonoroſity and a beautiful cadence from the ſlippery *Myſtical and Evangelical*, but becauſe, as there are many people in the world who would loſe a couple of friends, rather than forego one ſtupid quibble, there are more than two who might ſay that many, all, or ſome of the orators mentioned, were very poor trumpets."

CHAP. II.

The Beneficiary ſneezes; the converſation is interrupted with Bleſs you, Sir! Save you, Sir! Dominus tecum! *and afterwards he blows his noſe.*

YOUR Reverence has not only ſubdued my ire, (ſaid now the Maſter Prudentio with a placid countenance) but you have converted it into laughter. I ſee now that the abſurdities of theſe bills which are ſtuck up at the corners of our ſtreets, are not matters to be treated with ſuch an air of ſerioufneſs: from theſe things follow no other inconveniencies than that —if it could be called one—the authors of them are looked upon in the light which they deſerve; but ſuch mouthfuls of nonſenſe as theſe in the pulpit are quite intolerable, for they are there of very ſerious conſequence to religion, to our national character, and to our manners. In ſhort the paper is the abſurdeſt thing in the world, and it is impoſſible there can be any thing equal to it."

"That is ſaying a great deal, Father Maſter (replied the Beneficiary); the ſphere of poſſibility

bility is very wide, and 'tis odds but I have in my pocket wherewith to convince your Reverence how much you are miſtaken in ſuppoſing there cannot be ſtill greater abſurdities in this way." "Your Paternity jokes ſurely?" ſaid the Father Maſter. "Do I joke? (ſaid the Beneficiary); now you ſhall ſee as the man ſaid *, and ſaying and doing, he took out of his pocket another paper which he ſaid had been ſent him likewiſe by the poſt as an unique, and was a bill that was ſtuck up, not at Madrid, but at another reſpectable city, to publiſh the feſtival of St. Coſme and St. Damian. He read it faithfully, excepting a thing or two which he omitted from prudential motives; and it was literally thus,

— — — — — "Solemn rites, obſe-
"quious applauſes, feſtive acclamations, de-
"monſtrations of the moſt refined love, which
"to their moſt faithful Achtates, the living tem-
"ples of Charity, Seutipiubſores, Coſmiclimatas,
"Brachamanes, the Workſhops of the divine
"marvels, Prodigies of Miracles, Miracles of
"Prodigies, Chriſopaſos of Grace, Aſapetas of
"Hearts,

ST. COSME AND ST. DAMIAN

"Are dedicated, conſecrated, and offered with
"cordial devotion by the Sons of, *&c. &c.*
"*&c.*"

"I am

* In the original. Now you ſhall ſee ſaid *Agrages*; but who Agrages was the Spaniards themſelves do not know. It is a very common phraſe, and has obtained perhaps from a kind of whimſical run in the pronunciation. It is thus accented, *Ahóra lo verédes díxo Agráges*; the *x*, and the laſt *g* have a guttural ſound.

" I am convinced, I am convinced, (ſaid the Maſter Prudentio, croſſing himſelf again); this paper is ſhorter than the former; it has nothing elſe better; in abſurdity indeed they ſeem to ſtrive for maſtery. I do not underſtand the Greek tongue, for which I am very ſorry and aſhamed; but I ſhould wonder if ſuch gibberiſh as *Achtates*, *Seutipiubſores*, *Coſmiclimatas*, *Brachamanes*, *Chriſopaſos*, and *Agapetas*, were not *Greek*, as we ſay for any thing unintelligible, to the Greeks themſelves. Brachmans (not Brachamanes) is no Greek word, and I know what it ſignifies. The Brachmans are a line or many lines of the moſt noble and moſt wiſe families in the Eaſt Indies, very difficult to be converted, for, ſhunning, and eſteeming vile, all who are not of an equal family or line, they diſdain holding communication with them, inſomuch that they are not admitted to their houſes for the performance of the meaneſt offices; the cook of a Brachman muſt be a Brachman: in ſome places the extravagance riſes to ſuch an height that a Brachmanic mark is fixed upon the Brachmanic ſides of their beaſts of burden and other domeſtic animals, that the Brachmans may ſafely and honourably employ them. But yet I am never the nearer knowing how the *Brachman* can be applied to the two glorious martyrs St. Coſme and St. Damian."

" What, does your Reverence heſitate at that? (ſaid the Beneficiary) the *Brachman* comes to them in as right a line as the *Seutipiubſores*, *Coſmiclimatas*, and *Chriſopaſos*. The compoſer of this ſolemn publication did not boggle at ſuch trifles. His endeavour was, firſt to make himſelf paſs for another Cornelius Schrevelius in knowledge of the Greek tongue with thoſe who are ignorant of it; and ſecondly, to fill the ear and raiſe

raiſe the aſtoniſhment of the populace with theſe barbarouſly-ſounding words, without any thing elſe paſſing in his imagination. If the Heautontimorumenos of Terence had then occurred to him he would as certainly have called the two bleſſed ſaints *Heautontimorumenos* as *Coſmiclimatas* and *Agapetas*. I know very well that thoſe were called *Agapetas* who celebrated the Love-feaſts in uſe amongſt the faithful in the firſt ages of the church, and that theſe feaſts were called *Agapai* from *Agapée* which ſignifies Love; but yet I am at a loſs for any natural and ſuitable application that can be made of this word to the two holy ſaints and phyſicians, Coſme and Damian." "However it be (Friar Gerund now put in, taking a pinch of ſnuff, and affecting an archneſs) theſe epithets ſound well, and might play their part in a tight little ſermon of the *rhumb*."

"Hold, your Reverence! (exclaimed the Father Maſter from a ſudden recollection and ſtriking the palm of his hand againſt his forehead) for I alſo ſhall contribute my mite towards the profitable ſubject of this converſation. I juſt now remember that I have here in my pocket two printed papers which were lately ſent me from Saragoſſa by a correſpondent of mine, a man of judgment, delicacy, and literature, that your Paternity may know, Signior Beneficiary, that we all have our friends and correſpondents with a ſmack of taſte. If I am not miſtaken, they may both vie with the two choice pieces you have favoured us with, though written in a different manner, for a different purpoſe, and in Latin. They are four decimas with echoes, comprehending two diſtinct eulogies upon the angelic doctor, St. Thomas, and I doubt much if the preſs ever before brought to light four ſuch crazy things." He then read as follows:

EUCHARISTICO

EUCHARISTICO ECCLESIÆ CALAMO.

Angelico Præceptori,
Tori cathedram agenti,
Genti ut luceat pubeſcenti,
*Enti*que fulgeat majori:
Humilitatis amori,
Mori Thomæ, qui extat Prora,
Ora, Cymba, Mater Flora,
Lora, Dux, Gladius Acantus,
Cantus, Sidus, Turris, Xanthus,
Thus, Paradiſus, Aurora.
Soli lucis fulminoſo,
Minoſo hæreſis terrori,
Rori Gratiæ geſtuoſo,
*Æſtuoſo*que Doctori.
Caſtiſſimo intacto flori,
Ori Sophiam evomenti,
Menti proclivæ clamori,
*Amori*que Dei ferventi;
Hæc libens conſecro thura
Dona dum expecto futura.

" O Father Maſter, is it poſſible! (exclaimed the Beneficiary ready to roll about the floor with laughing) is it poſſible that ſuch precioſities are printed! If I did not know your Reverence to be a ſincere man, I ſhould think it was an invention of your own. For God's ſake let us ſee this paper; for there is not money enough in the world to pay its price." He took it and read it, and read it again, and after remaining ſome time aſtoniſhed and ſuſpended, broke out with theſe exclamations, I am, I am a ſimpleton! I am a blockhead! I am a driveler! I am an idiot! I thought I knew ſomething of mad, abſurd, ridiculous compoſitions,

compoſitions, and had the vanity to think that thoſe I had committed to memory were originals, but they are not all worth a nut-ſhell in compariſon with theſe two decimas, and to ſpeak particularly of my two papers, in which I came wrapped up like a comfitted carraway ſeed, I muſt ſay ingenuouſly that

Non ſunt noſtrates tergere digna nates.

"Your Reverence muſt give me leave, though it ſhould ſeem a little tedious, to ſee what figure theſe decimas will make faithfully conſtrued into Spaniſh, line by line, though it will be impoſſible to preſerve their divine echoes, the Spaniſh words being ſo diſtinct from the Latin that the echoes of the one will not anſwer to thoſe of the others.

TO THE EUCHARISTICAL PEN OF THE CHURCH.

To the Angelic Preceptor,
Profeſſor of the Bed,
That he may ſhine to the arrivers at puberty,
And be ſplendid in the ſight of the greater being:
To the Love of Humility,
The Cuſtom of Thomas, who is a Prow,
A Shore, a Boat, Mother Flora,
A Coat of Mail, a General, a Sword, an Acanthus,
A Song, a Star, a Tower, Xanthus,
Frankincenſe, Paradiſe, the Morning.
To the fulminous Sun of Light,
Threatening terror of Hereſy,
Dew of Grace full of Action,

And

And the boiling-over Doctor:
To the moſt chaſte untouched Flower,
The mouth which vomits wiſdom,
The mind inclined to clamour
And the fervent love of God;
I willingly conſecrate theſe Frankincenſes
Whilſt I expect future gifts.

" I ſhall not ſtop to take notice of the ſoleciſms and barbariſms which ſwarm in the Latin; for if I ſhould detain myſelf on ſuch a buſineſs, I ſhould be as poor a creature as he who compoſed it. What abſorbs all my attention is to think how wearied the author muſt have been with the atchievement of ſo great a work; and how happy they muſt have been who were at the expence of printing it and diſperſing it throughout the City of Saragoſſa. With how many ſilly mortals would the artificer paſs for a monſter of genius! How many innocent ſouls would ſuppoſe that more delicate praiſes had never been beſtowed upon the Angel of the Schools! Well now, Father Maſter, I am no poet, and God forbid I ever ſhould be: it is true I have compoſed indeed a few verſes, and though ſome of them were praiſed, I know very well that I am very far from the perfection of this great but unhappy faculty; but for ſuch a thing as the compoſing on a ſudden, I will not ſay a Decima, but a complete ſong, with its chorus and all, or a copy of verſes as long as that of Don Diego de Mendoza; though without order or connection, and ſhooting away at random, they ſay I have ſome talent, and I am partly inclined to believe it, as I have experienced it upon ſome occaſions. Now then, to God and to Good-luck! turn out as it may, here goes a Decima in echoes in imitation of the Latin

Latin ones, and may it be to the greater glory and honour of their incomparable author.

La Batalla de Bitonto *,
Tonto, no fue en Mondragon ;
Dragon, que vio la Funcion,
Uncion tomo junto al Ponto.
Si al Parnaſſo me remonto
Monto ſobre ti Pollino ;
Lino ſe hila en el Molino,
Lino de Mungo Cazurro
Zurro y mas Zurro à eſte burro :
Y catate un deſatino.

" It is a good Extempore (ſaid the Maſter Prudentio) and a worthy retribution to the block-head who outraged rather than honoured the Angelic Doctor by his ſtring of abſurdities. The only good thing it contains is the calling the Saint *The Euchariſtical Pen of the Church*, in alluſion to his having compoſed the office of the moſt Holy Sacrament ; and though there have not been wanting thoſe who were inclined to take from him this glory, and from us this comfort, yet the fact is indiſputable. And if he was likewiſe the author of the moſt devout and elegant hymn, *Sacris Solemniis*, together with the other, *Pange lingua glorioſi Corporis myſterium*, what indignation or what laughter muſt it cauſe him.—could the Saints be capable of theſe affections in that

* Do ſo much, kind reader, as juſt to put this Extempore of the reverend father Beneficiary, and another you will meet with preſently (the purport of both which is only to tell the author of the Latin decimas that he is a fool and an aſs) into Engliſh verſe with echoes, whilſt I ſtep forward and prepare the next chapter for your entertainment.

region of immutable ſerenity—to ſee himſelf ſo beſpattered by ſuch a left-handed clown of a poet! He would ſcarcely pardon him the barbariſms of *Minoſo*, *fulminoſo*, *æſtuoſo*, and *geſtuoſo*, which are too groſs I doubt to be found even in the celebrated Du Cange's dictionary of baſe Latin."

"However, my reverend father, (ſaid the Beneficiary) the two decimas are ſo abſurd that it does not ſeem poſſible there can be any others to equal them."

"That is ſaying a great deal (ſaid the Father Maſter, giving the Beneficiary back the very words of which he had availed himſelf, in ſuppoſing there could not poſſibly be another advertiſement ſo abſurd as the firſt.) That is ſaying a great deal, Signior Beneficiary; the ſphere of poſſibility is very wide, and 'tis odds but I have in this other hand wherewith to convince your Reverence how much you are miſtaken in ſuppoſing there cannot be ſtill greater abſurdities in this way; *Ahora lo veredes dixo Agrages*;" and, ſaying and doing, he immediately began to read another couple of printed decimas, in praiſe likewiſe of the ſame Saint; which ran thus:

SANCTISSIMO CONCILIORUM ALTARI.

Maximo Scholæ Patrono,
Trono Pudoris veterni,
Terni contra vim Averni,
Verni Solis gaudes dono:
Sedulo Eccleſiæ colono,
O multiplex tui volumen,
Lumen, Lagena, Cacumen,
Acumen, Sol, Luna, Navis,

Vis,

Vis, Radius, Lancia, Clavis,
Avis, Tuba, Scutum, Flumen.

Firmo doctrinæ caſtello,
Telo humoris nocivo,
Civo Domini novello,
Bello Veneris læſivo;
Numini cæli feſtivo,
Æſtivo orandi ſacello,
Cælo univerſi attractivo,
Activo Virtutis Cælo,
Hæc ſerta dico gratanter,
Numenque enitor inſtanter.

"You are right, you are right, Father Maſter (ſaid the Beneficiary, as ſoon as ſome violent burſts of laughter, which threatened to bring his lungs out at his mouth, would let him ſpeak) in compariſon with theſe the other two decimas were the wittieſt, the diſcreeteſt, the eleganteſt, were all the ſuperlatives that can be invented by the moſt ſuperlativiſſimo Italian author. 'Tis a pity they ſhould not be turned into Spaniſh; I muſt do it; and they ſhall have the ſame juſtice done them with the others; then, hands, to the work.

TO THE MOST HOLY ALTAR OF COUNCILS.

To the greateſt patron of the ſchool,
The Throne of veteran modeſty,
Againſt the force of the three hells,
Who rejoiceſt in the giſt of the Spring-Sun;
To the ſedulous huſbandman of the Church,
O how manifold are thy volumes!
Light, Bottle, Summit,

Acuteneſs, Sun, Moon, Ship,
Strength, Ray, Launce, Key,
Bird, Trumpet, Shield, River.

To the firm Caſtle of Doctrine,
Dart of noxious moiſture,
New Food of the Lord,
Hurtful war of Venus:
To the feſtive Deity of Heaven,
Summer-Chapel to pray in,
Attractive zeal of the Univerſe,
Active Heaven of Virtue,
I dedicate theſe garlands willingly,
And bring forth the Deity inſtantly.

" I defy all the geniuſes of the world (excepting only the author) in ſo few lines to ſet on foot ſuch a multitude of inconnected abſurdities and madneſſes. I know what he alludes to by his *Moſt holy Altar of Councils:* a certain Pope, of the order of preachers, when celebrating Maſs in the preſence of the Fathers of a Council, is ſaid to have commanded a book of St. Thomas to be laid for the altar; and let it paſs, howmuchſoever it may have been controverted; for I find no difficulty in believing it, nor ſee any impropriety in a pope's being inclined to diſtinguiſh the works of a Saint ſo deſerving of the Univerſal Church, with this moſt ſingular honour. But what would the Decimiſt give us to underſtand by ſaying that St. Thomas is *The Throne of Veteran Modeſty?* If there ſhould be a diſpute about *Veteran* and *Modern Modeſty*, like that which a few years ago entertained the court for ſome days about *Veteran* and *Modern Orators*, he would not have done ill in explaining to us what is the Veteran Modeſty, that we might know

know if it would be right that we ſhould change the Modern for it.

Then in this line, *Terni contra vim Averni*, there is made a moſt terrible diſcovery. Hitherto we believed that there was no more than one hell, that is, one only gulph for the condemned; and the fartheſt that ever conſideration advanced, according to the idea of St. Auguſtin, was, that for Chriſtians it ſeemed there ought to be two hells: but from the Decimiſt's account we find that he has diſcovered a third, or a triplicate of horrible hells. It muſt, to be ſure, have been becauſe

His vet'ran modeſty, o'erpower'd, fell
By force ſuperior of the triple hell.

But it cannot be denied that the thought of the fourth line, *Verni Solis gaudes dono*—who enjoyeſt the gift of the Summer-Sun * is a truly deep and profound thought. He does not ſay that St. Thomas enjoyed the gift of the Winter Sun, of the Spring-Sun, or the Autumn-Sun, but of the *Summer*-Sun, of the hotteſt part of the ſummer, and probably of the very Dog-days. And why ſo? Becauſe he was deſerving of being cloathed with the moſt religious habit of the great Patriarch St. Dominic; and we all know that this Saint was myſteriouſly foretold to his mother when ſhe dreamed that ſhe was delivered of a dog with a lighted torch in his mouth—a moſt complete figure of the Dog-ſtar, which now-

* The Spaniſh word *Verano*—ſignifying Summer—we are told is from *Vernus*; whence to a Spaniard probably the Beneficiary would not appear to ſtrain the meaning of it by tranſlating it as he does.

a-days is always obſerved to rule, as we ſay, or become viſible, in the hotteſt part of the ſummer; though in proceſs of time we know not when he may emerge. Without doubt then this was what the poet meant to ſay, when he affirmed that St. Thomas enjoyed the gift of the Summer-Sun; but if he meant to ſay any thing elſe, let him at leaſt thank me for my good intention."

"Your Paternity muſt be fond of loſing your time, I think, (interrupted the Father Maſter) to keep interpreting and gloſſing upon the abſurdities of theſe decimas. We may be aſſured that the compoſer of them was ſome poor ſimpleton, who aimed only at adjuſting his Echoes, let them turn out as they would, without looking to the conſequence. Otherwiſe who could bear to hear him calling St. Thomas, *Dart of noxious moiſture, Hurtful war of Venus, Feſtive Deity of Heaven, Summer-chappel for prayer*, &c. &c." "'Ifaith your Reverence is right, and let us not waſte any more time in proſing about the blockhead. But that theſe laſt decimas may not complain that I do not ſalute them with another of my invention, as I did the firſt, here go ten feet* in ſearch of the author, who ought to go on four.

Salvages en la Canada
Nada teneis que buſcar
*Car*lo quinto ni aun el Czar,
Porque mas aca ay Poſada
Sada fue mi Camarada,
Rada toma Chocolate,
Ate Roque el Cordellate,
Late un occulto myſterio,
*Rio*me del Magiſterio,
Y catate otro diſparate.

At

* The Spaniards call a line a foot.

As during the comments upon the four decimas they had not given room to Friar Gerund to ſlip in a word edgewiſe, he kept a profound ſilence; but he did not care a pin about the matter; for to him the decimas had not appeared ſo bad as to the Beneficiary and the Father Maſter; he rather found in the echoes a grace ſo matchleſs as all but enchanted him; and if he had undertaken to defend them, he knew very well that he ſhould not make his party good; if he joined with them in laughing at and deſpiſing them, he would have acted againſt his conſcience; ſo that, all things conſidered, he felicitated himſelf that they had not ſuffered him to ſpeak. He only begged the Father Maſter to let him take a copy of thoſe papers, to lay them up as curioſities; which was readily granted, as it was ſuppoſed that after their having been ſo deſervedly abuſed, it would never enter into his imagination to keep them for any thing but diverſion, and not for a model.

Upon this the Beneficiary took his leave, and the Father Prudentio and Friar Gerund went to wait upon him to the convent-gate, in their way to which the Father Maſter ſaid to the Beneficiary, "Hence we ſee how juſtly and properly it is commanded by various acts of the council, and royal edicts, that no printer ſhall print any book, memorial, or flying ſheet, *of whatever quality or ſize, though it be only of a few lines*, without the licence of the Council, the Judge privative, or the Superintendant-General of the preſs, under the penalty of two thouſand ducats and ſix years baniſhment. This is very wiſely ordered, however rigorous it may ſeem; and if it was duly obſerved we ſhould have none of theſe abſurd bills and mad decimas, which, when

looked upon in their right light, contribute more to our diſhonour than our diverſion. Lately, indeed, this point has been more carefully attended to than ever; and though ſome may complain of the too great ſeverity, yet leſs inconveniences reſult from this extreme than from the contrary one, and particularly as experience ſhews us that even all this rigour is not able to free us intirely from theſe monſtrous things. Would to God that the ſame rigour was exerted with regard to the Dedications of Theſes, in which there is ſo much rubbiſh and crazy ſtuff, that I have been ſometimes tempted to make a collection of the moſt ridiculous, and have been with-held only by the conſideration that other nations may look upon us all as barbarians; ſo much are we to deplore the intrepid ignorance of thoſe who give cauſe for it." They were now arrived at the porter's lodge, and the Beneficiary went home to h s houſe, and each of the Religious to his cell.

CHAP. III.

Friar Gerund diſpoſes his Holy Week.

HE ſet about it with ſo much earneſtneſs, that with a moſt exemplary conſtancy and edification did he deny himſelf the preaching of many ſermons which he was this ſummer moſt preſſingly entreated to undertake. Amongſt others he was importuned to exceſs to admit one, of great pomp and no leſs utility, for a feſtival of Thankſgiving which was to be celebrated in a neighbouring pariſh, on account of the king's having made the miniſter of it, a learned, pious,

pious, and charitable man, a biſhop. There was no prevailing upon him to accept it, as he would not be drawn aſide by other ſubjects, and expoſe himſelf to the hazard of wanting time for his *opus magnum*, the Holy Week. And as one of thoſe who moſt urged him, gave him to underſtand that his reſiſtance would be attributed to his being afraid to undertake this ſermon, being upon a new and intricate ſubject, upon which there was little to be found in books. Friar Gerund, to undeceive him, ſhewed him inſtantly ſome notes which he had made, and in his opinion moſt choice ones, for this kind of function.

They were all taken literally from a certain ſermon, preached in a certain city, upon this identical ſubject, of a pariſh-prieſt's being elected to a biſhoprick in the Indies, who was called John (ſo likewiſe was our biſhop-elect called) and who wept upon being informed of his election, refuſed conſenting to it, and, in ſhort, accepted it. Upon this a numerous fraternity, which there was in his pariſh, and of which the Signior Biſhop was the ſpiritual father, immediately reſolved to celebrate a very ſolemn feſtival. An orator was ſought for from home of courſe, and it was a Father Maſter, an ingenious and ſkilful man without doubt, but one of thoſe who, in the pulpit, ſuffer themſelves to be drawn down the ſtream of cuſtom. The muſic of the cathedral attended, there were bonfires, bull-fights, and a *Vitor* drawn by the ſtudents of the ſchool, of which the biſhop-elect had been maſter: of all this the orator took notice in his ſalutation, and all of it, Friar Gerund thought, might with the greateſt facility be adapted to the election of any biſhop whatever; and if dur-

ing the feſtival the ſacrament was expoſed to view, as is commonly the caſe, it would be worth gold itſelf. The extract which he read to the perſon who importuned him was literally thus:

"NOTES FOR SERMONS ON THE ELECTION OF BISHOPS.

"If the elect ſhould afflict himſelf——as it generally happens——to conſole him with this beginning,

"Weep not, John, weep not, *Ne fleveris.* And why does John weep? He himſelf informs; *Vidi in dextera ſedentis ſuper thronum librum ſcriptum intus & foris ſignatum ſigillis ſeptem———et ego flebam multum.* He who is ſeated upon the throne is the king, the book from which hung ſeven ſeals, according to ſome, is a figure of the pendent leaden *Bulls** marked with the pontifical ſeal, *Pictores noſtri hunc librum cum ſeptem ſigillis pendentibus inſtar bullarum depingunt.* According to others it was a folded letter, called a book, as the Hebrews call whatever written paper or parchment, *Hebræi quodcunque ſcripti genus librum appellant, ille de quo hic agitur erat potius epiſtola quædam plicata:* a letter, then, from the king which ſeems to threaten to be followed by a Bull, is the cauſe of John's weeping and being ſo much afflicted.

"Now

* From the Latin *Bulla:* what gives title and authority to the Pope's inſtruments. After the king has recommended, and the chapter choſen a Biſhop, a Bull is neceſſary for his conſecration.

"Now here we have already the King's letter to the chapter, the Pope's bull, and the Elect's weeping.

"Who ſhall comfort the poor biſhop? The text informs us: *Vicit Leo de tribu Juda*,—the Lion of Juda, who is repreſented not only as a tame Lamb, but as dead upon the ſame book, *Agnum ſtantem tanquam occiſum.*—It is a figure of the ſacrament. This ſacramented Lamb holds out to him with his own hand the Bull, *et accepit de dextera ſedentis in throno librum——inſtar bullarum depingunt.* He commands him to accept it, and to render an account to his holy church, *Scribe eccleſiis:* he cannot be reſiſted, *Vicit Leo.* No pretence of reſiſtance can be made, for the Lamb is engaged to furniſh him with whatever he ſhall have need of for the diſcharge of his miniſtry. For this reaſon he is repreſented ſometimes walking, ſometimes ſitting, and ſometimes ſtanding, *ambulantem, ſedentem, ſtantem.* When he weighs the merits of him who is to be elected he walks, *ambulantem*; when he decides upon them he ſits, *ſedentem*; when he rewards them, he ſtands up, *ſtantem*, as one who is ready to aſſiſt and to defend him. Has the biſhop need of eyes? The Lamb has ſeven, *habentem oculos ſeptem.* Has he need of the gifts of the Holy Spirit? There he has them figured in the ſeven horns of the Lamb, *Cornua ſeptem.* Has he need to croſs the ſea, and that the angels of the Lord conduct him happily to *terra firma?* There he has it all, *habentem cornua ſeptem, & oculos ſeptem qui ſunt ſeptem Spiritus Dei miſſi in omnem terram.*

"The acceptance being ſuppoſed, as a triumph of the Lamb, who inſtitutes, or who gives the moſt ſolemn feſtival of thankſgiving?

Let

Let us look to the text: *Cum aperuiſſet librum viginti quatuor ſeniores ceciderunt coram agno habentes ſinguli cytharas & phyalas aureas——dicentes*, &c. The ancients, the twelve, the twenty and four, who are they who occupy the firſt places in this moſt noble fraternity, and are diſtinguiſhed in it by theſe names, *Viginti quatuor ſeniores ceciderunt coram agno:* They ſeem as if they had converted themſelves into muſicians, through love, to ſing thanks and praiſes to the Lamb, *habentes ſinguli cytharas*; but not contented with this, they have brought hither that moſt ſweet and accordant muſic which has its origin not from the old rotten ſtrings of Mercury's tortoiſe-ſhell, but from Heaven itſelf, *itaque cælum inſtrumentum muſicæ archetypum videtur mihi, non propter alia ſic elaboratum quam ut parentis hymni decantarentur muſicè.* Even the Orator appears to be figured in the text; for whether it be this man or that man who is appointed to it, the ſermon ought always to be New, *et cantabant canticum Novum.*

"The rockets are clear, ſince they are let off from the very throne itſelf, *et de throno procedebant fulgura & voces & tonitrua.* The *Vitor* of the ſtudents of the Jeſuit-ſchool is what we cannot fail to acknowledge in thoſe four myſterious living creatures which ſtood round the chair or throne of Jeſus, *in circuitu ſedis*, and with the likeneſs and flight of eagles, *et quarum ſimile aquilæ volanti*, raiſed themſelves celebrating day and night, *et requiem non habebant die ac nocte dicentia, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus!* Finally the bull-fights alſo are denoted in our text, ſince there are not wanting in it the likeneſſes of bulls *et ſecundum animal ſimile vitulo.*

THE

THE SUBJECT

THE LABYRINTH.

"Chriſt is a Labyrinth in the ſacrament for five reaſons; firſt, becauſe it is figured by the deſert in which he appeared, *apparuit in deſerto*; ſecondly, becauſe the Iſraelites were ſtruck with wonder and admiration at it, ſaying, *Quid eſt hoc?* Thirdly, becauſe the ſenſes are confounded in it, *et ſi ſenſus deficit*; fourthly, becauſe it appeared difficult to the Jews, *durus eſt hic ſermo*; fifthly, becauſe he is *alpha* and *omega*, the beginning and end of all things.

"The ſacrament then, is to be the centre of the Labyrinth: the Labyrinth is to have no more than two paths, and the paths are to be the other two goſpels, uſed in the feſtival; for that of the ſacrament is already applied to the centre.

"Firſt path and firſt goſpel, *Tu es Petrus, & ſuper hanc petram ædificabo eccleſiam meam.* Why does Chriſt chuſe Peter for the biſhop of biſhops and the fundamental ſtone of his church? becauſe from the time the name was given to him he was called *Cephas*, which is the ſame as *Peter* and *Stone*, *Tu vocaveris Cephas, quod interpretatur Petrus.* But now let us diſcover, (here we ſpeak plainly) the cypher enjoyed from the baptiſmal font through the moſt high providence by our moſt loving lord biſhop. How is his Lordſhip called? *Don John Garcia Abadiano.* Let this now be turned into Latin, and it will ſtand thus, *Dominus Joannes Garcia Abadianus.* What makes

it

it when anagrammatized? *Joan Obiſpo de Caracas ad minus*, that is *John Biſhop of Caracas at leaſt.*

"Here goes another Latin anagram for ſtill farther confirmation: *Joannes gratia Domini Abb: ad nos*, with a V to ſpare, but it is eaſy to accommodate it, for ABBA ſignifying the ſame as *Father* it may be ſaid, *John, by the grace of the Lord* V, *Father (Biſhop) to us.* The Lord V. is Philip the Fifth who preſented him to the biſhopric. In this manner it is eaſy to make anagrams of the name of any biſhop elect, for if it will not turn out well in Spaniſh it will in Latin, and if there are any letters to ſpare ſo much the better, inaſmuch as abundance is better than want."

Friar Gerund was about to proceed in the reading of his notes, but the perſon to whom he read them interrupted him by ſaying, "It is ſufficient; for I am in haſte, and am beſides fully convinced that it is no eaſy matter to take your Reverence by ſurprize upon any ſubject however difficult and arduous it may appear, and that your refuſing this ſermon does not, nor cannot proceed from a want of excellent materials." He took his leave, and our new Predicador Mayor ſet about his preparations for his Holy Week without loſs of time.

He had brought with him from Pero Rubio a note of the ſermons he was to preach with all the *aggravating* circumſtances of each, which had been very ſolicitouſly and carefully delivered to him by the Licentiate Flechilla, a moſt punctual and exact man. This note was made with all diviſion, preciſion, and clearneſs, to prevent the leaſt miſtake, and we have thought proper to give a tranſcript of it here, (exactly as it was found

found in a very ancient Arabic manuſcript, whence it was faithfully copied, if our tranſlator did not deceive us) for the ſake of what it will conduce to the underſtanding of what will be ſaid farther on. It was conceived then in theſe very terms:

HOLY WEEK OF PERO RUBIO.

INSTRUCTIONS OF THE TOWN TO THE REVEREND THE PREACHERS.

DOMINGO DE RAMOS*.

"ON this day the proceſſion is always made to the life. He who plays the part of Chriſt, which is always the Majordomo of the Fraternity of the Croſs, rides upon the *Santa Aſna* †, ſurrounded by twelve of the moſt ancient brethren of light, cloathed as Apoſtles, in coats down to their heels of different colours. The proceſſion goes round about the church where there are two olive-trees and a mulberry-tree, up into which get all the boys who are able to climb, and during the proceſſion keep continually cutting off boughs, and throwing them on the ground. When the clerk ſings, *Pueri Hebræorum*, the boys anſwer, with immoderate ſcreamings, *Benedictus qui venit*, &c. to the *Hoſanna* incluſively. The people have great devotion

* *The Sunday of Boughs*; thus in Spaniſh Palm-Sunday is called.

† The holy, or the Saint ſhe-aſs.

tion to the *Santa Aſna*, who goes highly ornamented with braidings, and circingles, and boſſes, and ſilk purſes, and formerly ſhe wore likewiſe many ſcapularies, but the miniſter of the pariſh took them off, thinking it an irreverence. There is not a blanket, coverlid, or bolſter in the place but what is ſpread in the way where the proceſſion paſſes. This year by good fortune the Majordomo of the Croſs, who perſonates Chriſt, is called *Domingo Ramos*.—The Father Preacher will take notice of all the circumſtances if he wiſhes to give ſatisfaction."

HOLY MONDAY.

"The Good Thief. Three large croſſes are fixed juſt by the rails of the altar, which ſerve likewiſe for the ſermon on the Deſcent. The three effigies which are repreſented on them are of very ſkilful workmanſhip, and made at the expence of a native of the town who by his application and excellent talents came to be a canon of la Banza. That in the middle is a very devout crucifix, that on the right hand repreſents St. Dimas, and that on the left Geſtas, with the countenance of a furious, deſpairing, and eternally condemned wretch. There is a tradition that it was made in the likeneſs of a Scrivener (others ſay an Inn-keeper) a Great Thief, who had lived in the neighbourhood. However it be, it is a conſtant and immemorial cuſtom for the Preacher in this ſermon to be very ſevere upon all ſcribes and penmen. Many people of the country round about come to hear his gibes and his jokes upon them."

HOLY

HOLY TUESDAY.

" The Tears of St. Peter. The Paſſion is ſung in the afternoon, and when he who ſings it is nearly come to theſe words, *Acceſſit ad eum una ancilla*, there comes out of the veſtry a very venerable old man with a bald head, repreſenting St. Peter, and a young girl, dreſſed like a kitchen-wench, who, when theſe words of the Paſſion are ſung, *acceſſit ad eum una ancilla dicens*, proceeds, ſinging herſelf likewiſe with much quavering, with *Et tu cum Jeſu Galileo eras*, and then the old man thunders out in an harſh and angry tone, *Neſcio quid dicis.* St. Peter goes walking ſlowly about the church, and when theſe words are ſung, *vidit eum alia ancilla & ait his qui erant ibi*, another girl appears, and ſings, *Et hic erat cum Jeſu Nazareno*; upon which St. Peter, all in a rage, gives her a knock in the face, and ſays, *I vow to Chriſt* *, *quia non novi hominem.* At length he makes as if he wanted to get out of the church, and juſt at this time there enters a troop of ſtout young fellows who looking him ſtedfaſtly in the face begin to bellow out in deepeſt baſe, *Vero et tu ex illis es, nam et loquela tua manifeſtum te facit:* here the poor old man, quite furious, and as if beſide himſelf, begins ripping and ſwearing in the moſt dreadful manner, proteſting that he does not know any ſuch man, and loading himſelf with all the curſes he can lay his tongue to. Scarcely are they out of his mouth, when up in the gallery and as if from behind the organ, comes forth a very piercing

* The reader has been told that this is the moſt common oath uſed by the Spaniards.

piercing voice, imitating the crowing of a cock, and ſinging three times, *Cock-kee-ro-kee-kee-kee-kee-ree-ro:* St. Peter at hearing it, acts like one who is ſtruck with compunction, goes under the gallery, ſets himſelf down in a ſhed or cabbin prepared for the purpoſe, and remains in it during the ſermon, weeping, and wailing, and blowing his noſe. It is a very curious and tender ſcene; there is always a great concourſe of people; and it is neceſſary for the preacher to cut ſome pleaſant jokes about cocks and capons, as he who moſt excels in this has afterwards the greateſt quantity of poultry as a charitable donation."

HOLY WEDNESDAY.

"On this day there is no ſermon. After maſs in the afternoon the preacher goes out with the magiſtracy to beg eggs and fiſh; and if he has given ſatisfaction on the two preceding days he generally gets above a couple of hundred of eggs, and a quarter of an hundred weight of Bacallao, without reckoning the pickled herrings which are uſually more in number than the eggs."

HOLY THURSDAY.

"The Waſhing and the Command. There is nothing very particular to be noted. A preacher in this town once gave great delight by taking for his ſubject on this day, *Love is the art of loving*. This is mentioned that the Father Preacher may imitate it or not as he ſees beſt. Generally they have been much approved who have given in their ſermons ſome ſtories from ſecular

ſecular * comedies, ſo they were well-choſen, tender, melting, and diſcreet. Nobody got more applauſe than one who undertook to prove *that Chriſt in the laſt ſupper ſhewed himſelf to be the Ciciſbeo of ſouls:* the ſermon was printed; and though it was immediately ſuppreſſed by the Inquiſition, yet as the memory of it was not ſuppreſſed it will remain eternal in the town. Theſe things are mentioned as they may perhaps be of uſe."

GOOD FRIDAY.

"At four o'clock in the morning, the Paſſion. There is nothing more celebrated in all the country round about. At the beginning of the ſermon the Majordomo, dreſſed as the Nazareen Jeſus, is under the pulpit, but at the *Ecce Homo* he goes up into it, and the preacher ſhews him to the people with ſuitable exaggerations, amplifications, and exclamations. The commotion is very great; and much greater, it is always obſerved, than if an inanimate image of our Saviour were to be ſhewn upon this occaſion. When the ſentence has been pronounced by Pontius Pilate, it is the duty of the Scrivener of the town, or in his abſence, the Notary, to notify it to the Nazareen Jeſus, that is to the Majordomo of the Croſs, who ſhrugs up his ſhoulders in token of humility and ſubmiſſion. When he leaves the Pretorium to go upon mount Calvary, the clerk, or the cryer to the Fraternity, in a loud and hoarſe voice proclaims the crimes of that man. It ſeldom happens but that there are fainting fits amongſt the audience. In the moment that

* In contradiſtinction to religious comedies.

that he expires, and the Preacher ſays *expiravit*, the paſſing bell is rung. The Preacher makes a ſhort ſuſpenſion or pauſe, and then begins the reſponſe *Ne recorderis*, which is continued by the clergy, and the function ends with *Requieſcat in pace.*

" At three o'clock in the afternoon the Deſcent. This is performed in the place before the great door of the church if the weather permits. The ſame juggling dexterities are practiſed in it as in other Deſcents. Venerable men, repreſenting Nicodemus, St. John the Evangeliſt, and Joſeph of Arimathea, appear with their towels, hammers, and pincers, the two ladders being already prepared and placed againſt the arms of the middle croſs. In the midſt of the theatre of action is placed a devout image of our lady, in her forlorn ſtate when deprived of her ſon, with joints or hinges in the neck, arms, and hands, which are played by hidden wires for making the ſuitable motions and inclinations when St. John comes preſenting the inſtruments of crucifixion, and above all when the venerable men lay before her the dead body of her ſon, aſking her leave to bury it. There is uſually ſuch a to do as if the day of judgment was come. The Preacher who of all acquitted himſelf moſt gracefully on this function, was he who took for his ſubject, *The Spiritual Puppets*, and at the end of the morning's ſermon on the Paſſion, invited the audience to a *Puppet-ſhew* in the afternoon. It was all very ſtriking."

HOLY SATURDAY.

" There is no ſermon on this day; but after ſervice the preacher goes out with the magiſtracy to

to beg raſhers of bacon, Eaſter-cakes, ſauſages. and hung-meat; and if the people are pleaſed with him, he generally gets enough to benefit conſiderably by, after having handſomely regaled himſelf the three Paſqual holidays: there have been Preachers who have made an hundred and fifty reals of the remains."

EASTER SUNDAY.

"The Sermon of the Pleaſantries at five o'clock in the morning. In this ſermon it is neceſſary for the Preacher to have all the merry tales, droll fancies, jeſts, jokes, and witticiſms, all the quips, cranks, bams, banters, and buffoonery he can rake together, to divert the immenſe concourſe who come to hear him. He has no need to be nice and ſqueamiſh; let them be of what kind they will, however filthy, beaſtly, or indecent, for it is well known that every thing paſſes upon this day. He would do well to obſerve in his diſcourſe that the poor people have had enough of weeping and wailing in the Holy Week, and that therefore it is neceſſary to exhilarate and cheer them upon Eaſter Sunday. The Father Preachers who have brought a droll lay-brother with them for their companion, (for ſome have brought ſuch an one) have ordered the lay-brother to get up in the pulpit and preach a burleſque ſermon with all manner of Merry-andrew tricks. In general theſe ſermons end with a mock act of contrition, and inſtead of a crucifix, the lay-brother brings out from under his habit a pye, an hock of bacon, or a bottle of wine, which he addreſſes with a thouſand amorous expreſſions in the tone of repentant ſorrow, making the audience ready to die with laughter.

"The

" The Father Preacher will pleaſe to obſerve not to exceed an hour in his ſermons, except in thoſe on the Tears of St. Peter, the Paſſion, the Deſcent, and the Sermon of Pleaſantries, in which he may be as long as he will.

" By order of the Signiors the Alcaldes and the Council of the Town of Pero Rubio, in the juriſdiction of Upper Caramanchel.

ROQUE MORCHON,
(COPY.) *Notary Public.*

Examined and found agreeable to the original.

R. M."

Theſe were to a tittle the inſtructions which the Licentiate Flechilla delivered to Friar Gerund, received immediately from the hand of the Notary, who exerciſed the office of Scrivéner during the vacancy of the ſeat. It was the cuſtom to give an examined copy of them to the preacher for the time being of the Holy Week, that he might be informed of all the circumſtances of it, and be ſenſible of the prejudice he would do to himſelf if he did not conform to them. Let the pious reader figure to himſelf what a tumult, what a ſtorm, was raiſed by the numberleſs ideas, each ſtriving which ſhould be the moſt extravagant, that trod upon one another in crowding into the imagination of our neotoric Predicador Mayor, when he found himſelf with ſo copious a mazagine of delightful materials, and how many congratulations he gave himſelf upon the good fortune of having to put his ſharp ſickle into ſuch an abundant harveſt.

He

He ſaw directly that theſe inſtructions had already done for him a great part of his work, and even the greateſt part, leading him as it were by the hand on the way which he was to go, and pointing out clearly to his eyes the ſubjects he was to chuſe in order to gain applauſe, and ſoar triumphantly above all his glorious predeceſſors of happy memory. But as the ſubjects were ſo many, and there was need of ſuch an immenſe multitude of thoughts to fill them, there is no expreſſing the application with which he dedicated the eight months which were wanting to the Holy Week in turning over all kinds of books, noting, remarking, and heaping together, green and dry, whatever came to hand, and might conduce, though ever ſo remotely, to any of the ſubjects.

For that of the *Domingo de Ramos* he had little to do in order to determine it, for, obſerving that the Majordomo of the Croſs that year was called *Domingo Ramos*, and that he played the principal character of the day, he took at once for his ſubject, *The Ingraftment*; *or*, *the Ramos of the Domingo interweaved with Domingo Ramos.* He remembered to have read or heard that there was a celebrated modern author called the *Signor Ramos del Manzano*, who could not poſſibly fail, he thought, to treat, *pro dignitate*, and as they ſay, to the bottom, on the matter of *Ramos*; and went to look for him with great anxiety in the library of the convent. He found him, but was ſtruck with a deadly damp when he ſaw that this learned writer treated of a very different affair which he did not underſtand. Reflecting afterwards that, according to the ſacred text, and according to the cuſtom of Pero Rubio, the boughs were of olive, he thought of the book of *Dona Oliva Sabuco de Nantes*, which he had heard the Beneficiary ſpeak of as a rare

and

and exquiſite work, held by him in great eſtimation. He ſent to borrow it, hoping to find a treaſure in it for his ſubject, and though he ſaw that it treated on the nutricious juice of plants and trees, as he did not find any thing particularly of *Olive*-trees, he was out of humour, and threw it by in a corner with contempt. At this inſtant he recollected that both in the Breviary and the Miſſal this Sunday had the title of *Dominica in Palmis*, Palm-Sunday. He opportunely reflected that on this day the church began ſinging the Paſſion; it occurred to him that in the convent library he had once ſeen, though only by the title on the back, a book called *Palma de la Paſſion*, and congratulating himſelf very joyfully, ſaid, Ay, to be ſure, as there is *Palma* and *Paſſion* one cannot fail of meeting here with whatever is neceſſary for the loading the Palms of the hands of this Sunday with erudition; he opened it, and when he found that it was the moſt devout and judicious *Hiſtory of the Paſſion written by the father Louis de la Palma*, he wanted but little in the anger of his diſappointment of throwing it out of the window; In deſpair he fled at length to his Polyanthea, and there he found an intire wood of Boughs, Olives, and Palms, which might vye with the Grove of Granada, and with the very Olive-orchards of Tudela, Caſcante, and the Aledanios.

What gave him very little trouble was the circumſtance of the *Santa Aſna*, as it was called blaſphemouſly, though with great ſimplicity, by thoſe poor ruſtics. *The Golden Aſs* of Apuleius popped at the inſtant into his head, and though this was only an invention of that facetious author, either Friar Gerund did not know it, or he was not deterred by that circumſtance, for whether

ther true or feigned it was a divine thing for a parallel. Beſides this he had by good luck read a few days before in Nature Diſplayed the fine eulogium on the Aſs made by the Prior, and he immediately determined to bring it in dreſſed in his own ſtyle, as well to give his hearers a plauſible reaſon for our Saviour's having made choice of this humble animal for his triumphant entrance into Jeruſalem, as to heighten in their hearts as much as it was in his power the reſpect, the devotion, and the love which they bore to the *Santa Aſna*.

The ſubject on which he finally fixed for the ſermon on the Good Thief was without doubt an happy one. He took it for granted beyond all controverſy that the Good Thief was called *Dimas*, and the wicked one *Geſtas*, notwithſtanding authors are much divided, as the learned know, upon the true names of theſe men. And ſuppoſing they were called thus, yet there are not wanting thoſe who maintain that the *Wicked one* was *Dimas*, and the *Good one Geſtas*, of which theſe common verſes are a proof.

Imparibus meritis tria pendent corpora ramis,
Dimas, Geſtas, in medio eſt Divina poteſtas;
Dimas damnatur, Geſtas ſuper aſtra locatur.

Friar Gerund heſitated not at this, or, as it is highly probable, he might not know it. Taking for indiſputable the vulgar opinion (which perhaps he might hold as an article of faith) that the Good Thief was Dimas, he made this admirable thought the ſubject of his ſermon, *That the Good Thief had been the* Di-mas * *of all Saints and*

* The ſyllables thus divided mean *Say-more*, and *Di-menos*, *Say-leſs*.

and the Di-menos *of all Sinners.* He proved it ingenuouſly by aſſerting that whilſt the Wicked Thief was vomiting blaſphemies againſt Jeſus Chriſt, the Good one endeavoured to reſtrain him, ſaying *Di-menos*, *Di-menos*; and that when, after our Saviour had expired, the very people who had crucified him were, in their return to Jeruſalem, beating their breaſts with remorſe, and proclaiming him to be truly the Son of God, the Good Thief animated each of them to greater compunction, ſaying, *Di-mas*, *Di-mas*. Whilſt the wicked Thief was curſing and ſwearing againſt the Scrivener who had proſecuted him, calling him as great a Thief and a Murderer as himſelf, the Good Thief endeavoured to appeaſe him, ſaying, *Di-menos*, *Di-menos*; and when the mental eyes of the man who pierced the ſide of Chriſt were opened, and he afterwards confeſſed him, the Good Thief encouraged him, *Di-mas*, *Di-mas*.

He afterwards adorned this moſt delicate thought with a rhetorical touch which was undoubtedly ingenious, ſuitable, and energetic. He heaped together a good quantity of the praiſes beſtowed upon the Good Thief by the holy fathers and ſacred expoſitors; and this coſt him very little trouble, as in Sylveira and Baeza alone he met with a decent proviſion to fill many ſermons. He then made a kind of apoſtrophe, converſing with each of the authors as if he was preſent; and aſking, for example, of St. Auguſtin, "Well, what ſayeſt thou of the Good Thief, African Sun, Sole Phœnix of Arabia Felix?" "*Dum patitur credit.*" "*Di-mas.*" "*Non antea crucem Domini Sectator ſed in Cruce Confeſſor.*" "*Di-mas.*" "*Inter martyres computatur qui ſuo ſanguine baptizatur.*" "And thou, purpled Bethlemite,

Bethlemite, greateſt amongſt the four general maſters of the univerſal church, Divine Jerom, what ſayeſt thou of our Dimas?" "*Latro credit in cruce & ſtatim meretur audire, Hodie mecum eris in Paradiſo.*" "*Di-mas.*" "*Latro crucem mutat paradiſo, & facit homicidii pœnam martyrium.*" "*Di-mas*—but what more is there to be ſaid? Let this ſame thing be ſaid with poetical elegance by the mitred muſe of Vienna—the learned know I ſpeak of Avitus biſhop of that Imperial city.

Sicque reus ſcelerum dum digna piacula pendit
Martyrium de morte rapit."

CHAP. IV. and laſt.

The work is interrupted by a moſt ſtrange event which happened to the author, and to which perhaps there will not be found a ſimilar inſtance in the annals of the world.

HITHERTO was the pen arrived, flying rapidly through the region of Hiſtory on the wings of (according to our manner of thinking) the moſt purified truth. Hitherto ran the narration without impediment through the wide-extended field of the life of our hero, one half at leaſt being ſtill wanting to fill the term of his glorious courſe. Here we began to ſpread the ſails of our navigation, leaving the land, to ingulgh ourſelves in the deep ſea of the famous pulpital performances of our never-ſufficiently-to-be-applauded Friar Gerund. Here it was that we had found documents, not only the moſt abundant, but likewiſe, in our opinion, the moſt

punctual, the moſt exact, and the moſt faithworthy, to divert, entertain, inchant, and (as far as it was in our power) to inſtruct (without any extraordinary trouble to ourſelves) our attentive readers, when the moſt ſtrange event, the moſt ſingular accident, the moſt ſad, melancholy, diſmal, funeſt, cypreſſian caſualty that can enter the human imagination, obliged us to cut ſhort the flights of the pen, to ſtop our Pegaſus in the midſt of his career, to caſt anchor at the beginning of our voyage, and, in a word, either to take our hand off from the picture, throwing it by for ever, or at leaſt to ſuſpend the action of the pencil, till we ſee the effect of the new diligence we are uſing in compliance with our engagement and obligation.

We know very well that our beloved readers are now moſt anxiouſly impatient to know the diſmal diſaſter, which occaſioned the ſad event. But, for God's ſake, let them have a little patience, and give us time to breathe, remembering that we are not made of braſs or marble. The memory of it alone afflicts us woefully; our eyes are filled with tears, the tongue faulters, the breaſt labours, the throat is choaked up, and even the pen ſeems not willing to give down the ink.—There, now we have taken a little reſpiration; and here comes our terrible climacter.

In various parts of this as-it-appeared-to-us moſt faithful hiſtory we have taken notice that we had collected a prodigious multitude of manuſcrips, documents, memorials, and inſtruments, (which are held to be original,) papers, letters, inſtructions, medals, and, in ſhort, all that we judged conducive for obtaining the moſt punctual informations Hiſtorical, Genealogical, Geographical, and Critical, which might ſerve as true materials

materials for our work, and ſpare us any other trouble than that of arranging them, and cloathing them in ſuch a ſtyle as we judged moſt proper for an hiſtory of this character. How many Archives, Regiſters, Trunks, Coffers, and Chronicons, how many books of fraternities, convent-libraries, notes of deceaſed friars, and other documents of this kind we have examined, we leave to the conſideration of the reader who is learned and diſcreet, as ſuch an one only can make a juſt eſtimation of this labour, as inglorious as it is neceſſary.

But our misfortune conſiſted in its having been ſignified to us, that, as Friar Gerund flouriſhed in an age ſo remote from our own times, and as his oratorical performances had made ſo great a noiſe in the world, all nations had been diligent in tranſlating them into their own languages. So that, all the accounts of this hero in the ancient Spaniſh tongue being loſt by the entrance and invaſion of the Saracens, there would have been no knowledge of him in Spain if an happy chance had not diſpoſed and ordered that a certain traveller, well-ſkilled in the oriental tongues, in paſſing through Egypt, lodging at a certain monaſtery in the city of Coptos, and being ſhewn their ſlovenly library by the Monks, had not taken notice of four large cheſts, which ſtood in one corner of it, with labels inſcribed thus in Arabic characters, *Memoirs for the Hiſtory of a famous Spaniſh Preacher.*

Excited by curioſity, he begged, and obtained, leave to examine them. He met with a thouſand precious things; and ſeeing ſome were written in Hebrew, others in Arabic, many in Perſian, and a good quantity in Greek, all which tongues he perfectly underſtood, he was very ſolicitous

with the Monks to ſell them to him, which they readily conſented to do for a very ſmall ſum; for they neither knew their merit, nor even any thing of what they contained, and for that reaſon had let them lie unregarded in a duſty corner. The traveller brought them into Spain, and ſoon after died at Varcial de la Loma, which was his native place. The papers were preſently ſcattered here and there about that neighbourhood, though the greateſt part of them was preſerved in the famous archives of Cotanes, of which mention was made in the very entrance to this unhappy hiſtory—we call it thus for a reaſon that will ſoon appear.

Informed, then, that all the documents which were to be found in our peninſula were written in the ſaid tongues, we had altogether abandoned the deſign of collecting them, as we ſhould not underſtand a word of any of them. And here we cannot but lament, a ſecond time, our unhappineſs in not having had in our youth thoſe who might have inſtructed us at leaſt in the Hebrew and Greek tongues, which would not only have been of great ſervice upon this occaſion, but on many others of much more importance. And though we have heard ſome perſons, who think themſelves of conſequence, condemn this kind of ſtudy as uſeleſs or little neceſſary, yet the example of the greateſt men in all ages has more weight with us than the particular opinion of thoſe who do not ſeem to promiſe as if they would be great men in any age.

More weight with us have the Conſtitutions 14. 42. 53. 72. and 79 of Gregory the XIII. in which he recommends in the ſtrongeſt manner the ſtudy of theſe two languages, for which, and for that of others, he founded at his own expence three

three and twenty colleges or ſeminaries in different parts of Chriſtendom. More weight with us has the Conſtitution 55 of Paul the Fifth, in which it is commanded that in all the ſcholaſtic foundations of the regular clergy, of whatever order or inſtitution, the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues ſhould be taught, and that in the greater and more celebrated ones there ſhould be likewiſe teachers of the Arabic—*In cujuslibet ordinis et inſtituti Regularium ſtudiis ſint linguarum Hebraicæ, Græcæ, & Latinæ, in majoribus vero & celebrioribus etiam Arabicæ, doctores.* More weight with us has the example of the great pontiff, Clement the Eleventh, who was moſt perfectly ſkilled in the Greek tongue, and not leſs zealous that youth ſhould apply to it: and, in ſhort, more weight with us has the certain information we have that the great Patriarch St. Ignatius de Loyola, in his Conſtitutions approved by the apoſtolic chair, left a ſtrong charge to all his ſons of ſtudying the Greek and Hebrew; and, we are inclined to believe, likewiſe the Syriac and Chaldee.

If we had had thoſe who might have inſtructed us in theſe ſtudies, and if we had applied to them, we ſhould not have found ourſelves in ſuch a ſtreight as to reſolve upon abandoning the idea of the work from the want of underſtanding the manuſcripts whence we were to take the materials. But, when I was little thinking of any ſuch thing, behold, Good fortune or Ill fortune brought to my eyes a rare ſight. The ſervant-maid tells me there is a Moor who deſires to ſpeak with me; I bid her ſhew him in, and directly find myſelf with a man of a venerable aſpect, of tall ſtature, with a long and red beard, modeſt but lively eyes, a fair complexion, and cloathed quite in the Turkiſh manner; an open caſſock down to his heels of

a purple colour, lined with crimſon taffety, a large ſilk ſaſh, as a girdle, which went many times round him, yellow buſkins lined with aſh-coloured cloth, reaching to the middle of his leg, whither deſcended to meet them a pair of wide and full breeches, like a ſailor's trowſers, but that they were gathered at the bottom, a kind of ſhort cloak which would reach no lower than his waiſt, of the ſame ſtuff as the caſſock, only that it was lined with civet ſkin, and he carried it thrown in folds airily upon his left arm; his turban was of three ſtories, about half a yard in height, with the three regular diviſions, white, ſcarlet, and aſh-colour, whence hung from all parts a multitude of beautiful ribbons or fillets of gauze, muſlin, and ſome likewiſe of ſilk.

He told me in good Spaniſh that he was an Armenian Co-Biſhop, and came to ſolicit alms for the Catholics of Mount Libanus who lived amongſt the Schiſmatics, ſubject all to the Turk, to help them to pay the exceſſive tributes exacted of them by the Grand Signior, for permitting them the free exerciſe of their catholic religion in the territories of the Sublime Porte. He added, that this was the fourth journey he had made to Spain on the charitable errand; and that by his extenſive travels in it, paſſing through all its kingdoms and provinces, he had learned the language to great perfection, eſpecially as he was bleſſed by the Lord with the gift of an aptitude for tongues, ſince, beſides inſtructing himſelf ſufficiently in all the European, he was intire maſter of all the Oriental, which in ſome degree he might call his native ones. He then concluded with exhibiting to me a multitude of letters from Princes and Potentates, with an equal or a greater quantity of licences and exhortatory diſpatches from the Signiors the Biſhops, that

he

he might beg, and that the people might give him, alms in the diſtrict of their reſpective juriſdictions; and in fine he beſought me, as the miniſter, not only that he might avail himſelf of them in my pariſh, but that I would do him the favour to accompany him in making his requeſts, more effectually to excite the charity of the faithful.

I, who ſaw before me a perſonage to appearance ſo reſpectable, and who for greater authority brought with him two little Turks, about fourteen years of age, whom he called his pages; and as at the ſame time I heard him ſay he was ſo very well verſed in the Oriental languages, in which were the manuſcripts whoſe contents I was ſo anxiouſly deſirous to know, and moreover found he ſpoke the Spaniſh with ſuch propriety and freedom, I cannot, I ſay, expreſs the inward joy I felt at the adventure, thinking that I ought not to look upon it as happening by accident, but by the deſignation of the high providence of heaven, which by this way was vouchſafing to ſhew itſelf propitious to the execution of the purpoſe I had ſo much at heart.

In ſhort, to ſave a ſuperfluity of words, I lodged him in my houſe, and careſſed, regaled, and treated him in it for many days to the utmoſt my poverty would permit. I acquainted him with the intention I had cheriſhed, and the cauſe of my being obliged reluctantly to relinquiſh it, the not underſtanding the manuſcripts, which were ſcattered about in various parts of the country, though the greateſt part were kept together, and in good cuſtody, in the celebrated archives of Cotanes, a town not above the diſtance of a good league from this pariſh. The Signior Co-Biſhop ſmiled ſedately, and told me with great affability that I ſhould be under no concern, that he would deliver me from that embarraſment, and that as

he could not otherwiſe ſhew his gratitude for my kind entertainment, he rejoiced in the occaſion of manifeſting his deep ſenſe of it in a way which would be ſo pleaſing to me as the tranſlating into Spaniſh all the manuſcripts I ſhould lay before him, though it might detain him in my houſe ſome weeks, or even months; for that it was by no means contrary to virtue, but that the paying grateful acknowledgements to their illuſtrious benefactors was indeed a kind of charity to the poor Catholics of Mount Libanus.

I kiſſed his lordſhip's hands for ſo great a favour, and immediately got all the manuſcripts I could collect, eſpecially the two great bundles from the archieves of Cotanes, the chief keeper of which, my intimate friend, ſent them to me very readily, free of all charges, upon my giving a receipt for them in form. My Co-biſhop ſet about the tranſlation with the greateſt heat, and in leſs than a month and an half preſented them to me all tranſlated, and numbered to aſcertain the correſpondence they had with each other; and for the greateſt authority, and argument of preciſion, he ſet his ſeal, and ſigned his name to each of the tranſlated documents in this manner,

" Agreeable to the original.

ISAAC IBRAHIM ABUSEMBLAT,
(L. S.) *Co-biſhop of Grand-Cairo.*"

He took his farewell, leaving me with this ineſtimable treaſure, for ſuch I eſteemed it; and thinking that I had done but little for him in compariſon of what he had done for me, I ſtrained a point to entertain him at his departure in the moſt elegant manner poſſible. Without loſing

loſing time I ſet my hands to the work; with what ſolicitude, with what watchings, with what fatigue, God only knows! as the particulars were all ſcattered here and there without order, method, or connexion. My great object was to be faithful, and not to depart a tittle from the documents in any information I might give; and who would not have relied confidently upon thoſe which were ſigned and ſealed by a man who was called *Iſaac Ibrahim Abuſemblat*, was *Co-biſhop of Grand Cairo*, and, except the working miracles, appeared to be a ſaint?

Now comes the moſt funeſt cataſtrophe. When after two years labour, and indefatigable, ſleepleſs aſſiduity, I had formed the two firſt parts of my Hiſtory as they now ſtand written, and preciſely at the time that I was with the greateſt fidelity tranſcribing Friar Gerund's ſingular and ingenious notes for his Holy Week, there came this way an Engliſhman of authority, who was going to Portugal on I know not what commiſſion. He brought with him letters of recommendation from ſome of my friends that I ſhould lodge him in my houſe, which I did with great pleaſure, for even without recommendation I am always glad to accommodate any worthy man who paſſes thro' this town. He told me that he had been many years Profeſſor of the oriental languages in the Univerſity of Oxford, and that he had at preſent the appointment of ſecretary and interpreter in them at the court of London. I believed him without difficuly, as, 'bating his proteſtant religion, he appeared as to every thing elſe to be a man of honour, of goodneſs, of penetration, of great judgment, and moſt gentleman-like qualities, with the ſingular excellence of a vaſt and comprehenſive erudition in almoſt all faculties.

I gave

I gave him a ſhort account of the work which I had in hand, of the materials or documents I had before me for the diſpoſing it, of the embaraſſment I had been in from the want of underſtanding them, of my meeting with the Armenian Co-biſhop, of the goodneſs with which the holy Prelate had tranſlated them for me, and finally, I told him that I hoped to have the honour of his company for ſome days, and that by way of amuſement he would be pleaſed to take the trouble of reading my quires, and comparing them with the ancient inſtruments and manuſcripts to which they referred; for though I had all poſſible ſecurity of their legitimacy, yet in matters of ſuch moment no caution, or proofs of their being genuine could be ſuperfluous.

The Engliſh gentleman accepted of all with the greateſt politeneſs, ſaying, that his ſtay in my houſe for ſome days was neceſſary on his own account, ſince, informed of my hoſpitable heart, he had given orders for ſome diſpatches he expected from his court by way of Madrid, to be ſent to him hither, without which he could not proceed: and that as to my hiſtory he ſhould read it with particular pleaſure as he had conceived, he was pleaſed to ſay, an high opinion of my taſte.

And in truth for the ſix days I had the honour to have him for my gueſt he gave himſelf up ſo entirely to the reading of the Hiſtory, that he ſcarcely knew how to lay it out of his hands even to eat his dinner; and though he declared that he would not ſay a word to me of it till having compared it with the original, he might be able to form a complete judgment of the whole, yet it was plain enough from his actions, geſtures, and motions, in many parts, that it ſtrangely tickled him. In ſhort, on the morning of the laſt day he ſtayed at my houſe, ('twas I remember

remember upon a certain Tueſday, and a confounded unlucky Tueſday it was for me) after our having breakfaſted together, he told me it would be neceſſary for us to ſhut ourſelves up for ſome time, and deſired me to lock the door; which being done, he returned me the manuſcript of my hiſtory, with all the other inſtruments and papers he had peruſed, in the ſame order as I had delivered them to him, and looking me ſtedfaſtly in the face with ſomething between a ſmile and an air of compaſſion, he ſpoke to me in the following manner.

" My good Sir, I muſt give you a thouſand congratulations, and as many condolances: the former becauſe your Reverence has written a work, to which, in its way there is I believe nothing equal or ſimilar, I at leaſt have not found any thing ſo, in all that I have read, which has not been little: the latter, becauſe your Reverence believing in good faith, that you were labouring an exact, true, and faithful hiſtory (qualities, which, as far as your Reverence is concerned, whilſt you are under that perſuaſion, it does not want) has waſted your natural heat in diſpoſing of the moſt falſe, cheating, feigned, unfaithful relation, that can enter into the human fancy. If, as your Reverence calls it an *Hiſtory*, you ſhould call it a *Novel*, in my opinion a greater thing could not have been written, nor of more entertainment or utility. It might be of as much benefit to many of our preachers of the Engliſh Church, as to many of the preachers of the Romiſh church. But your Reverence having intitled it an *Hiſtory*, my ſincerity, the favours you have conferred upon me, and the noble confidence you have repoſed in me, all forbid my ſuffering you to remain under the deluſion. It has nothing of *Hiſtory*, for it is all a pure fiction. Compoſe yourſelf,

yourſelf, good Sir, and don't be alarmed till you have heard me out.

" The Armenian Co-biſhop, as he called himſelf, who tranſlated theſe papers for your Reverence, was as much of an Armenian as of an Hungarian, as much of a Co-biſhop as of a Nun, and underſtood the oriental tongues as well as your Reverence does the Iroqueſe, the Chineſe, and the Japoneſe. For many ages both in the Latin and the Greek church the dignity of Co-biſhop has been ſuppreſſed: Grand Cairo is as diſtinct from Armenia, as Circaſſia is from Spain: and neither the Armenian catholics, nor the ſchiſmatics have been ſubject to the Great Turk ſince the Moguls or Sophys of Perſia conquered Armenia and Georgia, without leaving the Turk more than two places of little importance, or, to ſpeak more properly, two little fortreſſes, which are thoſe of Alcazike and of Cotatis, having in the firſt a Baſha of one tail, or inferior order, and in the other a ſimple governor or commandant. All theſe are ſtrong ſigns that the ſuppoſed Co-biſhop muſt have been ſome raſcal, ſome mumping, vagabond, ſtrolling fellow, one of thoſe who are wont to appear from time to time in various parts of Europe, and with their hypocritical artifices ſometimes deceive people who one ſhould think were not capable of being ſo eaſily impoſed upon.

" What admits of no kind of doubt is, that he deceived your Reverence; but very pleaſantly in all, or almoſt all he told you about the contents of theſe bundles and papers; and that his having as it were legaliſed his tranſlations by his hand and ſeal, was one of the moſt precious inventions or pieces of buffoonery that could be imagined, to abuſe your Reverence's ſincerity.

" It is true, in various parts of them, a certain extravagant and ridiculous Preacher is ſpoken of

of and various extracts are given of his Sermons. But this Preacher is not named, nor is there any ſuch *Friar Gerund* in all the manuſcripts, nor is it ſaid if this anonymous Preacher was a Spaniard, a Frenchman, a Campeſine *, an Andaluſian, or a Guizpuzcanian, and conſequently all that is related of *Campazas*, of his family, and of the Licentiate *Quixano* is a mere fiction. The Sermon of Souls, which in the fourth chapter of the firſt book is ſuppoſed to have been preached at Cabrerizos, one of the manuſcripts ſays was certainly preached, but it does not ſay where. In the ſame manner is given for certain all that is related in the fifth chapter of the ſame book concerning a ſchool-maſter; but I find no trace of his having been a cripple, or not a cripple; nor, much leſs, of his having been the ſchool-maſter of *Villaornate*, ſince a ſchool-maſter only in general is ſpoken of. But the rogue of a Signior Cobiſhop having feigned that his Friar Gerund was of Campazas, ſent him to ſchool to Villaornate of his own accord, becauſe perhaps it is a place not far diſtant from the other.

With equal liberty he feigns all that is attributed to the *Domine Zancas-largas*, drawing a preceptor after his own fancy, that never exiſted in *rerum naturâ*. It cannot be denied that many of the follies put in his mouth are to be met with, parted out amongſt innumerable pedants who teach grammar, preceptors and no-preceptors; but it is not probable that they ſhould all meet in one alone, for there would be no need of farther proof for accounting him a madman.

"The fiction the moſt prejudicial of all in the catholic religion, which your Reverence profeſſes, (which in ours would be attended with no inconvenience)

* One of the province of Campos.

inconvenience) is that by which this ſtrolling rogue makes his Gerund of the Religious State, or one of the Regular Clergy. There is not the lighteſt ſtroke of this in all that I have examined, for to the Preacher there treated of no ſtate or profeſſion is aſſigned. Therefore all that is ſaid of his vocation, noviciate, ſtudies, &c. was preſented purely by the fanciful pleaſantry of the moſt illuſtrious Signior *Iſaac Ibrahim Abuſemblat Co-biſhop of Grand-Cairo.*

"The ſame is to be conceived of his inſeparable friend and companion *Friar Blas*, of whom there is not the leaſt mention in all the papers. A vague and general information only is given of another preacher, the companion of the former anonymous one, who by his pernicious precepts and worſe example contributes greatly to corrupt him: and though all the diſcourſes of the Exprovincial and the Father Maſter Prudentio are grave, ſolid, and energetic, I muſt inform your Reverence that they are not to be met with in the original documents.

"Much leſs is to be met with in any of them the name of *Baſtian Borrego*; nor can I imagine what motive the Signior Stroller could have for putting in the mouth of this reaſoning ruſtic, Baſtian Borrego, the pleaſant but very ſolid reflections he made at the Grange with the Father Maſter. I only conjecture that having made his Gerund a Campeſine, he gave to the interlocutors ſuch names as are frequent in that province, chuſing perhaps thoſe which according to his way of thinking might appear ridiculous. But if he took the name of Borrego for ſuch, he ſhewed equally his malice and his ignorance. There is nothing more ridiculous in the name of *Borrego* [Lamb] than in thoſe of *Carnero*, [Sheep], *Vaca* [Cow], *Mula*, *Leon*, *Oſorio*, from *Oſſo*

Oſſo [Bear]; and amongſt the birds, *Aguila*, [Eagle], *Paxaro*, [Sparrow], *Gallo*, [Cock], *Palomo* [Dove] and a great many others with which ſo many families are diſtinguiſhed, and ſome of them of the moſt elevated nobility. Even your Reverence yourſelf loſes nothing by being called *Lobon* [Great Wolf], that famous *Lupa* or *Luparia*, whom ſome make a Queen, and all ſuppoſe a moſt noble Lady, being ſo well known, from the firſt age of the Church, in the Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory of Spain; and even yonder in England we hear much of the great houſe of *Villa-lobos*.

"The documents which your Reverence had before you for diſpoſing the ſecond part, are not more faithful than thoſe which guided you in the firſt. The Signior Abuſemblat ſold you, as your phraſe is, a cat for an hare, giving you juſt what came into his head. Theſe *Remarks upon the Faults of Style* are a good rhetorical piece, which I remember to have read I don't know where, but I well know that in theſe Syriac, Chaldee, and Arabic papers I have not read a ſingle ſyllable of any ſuch Remarks. The letter which the ſtudent in rhetoric at Villagarcia wrote to his father, I look upon to be Apocryphal; but ſince your Reverence is in the very place*, it will be eaſy to examine into the genuineneſs or ſpuriouſneſs of this piece.

"A deſcription

* The reader will remember he was told in the advertiſement, that this book was written under the name of Francis Lobon de Salazar, miniſter of the pariſh of St. Peter *in Villagarcia*, &c. to whom of courſe this ſpeech is ſuppoſed to be addreſſed. There is ſuch a man, and he lent his name to the Father Iſla upon this occaſion.

"A deſcription which your Reverence makes of I know not what entertainment in a nunnery there in the third chapter of the fourth book, I ſee you have taken literally from the tranſlated inſtrument marked with the number ninety-ſeven, but the original to which it refers ſpeaks no more of nuns than it does of numſkulls. It is an Arabic account of the taking of Damaſcus in the time of the Cruzades. Without doubt this vagabond muſt have been reproved by ſome nuns who knew what he was and would not ſuffer him to impoſe on them by his lies, and he, to revenge himſelf, feigned out of his own head all theſe abſurdities which cannot conſiſt with, nor be believed from, the reſerve and modeſty which they ſay thoſe religious women profeſs; for though I have travelled through many catholic countries I have never converſed with them, but have always heard them ſpoken of with reſpect and eſtimation†.

"I cannot deny but that I am mightily pleaſed with whatever, in this ſecond part, is put into the mouth of the *Familiar*, which is a great deal and very good. It is plain that the Signior Cobiſhop was no fool; would he were as honeſt as he is ſhrewd! But I muſt tell your Reverence, for the diſcharge of my conſcience, that all this was of his own invention, and nothing of it from theſe papers. Here and throughout, his Lordſhip has made ſome ſlips by not being careful of his conſequences; for in one place he calls the

† A moſt delicate ſtroke of Satire! The reader need not be told that there is no mention, or he would have ſeen it, of any ſuch entertainment in a nunnery, in the author's manuſcript. But he here artfully inſinuates that there are practices in nunneries which deſerve the reprehenſion his delicacy with-held.

the Familiar's ſon *Cuco*, and in another *Bartolo*; it is true he might reconcile it perhaps by ſaying that the boy was called *Cuco Bartolo*, or *Bartolo Cuco*. It is a pity likewiſe that the terrible diſcourſe of the Magiſtral of Leon is not to be found in theſe original documents, for though it be feigned that he ſpoke it, yet it is certain that all which is ſpoken in it is very true.

"All the eighth chapter of the fourth book, in which that little Gentleman-Monkey, the furious imitator of the *French*, is introduced, is of exquiſite ſalt; and for that alone the Signior Co-biſhop of Grand Cairo deſerves that your Reverence ſhould think your entertainment of him well beſtowed, and pardon him all the deceits he has put upon you. Your Reverence will readily ſuppoſe that no ſuch thing is, or could be touched upon in theſe oriental manuſcripts; but if you ſhould reſolve to publiſh your work, reforming it, and giving it ſome other title, I adviſe you not to change a ſyllable of this chapter.

"I adviſe the ſame thing likewiſe as to the ninth chapter of the fifth book, which treats of the intolerable abuſe of catholic women in cloathing themſelves for finery in religious habits, and other whimſical and abſurd ones of their own invention. If the women of my religion were to do this we ſhould applaud it much, as giving us an handle to laugh at the religious habits of which we make ſo great a joke; but in catholic women I think it ought not to be tolerated. However the Stroller has left your Reverence a ſatire of great importance, which ought to be ſet in gold; and it does not ſignify that it is given in the clowniſh ſtyle of the Familiar, nor ought this to be cenſured as improbable or inconſiſtent; ſince he would give it to be underſtood,

ſtood, that, to be ſenſible of the abſurdity of this abuſe, a man need not be an univerſity-profeſſor, beeauſe the impropriety of it is ſo great as to ſtrike all who are endued with but a tolerable ſhare of natural reaſon.

"One thing your Reverence muſt abſolutely blot out, and that is, the Inſtructions which are ſuppoſed to be given by the town of Pero Rubio to the preachers of the Holy Week. I know not if there be in reality any ſuch place in Spain as *Pero Rubio*, but whether there be or not, it is certain that neither of ſuch a place, nor of ſuch Inſtructions is there any mention in the original papers, and that it is an entire fiction of the Signior Abuſemblat. I know that in various parts of Spain there are tolerated, as well in the Holy Week, as on ſome feſtivals, eſpecially on that which you call the day of *Corpus*, certain mummeries which make the myſteries of the Romiſh Religion ridiculous, and afford abundant matter to us, whom your Worſhips ſtyle Heretics, to laugh at ſome things in which we differ from you. It cauſes admiration in us that they are ſuffered by thoſe who could ſo eaſily prevent them. The paſſages of the Paſſion, I think, are good circumſtances to be meditated on, and likewiſe to be repreſented, in images or ſtatues, which enliven the conſideration: in which I do not conform to thoſe of my ſect, who hold all ſacred images in contempt, at the ſame time that they make a fooliſh eſtimation of profane ones, profeſſing to ſome of them the greateſt veneration. I owe this teſtimony to truth; for I am a ſincere man, and ſpeak in a free country*; but in England

* The ſagacious reader will have obſerved, before he comes to this ſentence, that the humour of the author lies often very deep.

land I ſhould be careful enough how I talked in this manner. It is right, then, that the paſſages of the Paſſion, and all the others which depend as well upon ſacred as eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, ſhould be preſented to the eye by the pencil, by the graver, and by the chiſſel. The more lively the figures are, the greater I apprehend, will be the impreſſion made by them on pious minds. But that the perſon of Chriſt and thoſe of his apoſtles, in ſome parts of the evangelic hiſtory, ſhould be repreſented to the life by men from amongſt the dregs of the people, and ſometimes not of the correcteſt manners, ignorant, and their heads filled with wine,—pardon me thoſe who ſuffer it, but it—ſhocks me very much.

"From what I have heard I make no doubt but that at various places in Spain all the extravagances which are ſuppoſed in the feigned Inſtructions of Pero Rubio are diſtributively practiſed; that is, that ſome will be practiſed more in one place and others in another. But it is not probable that they ſhould all be practiſed in any one town. However as it does not appear from the originals either that there is ſuch a place as Pero Rubio, or much leſs, that theſe theatrical things are repreſented in it, I am of opinion that your Reverence ſhould reform this paſſage, or at leaſt premiſe that you are not quite certain but that there may be ſome miſtake committed in regard to what is attributed to Pero Rubio.

"Finally, to convince your Reverence demonſtratively that you ought not to have confided in what this Co-biſhop of Grand Cairo calls a tranſlation, there is need only of making a little reflection upon the anachroniſms with which it ſwarms. In one place he makes his Gerund much

much anterior to the irruption of the Moors into Spain, and in another calls him *Friar*, a title which was not known, either in Spain or any other part of the world, till many ages after. Here he ſays that he flouriſhed in very remote ages, and there he cites ſayings, writings, and actions which happened yeſterday, and are as it were happening to-day. To particulariſe all theſe anachroniſms would be to recapitulate the work; but this hint is ſufficient to make your Reverence ſenſible of the miſtake.

"In the other papers, of which your Reverence has not yet availed yourſelf, as without doubt you reſerved them for the third Part, I find a thouſand pleaſant inventions of the Stroller, as much feigned as the former. In them is treated of the ridiculous manner in which Friar Gerund underſtood the mandate of almoſt all the biſhops in Spain, "to explain at leaſt one "point of Chriſtian doctrine in the ſalutation of "every Sermon;" and of what paſſed upon this ſubject between him and a certain zealous prelate. Much is ſaid of a ſermon *de Gonfulon* [Standard], which he preached in the city of Toro; of another called *de Vexilla*, [Banner], preached in Medina del Campo, of an Advent and a Lent in different places; of a diſcourſe to ſome nuns, of a Miſſion which he made in a certain quarter, and the Signior Abuſemblat concludes with the converſion of Friar Gerund to the true method of preaching, the effect of I know not what convincing book which divine providence ordained he ſhould lay his hands on, of his exemplary death, preceded by a public retractation of the abſurdities he had ſaid in his ſermons, and of a pathetic exhortation which he made to his friars to preach always the word of God with the decorum, and gravity, and judgment,

ment, and energy, and zeal, which ſo ſacred a miniſtry requires.

"It is certain that this Armenian Co-biſhop o' my ſins ſays admirable things in all theſe documents, as well thoſe pertaining to his principal idea, as the acceſſory ones which he interweaves with it in the ſame manner as the former, and which touch on Manners, Writers, Critics, Tables, Dreſs, Extravagances badly introduced and worſe tolerated in Proceſſions, ſacred Images at the corners of ſtreets, and in the porches of houſes, and, in ſhort, on an hundred other things of great importance, and treated in my opinion with ſolidity and grace. But my concluſion is that not a ſhadow of all this, which he has palmed upon your Reverence for original, is to be found in the Syriac, Chaldee, and Arabic, papers.

"Upon the whole therefore, on one hand thinking it a pity that ſuch a work as this which your Reverence has laboured ſhould not ſee the light, and on the other not being able to deny this teſtimony to truth and this ingenuouſneſs to the confidence with which you honour me, I am of opinion that your Reverence ſhould not ſuppreſs it; but that, whether you continue it, or whether you conclude it here, you ſhould only change the title and publiſh it in this manner,

"*An Hiſtory*

WHICH MIGHT BE

Of the famous Preacher Friar Gerund de Campazas."

Haſt

Haſt thou ſeen at any time when the roof of an houſe falls ſuddenly down upon and covers a dog, whether a maſtiff or a pointer, how he is ſtruck with aſtoniſhment and diſmay? Juſt ſo then, neither more nor leſs, was I ſtruck when the Engliſh Mylord finiſhed his diſcourſe. For above a quarter of an hour I was aſtoniſhed, beſide myſelf, and not able to ſpeak a word. But recovering my ſpirits, and ſtriking the palm of my hand upon my forehead at the ſudden recollection, I found I had already ſaid as much as this amounts to in my preface, proteſting that I was the Father and the Mother, the Maker and the Creator of Friar Gerund. And ſo, my good reader, let us go to ſomething elſe, for there's an of my ſtory.

17 JY 60

THE END.

17 JY 60

1. Lansell. p. 51. 61.
2. Song. p. 82.
3. Escurial. from "Escoria" the dross of the Iron Mines, where the Palace stands. p. 139.
4. Ten fountains of Invention. p. 188.
5. The first Commandment in the Romish Church, includes the Two first of the Protestant; The Tenth Commandment of the Protestant, includes the Ninth & Tenth of the Romish.
p. 217